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VOL.
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SEPTEMBER, 1903

NO.
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The
**JEWISH
HOME**

AN
ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

for the
JEWISH FAMILY AND SCHOOL



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The Jewish Home

FORMERLY "HELPFUL THOUGHTS"

An Illustrated Magazine for the Jewish Family and School

GEORGE ALEXANDER KOHUT, Editor

Vol. X

September, 1903

No. 1

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The Jewish Home is an illustrated magazine, published monthly, excepting in July and August.

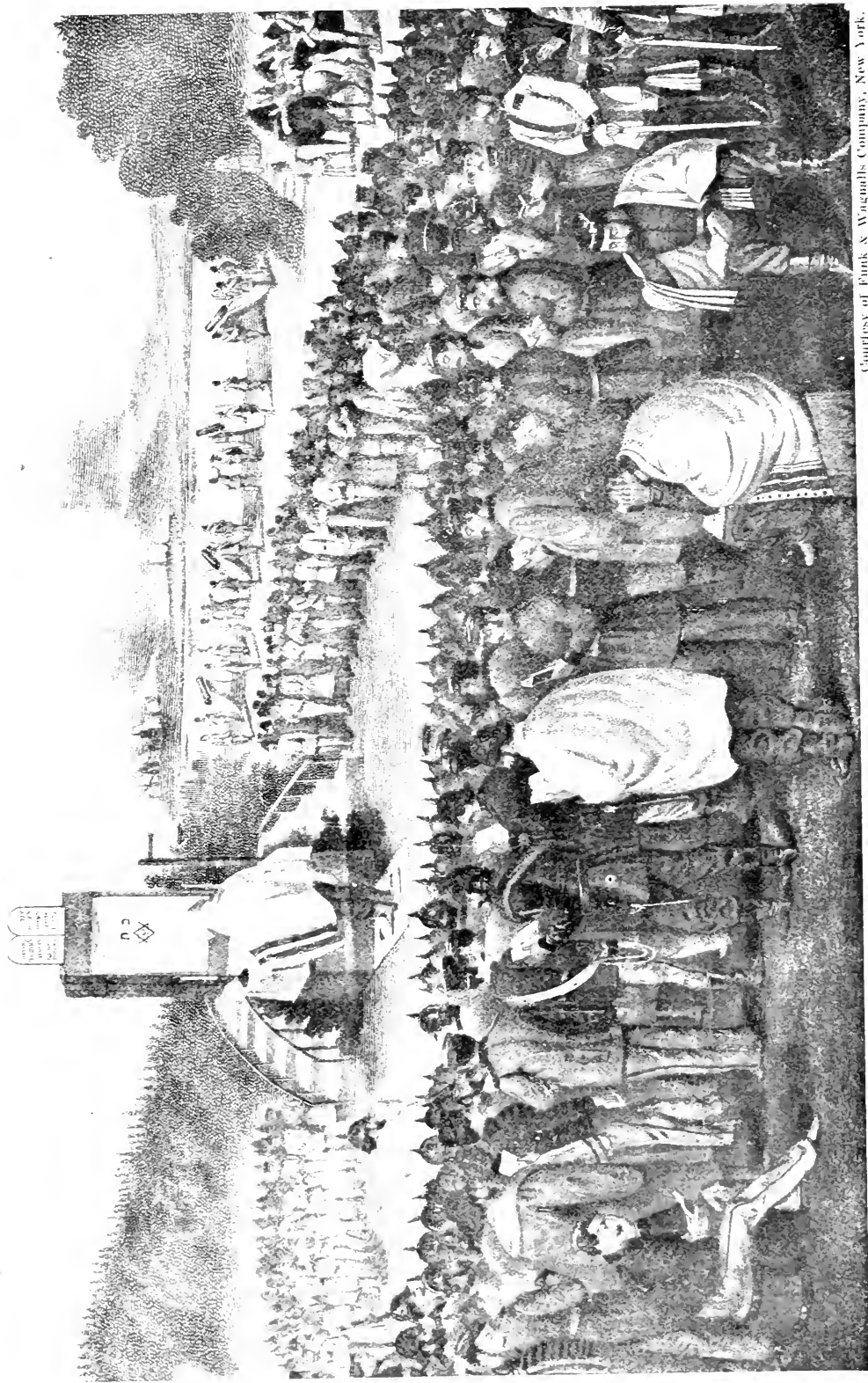
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The Jewish Home

VOL. X.

SEPTEMBER, 1903

No. 1

EDITORIAL

Calendar for the Month.

- Sept. 22 (Tuesday). *Rosh ha-Shanah* (NEW YEAR), 5664, 1st of Tishri.
Sept. 24 (Thursday). FAST OF GEDALYAH, 3d of Tishri.
Sept. 26 (Saturday). *Shabbath Teshubah* (SABBATH OF REPENTANCE), 5th of Tishri.
Oct. 1 (Thursday). *Yom Kippur* (DAY OF ATONEMENT), 10th of Tishri.
Oct. 6 (Tuesday). *Succoth* (FEAST OF TABERNACLES), 15th of Tishri.
Oct. 12 (Monday). *Hosha'ana Rabba* 21st of Tishri.
Oct. 13 (Tuesday). *Sh'mini Atzereth*, 22d of Tishri.
Oct. 14 (Wednesday). *Simhath Torah*, 23d of Tishri.

Our New Number With the present issue of this magazine, **HELPFUL THOUGHTS** enters upon a new career of usefulness. It appears to-day in attractive holiday garb, becomingly dressed to greet the approach of the *New Year*. Our old readers—and there are quite a number, who have been its well-wishers from the start—will find in the **JEWISH HOME** the same good old friend, grown a bit wiser and graver, perhaps, but just as kind and genial as heretofore.

Save for the change in the size, title and cover, everything has remained the same as in the previous issues. Such departments as are likely to prove of permanent interest and value

to teachers and students in the Sabbath-School, as, for instance, the "Bible Lesson for the Month," and "Stories from the Rabbis," have been retained, and we hope to introduce, from time to time, other desirable features. Special care has been bestowed this month upon the outward appearance of the paper, and a glance through its pages will show that the reading matter has not suffered because of it.

We want to make this new periodical attractive to young and old alike—to every inmate of the **JEWISH HOME**. Something of interest to the youngest and oldest member of the household will be found in each succeeding number. It shall be our sincere and constant endeavor to please the eye, to elevate and instruct the *mind*, and, above all, to touch and ennoble the *heart*. The human heart is the key to personal character. To appeal to it, to educate it, is the function of this paper. If we were to choose one word to express its aims and its purposes, that word would be *character-building*.

We wish to help Jewish parents to bring home to their children the beautiful lessons of our faith.

"*And thou shalt teach them diligently,*" runs the Biblical command.

We are eager to bring to them each month the "best fruits of our increase." Here the Jewish child, be he very young or mature in years, shall find the thoughts of many great minds in

Israel. The ancient Rabbis of the Talmud shall speak to us in these pages in a language all of us can understand. We shall learn something of Jewish life as it was a generation or two ago, as our fathers and grandfathers have lived it, and we shall find its song and story beautiful, indeed. In short, in *this* JEWISH HOME we will find many a cozy corner, where we may sit at our mother's knee, with sisters and brothers by our side, and listen to words of good counsel and understanding.

We begin the year 5664 with joy and thanksgiving, and in wishing our old and new friends a *happy New Year*, we would like to remind them that we depend upon them to help us make this new magazine successful. We need the support of every loyal Israelite. Do not withhold it from us now that we have made a new effort to establish the JEWISH HOME on firmer ground and resolve now, with the advent of the New Year, to give us in exchange for HELPFUL THOUGHTS *helpful hands*. We shall need them to carry on our work!

New Year Resolutions Have you made a resolution for the *New Year*? Or have you not thought about it at all? You had better do so, and at once, for you are getting older day by day, and Father Time waits not for the sluggard and the drone. We must wake up! We must know what our duties are in life *and do them*. No man can live for himself alone. There are many, oh, so many responsibilities for *all* of us to shoulder. It won't do to pretend *not* to see; the

world will find you out, and good men and gentle women will point the finger of scorn at you. There is no room for selfishness in the universe. Man's plain duty is to make the best use of his time, and to help *others* make the best use of *their* time. As one brick holds another brick in its place in a great building, sustaining and keeping firm the whole, so we, too, each in our strength, however feeble that strength may be, must endeavor to uphold our fellow men in whatever they do. We must also uphold the hands of our dear ones; parents and teachers, comrades and friends, look to us for encouragement and help. *Give it!* If you have not done so hitherto, resolve to do so *now*. You know the fine old proverb: "There is no time like the *present*." There *is* no time like the present! And with us Jews it is a sacred season, when the heart should be open to the purest emotions, and the mind to the noblest thoughts. Resolve for the *New Year* to be true to yourself and to be true to others; you cannot be true to others if you are not true to yourself. Be kind, generous, gentle and good, and you will find many, many others who are good, gentle, generous and kind.

Zion in Africa Sunday, Aug. 23rd, 1903, will long be remembered as a red-letter day in the annals of Jewish history. On that day the "Sixth International Zionist Congress" met in Basle, Switzerland, to consider ways and means to relieve the sufferings of myriads of our brethren in Russia, Roumania and other countries where they are persecuted

and oppressed. The tragedy at Kishineff last April has opened the eyes of the world in real earnest to existing conditions, and our own blessed nation has been the most generous in its expression of sympathy. The indignant protest of America has already borne fruit. England, where the Jew is honored as nowhere else, occupying the highest positions of trust and dignity, is now showing us substantial sympathy. She offers the Jews of the world as a free gift a considerable area of land in East Africa, whereon to build up a Jewish State, such as the lovers of Zion had hoped to establish in the Holy Land. The territory so

generously proffered is an elevated tract 200 miles long on the Uganda Railway, between Mau and Nairobi. That region is described as the most fertile in all of tropical Africa being admirably watered, cool, covered with noble forests, almost uninhabited, and as healthy for Europeans as Great Britain.

A commission composed of nine members was delegated to inquire into this extraordinary proposal and it is to be hoped that the project will succeed. Even if Zion is still the hope of the many, East Africa can become the sheltered legal home of the poor driven thousands who are friendless and homeless.

“Kol Nidre”

BY ANNETTE KOHN.



ANNETTE KOHN.

Hirsch Rieser celebrated his thirteenth birthday Yom Kippur morning. That night his father died. The manner of the man's death was dramatic.

Yom Kippur happened on the Sabbath. Hirsch, being *Bar Mitzvah*, was called up to the *Torah* and read his *parashah* (portion of the Law), his father reading the *Haphtarah* of the day. The man fasted well, remaining in synagogue all day, and at the *Neilah* service seemed not the worse for his day of self-denial. He sat down for the better part of the *Maariv* (evening) service that followed, but at its conclusion rose while *Habdala* was being made. When the Yom Kippur candle was extinguished after the ceremonial, he turned to his son Hirsch first, although he was the youngest of his three sons, and laying his hands upon the boy's bowed head, gave him the fatherly and priestly benediction in a distinct but moved voice. As he concluded, and while his hands were still upon his child's head, the boy looked up and kissed his father; their lips met

in a clinging embrace, then suddenly, without any warning, the man's hands loosened themselves in a drooping sort of way; he tottered and would have fallen, but for the boy's quick grasp and outcry. Immediately a man next to them took the now helpless man and laid him down on the bench. There was great excitement, but a doctor among the worshippers came forward to give aid, and all made room. One glance, however, assured the doctor that there was no aid to give; the man was giving a few expiring gasps. Within five minutes he pronounced him dead. "Heart disease," he said oracularly. They carried him out into the vestibule and laid him down gently. Then the man who had lifted him to the bench went up to the *Shamas* (sexton) and asked him for the extinguished Yom Kippur candle; he re-lighted it and placed it on a chair at the head of the dead man.

Two men stayed beside the lifeless form, while half a dozen accompanied the boys home to break the news to the wife, who had gone home earlier to prepare for "breaking the fast."

The dramatic surroundings and influences of this death remained dormant through the boy's growing years, only to manifest themselves in a crisis of his manhood.

Rieser had been a hop-dealer. He traveled from grower to brewer, returning home Friday evenings for the Sabbath, synagogue and family service. The family was genuinely religious, and observed all the ceremonials of the Jewish religion. They lived in a German village, where half the population were Jews, and, as was not unusual in German villages, Jews and Christians lived on neighborly terms.

The man had made a good living for his family of wife and five children, but his savings were small, and at the death of the husband and father, found itself unprovided for.

At this juncture, the only brother of the dead man, who was wealthy and lived in Berlin, but who for many years had held scarcely any communication with his country relatives, came forward and proffered his aid upon certain conditions.

He and his wife were childless. If the widow would give up the youngest of the three boys to the uncle and aunt he would help the two older ones, who were twins, to a start in life, allow the widow a sufficient income to live in her present manner, and provide doweries for the two daughters when needed.

The widow refused, protested, but being poor, finally submitted.

Shortly after his father's funeral, Hirsch was dispatched to his new home.

The conditions of meeting his mother, sisters and brothers were rigid. The first year, every three months he was sent home for a week. The next year he was given one week every six months. Thereafter, they were to meet for one day only, on neutral ground (a nearby town), once a year. The uncle wished possession of the boy freed from all trammel and inconvenient memories.

The surroundings of his new home and all the influences now come to bear upon him were diametrically opposed to those of his previous life. His new father, for such his uncle really aimed to be, had amassed a fortune in South Africa, in the days when that was still a novelty, and when a European adventurer was not thrown in with people whose lives were regulated on European theories in all respects. Rieser amassed a fortune, but lost hold of relations with the people of his race, and from contact with those lax in faith in any church, and from reading mainly of a certain sort, threw off all the claims of the ancient creed. His wife, though brought up by a pious mother, had not a strong nature, and yielded to her husband in

all things. The only thing, singularly enough, that retained its hold upon her, was the lighting of the candles on Friday night. Her husband protested, tried to laugh her out of this, stormed a little, but all to no purpose, and finally resigned himself to the inevitable. Every Friday evening the red cloth was removed from the library table (Rieser would not permit the ceremony in the dining-room), a white linen one put on, a pair of silver candlesticks placed upon it, with candles in them, and the candles were lighted.

This was the only indication of a Jewish home, but it did not fail of its subtle if unsuspected influence.

The first thing Rieser did upon the boy's arrival was to change his name from Hirsch to Heinrich. Rieser was not distinctively Jewish, and as Heinrich Rieser the boy would be more unhampered to make his way in the world, the non-Jewish world preferably, as offering greater advantages. There was no doubt of that, to an irreligious, worldly man!

Next door to the Riesers, on the fashionable thoroughfare where they lived, resided a retired army officer, with two grandsons about "Heinrich's" age. On the other side, a bureaucrat with a family of boys. Heinrich was sent to school with these boys, and later to the high school. And then the boy, on being prepared for the university, developed ambitions. He wanted to be a soldier—an officer in the King's army. He and the two boys next door had become great friends, and he had sat evening after evening with them, listening to the grandfather's tales of former campaigns. Conrad, the elder, was to be an army officer himself.

The uncle put in no objections, but said he would consider the matter.

That his being a Jew would hamper the boy in his military career and in his social relations in the army, Heinrich, of course, did *not* know, as he

was not living like one, or passing for one specially, but his uncle *did* know.

Finally he came to a conclusion, it would keep a few years. The boy should go to the university first, for a while. The uncle and aunt had grown very fond of him. His mother and her family he saw rarely, and only for a day at a time. The religion of his fathers was becoming more and more shadowy; "only the lighting of the candles," which had given him so much comfort at first in his un-Jewish home, remained; for Jewish children, at least, love Friday night.

At last it came. Heinrich had been invited for the Christmas holidays to the country home of a college friend, and had enjoyed himself hugely. Perhaps the lighting of the Christmas tree had stirred boyish memories of *Chanukah*, which occurs at that same time.

On his return, his uncle broached the subject. If Heinrich wished to enter the army he had no objection. He would be glad to see him a Major-General, but he must be baptized and be, in name, at least, *Christian*.

There was much in the youth that protested. But his faith was no living reality to him; he practiced none of its tenets or ceremonies, associated with no Jews, and while he objected on general principles, and demurred from some haunting old memories, that were too vague and shadowy to be of much force, he finally yielded, without being very greatly disturbed, to his uncle's arguments. Rieser took Heinrich away on his next vacation to some obscure town and had him baptized. But, curiously enough, neither said a word of the matter to the aunt. Neither, possibly, could have explained why. For she certainly did not live as a Jewess, and associated for many years with Christians only. The candles, perhaps!

After this things hurried on satisfactorily with Heinrich. He stood

high in his class in the university, was well-liked by the professors, and made many friends among the students of the best class. The years passed rapidly and Heinrich was on the eve of gaining his diploma, when the Franco-Prussian War broke out. From one end of the continent to the other ran an electric shock of excitement. The youth of all Germany rushed to arms. Colleges were depleted, business neglected; there seemed only one business, one profession, soldiering. From all ranks of life the young men came. To Heinrich, heaven had suddenly sent a swift realization of his dream. He wanted to be a soldier. Here was not only opportunity to be a soldier, but to be a great soldier, and at once. Surely he would distinguish himself.

So Heinrich went to the war. Opportunity came his way, and when it did not, he either sought it or made it. A brave youth can always carve his way to fortune.

Heinrich soon attracted the attention of his superiors, and rose rapidly from post to post. Young as he was, for conspicuous bravery he had already become captain of a company, and was mentioned in despatches for honors and medals.

Just before the taking of Metz, while the city was beleaguered, it was necessary to send out some despatches and receive instructions in a great hurry, and the shortest road was by a detour around the enemy's camp. It was a delicate and a dangerous mission. The Brigade Commander, while inspecting Heinrich's regiment, was suddenly confronted with the necessity of finding a suitable messenger, and the Colonel of the regiment asked for volunteers, an officer and a private, to accompany him. Heinrich volunteered and was sent. He delivered the despatches and received the answers. The journey there was made in safety and without incident. But on the way back he nearly ran into a party of

French scouts, and was obliged to retrace his steps. Then he lost his way. Then his horse went lame, and he was obliged to mount that of his companion and leave him behind, to make his way back as best he could. Then this second horse was tired out, and he was obliged to give him some hours' rest, and finally he was overtaken by a storm, and the road became muddy and difficult. He found himself thus many hours behind the time he was expected to take, but by stopping for no food, and riding fast and furiously, he regained lost time hour by hour. He realized the difficulty and urgency of his mission during his solitary ride, and saw in anticipation the reward of a lieutenant-colonelcy, or even colonelcy in the future, who could say? Military glory, honor, were his ambitions in life. If only nothing would occur to mar his hopes. He had ever held himself in uprightness. But he rode too fast even for soliloquy.

At last he neared in safety the end of his journey. By sunset of the third day he was to be back. The sun was rapidly sinking, but, yes, he was certainly nearing the end. The sun was reaching the horizon, but he was nearing the camp before the beleaguered city of Metz, the goal of his journey, and would just reach it beyond the brow of the next hill before it would say good night to the world. As he spurred toward the hillside, he met a soldier riding rapidly towards him. As he passed him, he asked where the commanding officers were to be found. The rider pointed his finger to the brow of the hill and shouted back, as he rode on, "There under the trees."

He made a last spurt, grasped the bridle more closely with one hand and began unbuttoning his coat with the other, to take out the return despatches. He reached the foot of the hillock that overlooked the large camp in the plain, put spurs to his horse, and, waving the papers above his head, reached the group of officers un-

der a clump of trees on the top of the elevation, just at the moment the sun went down.

At the sound of the horse's hoofs the officers had turned toward it, and seeing who it was that approached, and noting the waving papers, smiled an eager welcome towards him. He smiled back and landed in their midst. He gave a hurried glance back at the sinking sun, turned round facing the camp, and opened his lips to speak. But at that moment such a sight burst upon him, and such a sound reached his ears, that they froze the words on his lips and nearly paralyzed his senses, and yet, curiously enough, rendered them keenly and strangely alert.

The part of the camp immediately before him, resolved itself into a semi-circle of soldiers in uniform, but weaponless. Their guns were stacked. He saw the stacks dotting the camp. Some of the soldiers wore white silk scarfs with striped borders over their shoulders. Though they were "at rest," all wore their caps or helmets: all divisions of the service were represented. There was the infantry and the cavalry soldier, the color-bearer and the drummer boy, the musician and the camp doctor, all were there—and the officers were with the men.

In the centre of the semi-circle was a huge stone. Upon it were two poles, from which a curtain, covering something behind it, was suspended. Upon the curtain blazed a curious star and some strange letters. Above the curtain were two small tablets, with inscriptions in the same strange letters as upon the curtain. Beside the curtain, and from one of the poles that supported it, hung a camp-kettle by a chain, with a light burning in it. Just in front of this stone and roped off from it was a shorter and narrower stone. Upon this was a white cloth; the national colors draped it on either side. A battle flag hung from the front of it; in this Rieser

recognized the colors of his own regiment. Upon the cloth stood two candle sticks, one on either side, with burning candles in them. Before this stone, turned into a table, and held in place by muskets stacked on either side, stood a soldier, with the same white, striped scarf that some of the other soldiers wore about their shoulders, only he had his over his head. Many soldiers, officers and men held books in their hands. All had their heads bowed and were in reverent attitude. The man at the white stone table had his body half bent over it, as he, too, held a book in his hand.

The shadowy gloom of the twilight was about the scene. The air, that had seemed strangely hushed and still for a camp as Heinrich approached the hill, now that he reached it with the sinking sun, was awfully vocal and alive. To the notes of music a great chorus of voices broke out in the words of a strange tongue. The words resolved themselves into a great chant. In a voice loud, clear, and wonderfully melodious, the man, bowed over the table, chanted "Kol Nidre." "Kol Nidre," responded the vast choir, taking up the chant.

Spell-bound Heinrich stood. The strange words were not strange to him. The music was familiar to his soul and seemed burned in his heart, and upon his memory vague, dim shadows rose up from some buried gloom and haunted him. They became more and more distinct, forms in the gloom gathering over the camp fires on the outside of the semi-circle. Voices seemed to whisper, faces to look out of the blurred picture. His aunt's Friday-night candles burned before him.

Veil after veil seemed torn from the years. His soul, his present soul, seemed leaving him, and another, one he had once possessed, came to take its place. His heart, that had almost ceased to beat, began to go like a trip-hammer. His eyelids never

moved, and with his eyes staring at the strangely transformed camp, he saw visions. He was not actually on the battlefield, nor before Metz. He was a boy back in the old synagogue, in the little German village. It was Yom Kippur, and he was praying in the synagogue. He heard the reading from the Torah, in the same strange tongue in which those soldiers were singing, and which was printed in those same strange letters as were on the curtain, as were on those two tablets above it. He had heard that same strange, beautiful chant the night before, had joined in it. He almost felt the pangs of hunger again, as when he had fasted a full day for the first time. Then "Shema Yisrael" he heard in his ears, and in his soul. He heard it again, and yet again. Then "*Adonai Hu ha-Elohim*," over and over and over again! How did he know the words so well and hear them so plainly? Then he heard a trumpet blast, but far different from the army trumpet. Then he felt his father's loving hands upon his head, heard his solemn "Yevorechecha." On his lips, like a consuming flame, he felt his father's kiss; he knew again the clinging touch. He felt the slight weight of a white shawl, just like those some of the soldiers wore, about his own shoulders. He, too, had a strangely printed book in his hands. His brothers were next to him, with shawls, too, and caps on. He heard a low murmur of prayers. Then a cold wind passed over him. He saw his father die.

"Kol Nidre," the man at the stone table chanted again in a voice even more musical than before. For the second time the soldiers again followed in the chant. Then Heinrich, frozen to a statue began to breathe, live, move, and before the astonished group of officers could even properly grasp their surprise, he had rushed into the no less surprised group of soldiers, for he happened plump upon a body out of his own regiment, and snatch-

ing a shawl from the shoulders of one man and putting it upon his own, and a book from another, with eyes streaming with tears and heaving breast, stood for a moment trying to swallow a stone in his throat.

The night was now fast deepening, and the growing gloom, across which the camp-fires flared with a pungent odor of pine, twirling through smoke, like a cloud of incense, made the scene weird, awful, sublime. The uniforms seemed fantastic, only the white praying-shawls, with their blue-bordered fringes, seemed real and in place. The candles threw out an unearthly light. High up, the tablets in that strange tongue seemed to burn, with smoke all about them; the first two words (*ani Adonai*) were fairly incandescent! Sparks of light played from them to the sky and streamed back and rested upon them. The earth under his feet, by a curious fancy, seemed to tremble and heave, as he looked up at them. The attitude of the men grew momentarily more reverential, more awful. Wings seemed to hover in the air above them, to shield them, and trumpets seemed to blow from afar, above and about the wings—strange trumpets, with notes of victory.

The white-shawled man at the white-draped stone table between the two burning candles, appeared to have their flames at either side of his head, like two *horns of light*.

And presently, clear and musical, yet with an undertone of infinite sadness, rose the refrain of that soul-stirring chant, "Kol Nidre."

It seemed to wail through the night and millions of voices seemed to echo it. This time Heinrich's voice joined in the chant. There was no uncertain note. The world might know—should know. He was no longer a Christian—never had been.

He was a JEW!

Far Rockaway, N. Y.

Jewish Life in Palestine

BY MARTIN A. MEYER.

I. The Sabbath in Jerusalem



MARTIN A. MEYER.

In Jerusalem, the old city of our Fathers, the Jews to-day form the majority of the inhabitants, more than fifty per cent, and they also control the business of the city. As most of the shops and stores are owned by the Jews, they have nothing to fear from their rivals, and so are able to observe *their* Sabbath as befits the sacredness of the day.

Friday evening, before sunset, you may notice all the shops being closed; and the snap with which the shutters are put to, as well as the merry smiles which wreath the faces of the men, tell us that Sabbath joys are already stirring in their hearts. A pure and holy feeling is filling their souls and they anticipate the day of rest with gratitude and exultation.

Father and brothers hasten homeward, where a bright circle of shining faces awaits them. The table is

spread with fine linen and the best china and silver decorate it. Even in the poorest homes, a sweet savor is noticeable, and the children are arrayed in their best frocks. Pious people see to it that no one wants on that day: for it would be a great sin if there were one who was not happy on the Sabbath-day. The father hastily puts on his best coat, then solemnly washes his hands, and begins to chant the Sabbath prayers. It doesn't seem strange to those boys and girls to listen to prayers in Hebrew, for they speak that language as we do English. They learn their lessons in school and play with one another, using the old and sacred tongue of the Bible. So they join in the singing, and the very candles tremble from the force of their united voices.

Then dear mother comes, her worried face calm and sweet for once, a fresh kerchief folded about her shoulders, and her finery all agleam. She raises her hands towards the lights and asks God's blessing on her home and the day. Father completes the prayers, takes up a glass of wine, bright and sparkling, and thanks the Heavenly Father for his goodness in providing food for man, for fixing the Sabbath as a day of rest: and he prays that joy and peace be the portion of all. One by one, the children come near: and father and mother, in turn, lay their hands upon the little heads and ask God's blessing upon them, that he make them good and pure, and faithful to their duties, as were the two sons of old, Ephraim and Manasseh. When this has been done, and the Sabbath kiss has been passed about, all greet one another with the words, "Sabbath peace," and the



THE SABBATH LESSON.

others respond, "May Sabbath peace bless you." The meal is soon over and the table restored to order. Games and other forms of play are indulged in; singing is permitted that day, for on other days the Jews of the Holy City do not sing or play music, as their grief because of the destruction of the Temple is too great to permit of it. The deep quiet of the night is reinforced by that of the Sabbath. It is a day of rest; there are no cares, no troubles, no anxieties. It is a day of joy; no tears, no sorrows, no restraint can mar it.

Early the next morning all are awake and about. No breakfast is had till services are over, and they are begun early, before anyone has a chance to become faint. *Isn't that a beautiful idea, to serve God before we attend to our own wants and needs?* In the synagogue, the little children

play about among the men, and the older boys sit with their fathers and follow the prayers which the cantor is reciting, or the section of the Law which is being read. None remains away from synagogue, for it is a privilege to attend services in company with one's father. The women folk sit apart by themselves. That is one thing we should not like, for we prefer to have mother and sister sit with us in the synagogue as well as at home. But in that part of the world, you will find out, people do many things which appear strange to us.

When the blessing has been given, all hurry home, tho' the older folks linger to discuss some point of the portion read from the Torah that day. When father arrives at the house, he thanks God once more and blesses his little ones again. A meal, that has been cooked the day before, is served

and all make merry. Some of the more pious go to the Western Wall of the old Temple to complete their prayers. Others, good, kind hearted people, go to the charity kitchen to help serve the poor, who come there for their Sabbath meal. That is the one work permitted on the Sabbath, helping others to make them happy. Some fathers, after the meal is done, instruct their sons in a chapter of the Bible, for, if you remember, it is commanded that we "teach them (the Biblical laws) diligently to our children."

Look at the opposite picture for a moment. It is the photograph of a Yemenite Jew and his son. Their home was Arabia, but as they were not happy there, they moved to Jerusalem. Their skin is very dark and they wear the ordinary Arab dress. Notice the peculiar little curls that hang down the sides of the boy's head. The man's are covered with his hood. They are known as *peot*, or lovelocks, and are one of the most noticeable things about the Oriental Jews. The present home of this couple is a dingy stone hut with a domed roof, containing only one tiny window and door. So the father very wisely took his boy out of doors to give him his Sabbath lesson. But the little lad was more interested in watching us than in his lesson, and looked just as we snapped the camera, so that we got a good look at his face.

We should be inspired to learn well, were we in his place: for not only is the day beautiful, and his father an excellent teacher, but see, far up on the hillside, we notice a part of the wall of the old Jewish Temple. It was on the top of that hill that Solomon the Wise built his beautiful temple, where for many centuries our fathers worshipped God, and in whose defence they often had to lay down their lives. But little Harun cared

little for such glorious memories, the very mention of which makes us tingle with excitement and enthusiasm. Harun, like many other thoughtless boys, preferred to play and idle away his time, watching others work.

How quiet it was in Jerusalem that morning! As most of the cabs are driven by Jews, there are but few carriages about on the Sabbath day, and as tramcars are unknown, we must walk if we wish to go any distance. But we miss the rattle of the wheels on the pavement, more than our ride. The shops, too, are tightly closed and the noisy hucksters, who gather at the city Gate, are not to be seen. The occasional store, owned by a Christian or a Moslem, which is open on the day, seems deserted and lonesome. All afternoon, a noisy, chattering crowd promenades the Jaffa road. All are dressed in their best and seem bent on having a good time. Many of the men wear long velvet gowns of a bright color and flat round hats, trimmed with fur. There are some funny looking little boys, in long trousers, side curls and caps of crochet work, with a tuft of wool on the top. The little girls are dressed in old-fashioned gowns, their best of course, and each has her head and shoulders covered with some sort of a shawl. Now and then one sees a person dressed as he would be on the streets of our cities. Candies and salted nuts are indulged in by great and small alike. The road is a gay and festive sight.

As the sun begins to decline, the men and boys go to the synagogue once again and close the day with prayers of thankfulness for the day of rest, in the pious hope that the incoming week be one of life and peace and contentment.

Albany, N. Y.

Love labor and hate dominion, and seek not to make thyself known to those in power.

Let thy house be a place of meeting for the wise, and eagerly drink in their words.

Noted American Jews

I. Oscar S. Straus

BY EUGENE HEITER LEHMAN.



EUGENE HEITER LEHMAN.

During the hard days of the Civil War, we might have seen in the State of Georgia a small, barefoot boy weeping over the loss of a precious treasure. Some rough soldiers—little matter now what uniform they wore—had captured his favorite pony. That little mourner, delicate in health, modest in quality, rather than in quantity of attire, had in him the germs of a great man. Surely, as he sat crying on the rough stool in the simple farm-yard, we would hardly have singled him out from a thousand other urchins as one superior to them in letters, in business ability and in statesmanship. What did this little fellow do that now our entire country should be interested in him? What are the marks distin-

guishing one man from his fellow-men, so that he might be called great? Greatness lies solely in work, in things done, in action. Hon. Oscar Straus *worked*.

If you were to ask him to-day what is the secret of his prominence, he would perhaps tell you that he never aimed to be prominent, but always strived to accomplish a result. Prominence simply came along by itself. All Oscar Straus cared for was to do his work. Even if obscurity were the handmaid of duty, nevertheless Mr. Straus would have performed his duty. This trait in his character is well shown by his action in the recent conference between Labor and Capital held in the New York Board of Trade in 1901. Of this meeting, the largest of its kind ever assembled in America, Mr. Straus was chosen president. From this conference grew the Civic Federation, in which Mr. Straus was again given the highest office. He declined, however, in favor of Senator Hanna, modestly believing that the Ohioian could accomplish the work in hand better than he himself. If he had sought for prominence, Mr. Straus would have retained the office; but he was ever ready to sacrifice himself to his cause. It is just here where he differs from many other men. They long for greatness, he for action; they secure neither, he both.

Although marauding soldiers are among Mr. Straus' early recollections, he is not by birth an American. His father Lazarus Straus was a well-known farmer in Rhenish Bavaria. Being a man of sound judgment, he was frequently consulted by young men on the stirring questions of the revolutionary days during the middle



HON. OSCAR S. STRAUS.

of the last century. Among those who sought his advice was Carl Schurz, long a close friend of his. While in Bavaria three sons were born to Mr. Straus, Isidor, Nathan and Oscar, the youngest, his birthday falling on Dec. 23, 1850.

As a result of the Revolution of 1842, Mr. Lazarus Straus, together with many another worthy man, sought the freedom of our shores. He first made his home in Talbotton, Ga. From the Collingworth Institute, situated in his home town, Oscar, at the age of twelve, was graduated. The family then lived in Columbus, Ga., until the close of the Civil War. Meanwhile Oscar attended the academy at Columbus, and when his father came North, in 1865, the young man enrolled in the Columbia Grammar School. Next with the class of '71 he entered Columbia College.

Two events occurred during his campus days which already began to distinguish the young man from most of his college chums. First, Mr. Straus was graduated fifth in a class containing such men as Stuyvesant Fish and Brander Matthews. Secondly, he revealed an ability uncommon to men of practical affairs. He was elected class poet, his keenest rival for this honor being that well versed man of letters, Brander Matthews. Prof. Mairne, then head of the department of literature at Columbia, thought so favorably of the class poem, "Our Era," that he sent it to Mr. Longfellow. The Cambridge poet replied that Mr. Straus showed evidences of high poetical ability, but added that every young man, who would follow his poetical inspiration, had better unite with this some other calling that would afford a livelihood.

But law rather than poetry occupied the young man's mind during the next few years. After securing a diploma from Columbia Law School in 1873, he formed a partnership with

Mr. Hudson, but the firm name was soon changed to Sterne, Hudson & Straus; then again to Sterne, Straus & Thompson, Mr. Thompson being a writer of metaphysics. Here, however, Mr. Straus carried the old Latin proverb, *Labor omnia vincit*, a little too far, so that it became *Labor cum vincit*. Success came to him so rapidly, that by January, 1881, his health could no longer endure the constant strain of his hard law work.

With much regret he was compelled to give up his profession and to enter the pottery and glassware establishment founded by his father. But his mind is not one that can be cramped and confined within the hardened sluices of business. At once he turned to history. What appeared a misfortune to him has become a benefit to us. Just as the banishment of Thucydides enabled him to give us his invaluable history, so Mr. Straus's shattered nerves made it possible for him to write his two works, "The Origin of Republican Form of Government in United States," and later a life of Roger Williams, the founder of religious liberty. It requires the perusal of but few pages of either book, the first of which has been translated into French, to learn that the author is an original thinker, an accurate interpreter of cause and effect in events, and a forceful writer. Although the titles of his works are widely different, the life of Roger Williams may almost be called a sequel to the earlier book, the two being bound together by a logical chain. Both treat of the development of religious liberty, but from an historical rather than from a religious standpoint.

It is interesting to note in this connection that although the family have always been firm believers in Jewish tenets, Oscar's early religious education was secured in a Baptist Sunday School. This was due to the non-ex-

istence of a synagogue in Talbotton. The learning of the father, however, in matters Jewish was so thorough that he inculcated in his sons a knowledge and love of Jewish ideals far beyond that possessed by the ordinary man.

In yet another way is his warm interest in matters Jewish illustrated. He was one of the founders and the first president of the American Jewish Historical Society, and his addresses delivered before that body testify to his thorough acquaintance with Jewish life in the past and his remarkable grasp of the essentials in historical research. Mr. Straus is also a trustee of the Baron de Hirsch Fund. In this latter work especially he is heartily supported by Mrs. Straus, who is president of the Home maintained by this fund.

As a litterateur, Mr. Straus has been elected a member of the Author's Club, as a lover of Judaism he has endeared himself to the Hebrew race, but as a statesman he has rendered valuable services to our entire nation. It was shortly after Mr. Cleveland's first election, that among others, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher urged the President to appoint Mr. Straus as our minister to Turkey. In 1887, our new representative assumed his duties in the Orient, fulfilling them with such tact and ability that, after the Republican party came into power, President Harrison wished him, although a Democrat, to retain his office. Mr. Straus felt compelled not only to decline this reappointment, but also another, made again by President Cleveland, four years later.

Meanwhile, our relations with Turkey had for several years been growing more and more unpleasant. The Sultan owed Europe money, owed us money, and proved to be a more skillful inventor of excuses than a faithful keeper of promises. One minister after another was sent, but could not induce the Porte to pay his debts. Mr. Straus was again appealed to by a Republican President, McKinley. Although numerous private reasons urged him to remain at home, Mr. Straus clung fast to his old rule of sacrificing self to cause. He undertook the mission and did the best he could with an almost hopeless case. Owing partly to his intimate knowledge of the Eastern Question, acquired while residing in Turkey, partly to his love of humanity, as well as to his native ability, he was appointed as one of the American representatives at the Hague Peace Conference.

The life of this man has covered many fields of activity—lawyer, business man, poet, scholar, author, statesman, advocate of Judaism. In youth his purse was small, his memory poor, his health delicate. His only chance of success lay in his capacity for work. He held no other secret key that would unlock for him the door of advancement in these various fields. He followed the logical road and arrived at the logical reward. Too many of us aim to reach the latter by avoiding the former. Let such as these reflect on Mr. Straus's words, "I never achieved anything worth accomplishing without extremely hard labor."

New York.

Atonement

Kippur 5664

Great God, if I have strangely erred,
Let all my faults be sepulchred;
Great God, if I have foully dealt,
Make Anger into Mercy melt;
Great God, if I have failed to do,
Vouchsafe Thy Grace to me anew;

Great God, if I have wrought but
harm,
Extend to me Thy Sheltering Arm;
Great God, with Thee, infinitely kind,
All contrite hearts shall favor find.
G.

How I Spent the Holidays When I Was a Boy

BY GEORGE ALEXANDER KOHUT.

We, nowadays, haven't an idea how eagerly the small boy and the small girl of a generation ago awaited the coming of the holidays. For they brought healing on their wings. And such a round of pleasure and merriment!

Let us peep into a Jewish home, in a far-away country. It is my home and my country—my memory hallows them both. We are in a small town, situated on the banks of a sluggish stream, with a view of the fertile meadows and the mellowing vineyards, as our eyes travel over the landscape, bathed in the afternoon sun. It is toward the end of September. For us *not* "the melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year," as one of the great poets sang, but the happiest and best. The leaves are slowly turning into the loveliest colors. The purple tints and brown make a picture rare and sweet, and the russet apples in the pantry speak to us in a language we can well understand.

We have just come home from the Jewish parish school, where my dear father, always so gentle and mild, had given me a great box on the ear for making a mistake in translating my Hebrew Bible. How I bless him for that blow now! I have just caught myself putting my right thumb and forefinger to my left ear, in memory of that event, and I can feel it sting and burn, and my cheeks flush at the recollection. And I remember also, how, many years afterwards, as I stole softly into my father's study—his library was my home—I found that saintly man standing wistfully before a large oil painting of his father, who had long since died, crying softly to himself.

And, O! I remember how he heard me coming up behind him, and how, gathering me in his fatherly arms, and stroking my hair with his beautiful white hands, he had said to me:

"I would crawl a thousand miles, my child, to get a whipping from him!"

He, too, is gone, the great Rabbi and noble man, and I know now how he felt. Ah, how cheerfully would I also do as he said, to feel the touch of his vanished hand. But that can never be again.

Well, we have just come home from school. The red-headed, long-faced, bushy-bearded teacher, whom I hated cordially because he knocked me over the knuckles with a brass-edged ruler every time I stirred in my seat, had made a short speech to the class, telling us to be good, and wishing us "*Gut Yontef*" (merry holidays), and we were in fine humor, all except me. For I was in disgrace, and tried hard to sink through the ground, as I walked, holding the guilty ear—the tears breaking out afresh each time that I forced them back. However, I got home, and went into the darkest room, and sat down in a corner, forgetting the ghosts for once, and wished that I were dead.

But I could not afford to idle away my time. I had to write a New Year letter to my parents, to put under my father's plate, as was the custom in those good old days. There was, of course, much bitterness in my heart just then, and very likely I was not in the humor for writing as much as a line. I suppose I bore my poor, dear father a grudge, too, for shaming me before the whole class. But, gradually, before evil thoughts mastered me

altogether, I began to relent. I thought of him, the venerated and beloved Rabbi, whose hand, as he walked through the city's streets, clad in his long black silk robe and broad felt hat, was deferentially kissed by peasant women, in quaint national garb, and by all manner of people. For he was so tall and handsome, with his great brown eyes and long flowing hair, standing, like old King Saul, head and shoulders above his fellow-townsmen, and looking like a veritable prophet in Israel.

Surely, he felt the disgrace as keenly as I did. It was no pleasant thing for him to hear his oldest son stumbling over his Hebrew lesson, when he should have stood at the head of the class. That stern rebuke was meant to be a lesson to me, and I was becoming more and more aware of the fact that the blow must have hurt him far more than it could have hurt me. And, forthwith, there rose in my heart a great pity for him, that was almost a pain, and I buried my face in my hands and wept and wept and wept.

Then there was a knock at the door, and my father stood on the threshold. I can see him yet before me, the keen, searching eyes, suddenly becoming grave and sad, as he fixed his gold-rimmed glasses so that he could observe me better. He came nearer, and sat down by my side, and neither of us spoke a word for a while.

Then he gently lifted up my head with a touch that I could not resist, and placing his delicate, shapely hands on my shoulder, looked at me long and earnestly and said:

"Remember, my son, that you have a burden to bear through life. You are *my* son, and I am a Rabbi in Israel. I study hard, very hard, day and night, to make a name for myself, and you too must do something to honor your name. Your ancestors were great and good men, and it is my one hope and prayer that you also become great and good. I want

you to be a Rabbi in Israel, some day, and a Rabbi must know Hebrew. Promise me that you will study and reflect credit upon the name you bear."

He said nothing more, and did not even wait for me to answer, but touched me lightly on my forehead with his lips, and went away.

And then I was glad that he had shamed me publicly: I was glad that I had felt so utterly wretched and miserable: I was glad that I knew that he was right: And I was glad, O, so glad! that he came to comfort me.

And I wrote my New Year letter to him, in the gathering dusk, between smiles and tears.

Shall I ever forget the scene at home that evening? The service at the synagogue was over. I didn't remember a word of it, I was so entirely absorbed in thinking over and over again the words that my father had spoken. But when we came home, and were gathered around the shining table with the spotless white cloth, the silver candelabra, with their hallowed lights of twisted wax, the two huge loaves of sweet raisin-bread, covered with the silk napkin, on which the blessing was embroidered in silver and gold—then I began to feel that it was something, indeed, to be the son of such a dear, noble father, and when my turn came to be blessed, I took hold of his beautiful hands and covered them with kisses. Would that I could do it now.

And then he sat down and made *Kiddush* (blessing over wine and bread) and gave me an extra piece of *Motse* (a part of the loaf that is blessed), explaining that I was the oldest son, but I knew that he did it to heal my hurt. And it *did*. At that moment, affecting to be very much surprised (the same lovely comedy every year!), he drew forth from under his plate a thick batch of letters, written separately by each

child to father and mother. How we all thrilled and how our parents' faces beamed with pleasure. They knew all along, of course, that they were there. It is a holy custom and there could be no holy day without them. He read them all silently, then passed them to our mother, who kept wiping her eyes over every line almost. And when he came to mine, my pulse beat faster, and I could hear my heart thumping like a sledge-hammer. I looked up, feeling very much embarrassed, for the letter was full of penitence and good resolves for the New Year, and I noticed that the tears were trickling down my father's cheeks. He rose, after he had finished reading, and instead of calling me to him, which he could easily have done, and with greater comfort to himself, he came to where I was sitting, looking very meek and sheepish, and put both his hands on either cheek and kissed me again and again with a loud smack. O, but I was happy then!

Nor was this all. He suddenly became very grave and began fumbling in his pockets mysteriously.

"Shut your eyes, my boy," he said in a loud commanding voice, covering them with his hands as he spoke.

"Now, hold out your hands," said he, and when I opened my eyes again, they rested on a silver watch, to which was attached a chain of small, many-colored stones, that I have been aching to get for a long, long time. It was then my turn to jump up and throw my arms around his neck and to smother him with kisses. Then I tore the wretched little tin, make-believe watch I had worn for a year out of my pocket, and going to the window, swiftly raised the sash, and threw it out as far as I could throw.

And what a wild delirium of joy reigned in the room. Everybody got something: silk stockings, linen kerchiefs, mufflers and neckwear, all sorts of odds and ends. It was *our* Christ-

mas night, and father was the Santa Claus. God rest his soul in peace.

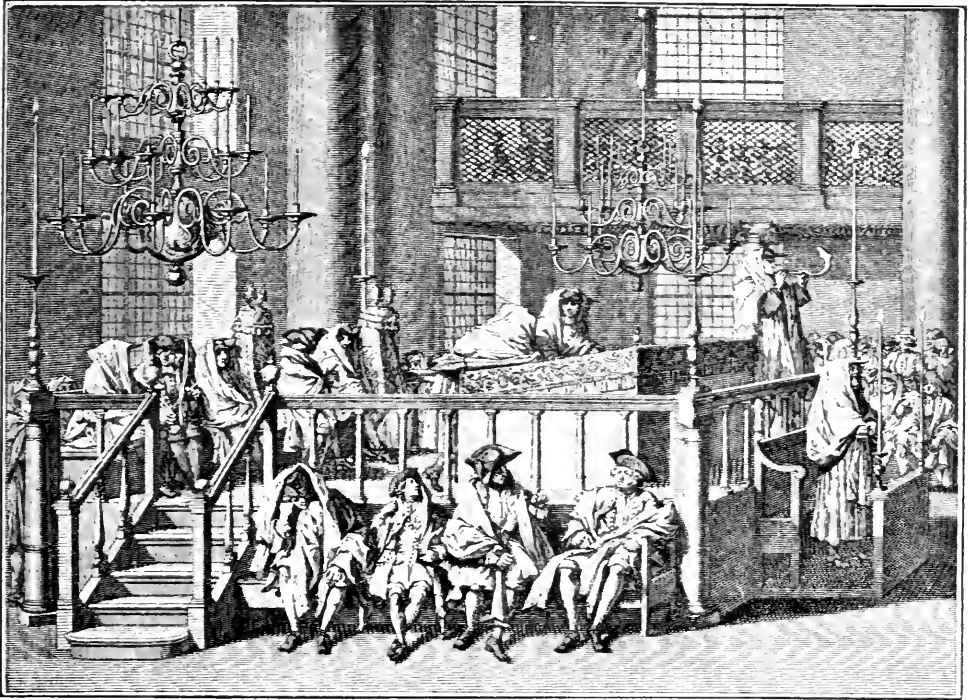
Sleep, of course, was out of the question. We went to bed with our holiday gifts under our pillows, and whenever our tired eyelids drooped and we, much against our will, fell asleep, we would wake with a start, sit bolt upright, and hastily examine the treasures beneath our heads, caressing them fondly, and fearful lest we lose them.

Early next morning we were hustled out of bed. Our best *Shabbos* (Sabbath) clothes were already neatly spread over tables and chairs, and all of us had new shoes. How they glistened, as the single shaft of light through the closed blinds rested upon them. It took me an age to dress that day and I remember that I tied and retied my cravat, a huge black silk scarf with white dots, until mother's voice rang out the command to hurry down to breakfast. And we were allowed to drink coffee that morning, instead of milk. O, that *was* a holiday, I can tell you!

Then, solemn and uncomfortable, imagining that the eyes of the whole city were upon us, as we walked in all our finery, we went to the synagogue.

And such a beautiful place it was. It stood all by itself, a stone's throw from the old orchard, which was shedding its leaves, and making a carpet of brown and red and gold for us to tread upon. Around it was a large courtyard, as though to shelter it from the gaze of the profane, and it loomed up grand and majestic, its two Moorish towers topped off with lightning rods, the Hebrew verses from the Psalms, on each of its three artistic gates, glittering in the sun.

As we approached it, we grew instinctively silent. We were in a real holiday mood. And as father passed into the small side-door, which led into his retiring room and thence into



ROSH HA-SHANAH, AS OBSERVED IN THE SYNAGOGUE 200 YEARS AGO.

the chancel, we felt very proud indeed, seeing him look so noble and stately in his white silk robe, which he always wore on the New Year and on the Day of Atonement.

Soon after he walked in with the *Hazan* (cantor), both in gleaming white, and each wearing a pentangular white cap and a beautiful new *Tallith* (praying scarf). The altar was draped in white and gold, and the reader's desk was resplendent in the same colors.

The service began and the cantor's voice was becoming solemn. It seemed to tremble with excitement and the melodies he sang quavered with a special meaning. He was in fine voice that day, and had been taking raw eggs each day for a week to mellow it. I tried the same remedy in vain, for my voice persisted in cracking in the middle of a tune, and

then I had to give up trying to become a *Hazan*.

In the middle of the temple was a gallery with stairs on either side, and two benches to the right and left of it, on which sat the chief dignitaries of the congregation, including the *Parnas* (president) and the *Shammes* (beadle), who would be talking in gruff undertones in the intervals of taking snuff. Young men and old, and boys over thirteen, sat enveloped in their new praying shawls and would heave to and fro, bow reverently, or stand eagerly on tiptoe (to be nearer to God), as they chanted the eighteen benedictions.

How we thrilled when we heard the *hazan's* deep, fine basso intone the words:

"Seu sheorim roshechem."

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting

doors, for the King of Glory, lo! He comes."

And we almost saw Him come, the King of Glory; for surely He could not resist that wistful cry of the heart:

"Who is the King of Glory? *Adonay*, He is the King of Glory. Selah!"

We beheld the interior of the shrine, all in shimmering white, the scrolls of the Law swathed in the richest satin and gold brocade, looking almost like us children, dressed in our holiday clothes, and as father took one and the cantor the other, kissing them lovingly with their lips, we felt as we had been kissed, and pressed forward in the aisle to touch the hem of their garments with our hands, as they were carried from the ark to the reader's desk, eager to be nearer to the holy things we loved and feared so much.

Then, when a kind old gentleman who knew me well, lifted me up high to kiss the *Torah* (the scroll), I looked up triumphantly to mother, who sat apart from us, in the gallery reserved for the ladies, behind the

latticed balcony, and I saw her nod and smile and nod and smile again, as if to tell me that she had seen it and that she was proud and happy too. The Law is read, and several beaming elderly men are called up to say the blessing, and to help array the two scrolls in their spotless holiday robes, their great silk praying scarfs way over their heads. Then we see father going to the side of the reader's desk, and hear him pronounce two or three words in a very solemn voice, the blast of the *Shofar* (ram's horn) pealing forth the lesson of the festival, until every fibre within us is moved, and we are all thrilled through and through. The *Hazan* sings: "Happy the people who understand the trumpet," and all at once, I too seem to understand.

* * * * *

And I hear again my sainted father's voice. "Your ancestors were great and good men. I want you to be great and good, so that you may reflect credit upon the name you bear."

G. A. K.

Gems From the Talmud

Does the Body Sin or the Soul?

Said the Roman emperor Antoninus Pius to Rabbi Yedudah the Holy:

"When the day of Judgment comes, the body and the soul of man might each claim to be innocent, and with reason."

"How so?" inquired the Rabbi.

"Well," replied the Emperor, "the body might shift all the blame on to the soul, saying: 'Behold, since the soul has left me, I have lain in my grave, still as a stone; how can I, then, be held responsible?' And the soul, too, might justly plead: 'It was the body that sinned, for since the moment I left it, I have flitted about in the air as free as a bird; surely, I cannot be accused of sin!'"

"This sounds very clever, indeed," rejoined Rabbi Yehudah the Holy, seeing that the Emperor thought himself so witty. "But let me tell you a parable:

"A king had a fine orchard with some young figtrees planted in it. He set two gardeners to take care of them: one was lame, the other blind. One day, the lame man said to the blind, 'I see some fine figs in the garden; come, take me on your shoulders, and we will pluck them and eat them together.' The blind one, nothing loath, did as he was bid, and thus they managed to get at the fruit. Soon afterwards the king came into the garden to gather some figs, and no-

ticed with astonishment that there were none on the trees. He called the watchmen and accused them of stealing the fruit.

"How can you charge *me* with the theft?" demanded the lame man. "Have I legs to walk with?"

"And how am I to be called to account?" returned the blind man. "Have I eyes to see with?"

"Now what do you suppose the king did?"

"He made the lame one get on the back of the blind, showing that he

knew very well how the theft had been committed and *judged them both as one*.

"This is your answer," continued the Rabbi.

"The King of Kings, blessed be He, will judge each human deed in this fashion. He will unite body and soul, on the great and fearful Day, and the two will be punished as one."

The Emperor had nothing more to say.

G.

A Daughter of Rachel

BY JOSEPH LEISER.



JOSEPH LEISER.

"Hextra edishun!" shouted Jakie Davidson, as he dashed recklessly into the excited crowd at the Four Corners. "Hextra edishun, all about the war! Paper sir?" he asked, turning to one of the many citizens of Chester, who had been lured from his office to hear the latest war news.

The declaration of war against Spain had startled the city, although Chester as well as the nation had been expecting decisive action ever since the sinking of the *Maine*, and now that the President had called for volunteers, every one was eager to learn the news.

With an armful of extras, Jakie darted in and out of the throng gathered at the Four Corners shouting out the latest war news in a tone of thunder. Every one bought a paper, whether he read it or not, and Jakie, conscious of the fact that there was some profit in all this hubbub, scurried about, hurriedly selling his papers. But, in truth, he was impatient to dispose of his extras so that he might join the local company, which, under the captaincy of a prominent politician, was being organized at the arsenal. Fighting was in the air and he, too, was quite resolved to go to war; for deep in his heart lurked the aspiration to prove, in some measure, his gratitude towards the country which had given him and his dear ones a home and the boon of liberty, in return for the cruelty and oppression of Russia.

No one gave him credit for such zeal, nor did he proclaim it when he

hurried to the recruiting office after disposing of his armful of extras. He was one of a number of young men, who had responded to the official summons and he, no less than they, was overwrought and hysterically patriotic. To avenge the cruelty of Bloody Weyler, of whom he had read so much and whose name he had so sensationally cried out on occasion to win purchasers for his dailies, was a great temptation.

The recruiting station in the arsenal was packed with a frenzied crowd of young men, many of whom were total strangers although a goodly number were friends who hailed him by name. His enviable corner, the best spot in Chester for a newsboy, made him generally conspicuous, and his clear, vibrating voice, no less than his alertness and vivacity, had made him popular with everyone.

"Hello, Jakie!" rang from every side when he rushed into the gloomy arsenal, "going to join?"

"Bet your sweet life!" Jakie exclaimed, pushing his way through the crowd. "I don't miss this chance. Where do we go? Who's in this push?" he demanded, with the self-important air of one who had for years dominated an unmanageable brigade of newsboys.

His impatience was not appreciated by the men who were superintending the enrollment, and Jakie soon learned that outside of newspaper traffic where special editions must be dispatched with electric speed, things move with leaden feet and slow.

It was noon before he was admitted into the captain's room. Then he enlisted, and having given his name, age, residence, and vocation to the coatless, flushed recruiting officer, he stalked out of the room with all the pomposity of a general on dress parade, assuming that he was now a regular soldier of the United States, and only a few stages removed from an officer. Proud of his new distinc-

tion, and elated over his success in getting so easily enlisted, he hurried excitedly home to gather a few articles of wear for his ensuing campaign and incidentally to apprise his mother of the fact.

"I'm off to war, ma," he shouted as he dashed into the little cottage on Prior Street. "Company ordered at the arsenal this afternoon to drill." And without further explanation he dived into his little bedroom off the kitchen. Here he seized clothes from closet and bureau and threw them into an untidy bundle.

But his mother paid no attention to him. She was more concerned in preparing dinner for the younger members of the family than in these wild antics. She was accustomed to Jakie's impetuosity. Many a time had he burst into the house, shouting as he did this morning, in his high newsboy's voice, some leading topic of the hour. Had his mother been a nervous or irritable woman, his boisterousness would have been annoying; but she was mild and self-possessed, and enjoyed the innocent frolic of her children, never reprimanding her boy for his hilarity. It assured her that Jakie was happy;—and was that not what she prayed for all day long? But when he bobbed back into the kitchen with the bundle of clothes tucked under his arm, his cap atilt, and his hands plunged manfully in his trousers, Mrs. Davidson was moved to question him.

"Nu?" she queried suspiciously in her Yiddish, as she noted the hectic flush on his cheek and the mysterious radiance of his eyes.

It was an irritating question, and Jakie was not in the mood to reply moderately. He had grown self-confident and believed himself master of his own destiny, and was unwilling to brook interference.

"I'm off to war," he returned, angry and frowning.

She did not understand him.



"WIE HEISST WAR!"

"War!" she repeated in Yiddish, "what have you to do with war?"

"Oh, I haven't time to tell. I must be off," he cried petulantly. "You know all about it, about those Spanish dogs, and Bloody Weyler oppressing the Cubans. War has been declared against Spain to free Cuba, and the President has called for volunteers. A company is organized at the arsenal and I have enlisted."

She seemed unable to fathom his meaning and shrugged her shoulders complacently as she stirred the seething vegetables.

The pause was agonizing; but Jakie dared not leave without his mother's assent. Obtaining no answer from her, he cried vehemently, "Well, I'm off. I am going to war. A lot of the boys are going and I want to go with them. This town's getting awfully dull. I want to see fighting and I'm going!"

He started for the door, intending to leave without a formal adieu or her

approval. But his mother dropped her spoon in the food she was stirring and stopped him.

"Are you crazy?" she demanded with maternal firmness and all the emphasis the situation warranted. "Do you mean to leave me and go to war? Would you leave your poor mother to support the children? Haven't I had enough of that all my life?"

"Oh, I knew it," he wailed. "I knew you would chew the rag with me! But I'm going, and you can't stop me!"

His threat producing no effect whatever, he added bitterly: "You won't let me do anything; ever since pa died I have had to work; and now when there's a chance for a feller to see some fun, you tell me to lay down."

"But the children, my Jakie, the children. We must live!"

"Oh, you make me tired! Can't they take care of themselves? I am

not going away for ever. This is a short war—so the Mayor said."

"Suppose you are killed," his mother interrupted. "War, my son, is killing. Suppose you are killed! Why should you be killed? You have every thing you want. You have a bicycle, you belong to the gymnasium, you have customers, you are a good boy. *Wie heisst war?* Does the government ask you to go to war?"

"Yes, the President has called for a hundred thousand volunteers."

"Then let the rich men's sons go. They can afford it. I am a poor woman, and I need you to support me and the children. If they come for you I will tell them so."

"Yes, you will!" he said, with sarcastic emphasis. "A lot they will listen to you!" I'm enlisted. It's the proper thing in this country to go to war. It doesn't make any difference in this country, rich or poor, we are all alike here. This is America, this is not Russia. It's an honor to go to war in *this* country and then I want to show them what a *Jew* can do. You ought to be *proud* of a son who is able to fight for his country. You couldn't do that in Russia. Anyhow, it's too late. I've enlisted and I'm going. Good-bye!" he added slamming the door.

She was greatly tempted to follow him, and had she had less confidence in his attachment for her and the children, she would have abandoned her cooking to intercede with him. But she was positive he would realize his folly and return repentant, since he had always felt the responsibilities of his youthful life. She feared his impulsiveness far less than that vague institution she called the government; for in her mind government was but another name for legalized brutality. She recalled with a shudder how her own brother had been dragged from his parents' arms, and pressed into the service of the Russian army. In America, she felt, one enjoys more

liberty than in Russia; but what the government would do with her son in war time was still a serious matter to her, despite the many privileges she had enjoyed in this land of promise. After a fretful dinner-hour, she resolved to ascertain for herself what the government intended to do with Jakie; and in case they pressed him into service, to appeal to the officers. Surely they would save her and Jakie's little brothers and sisters from the want his absence threatened.

The real seriousness of the situation dawned on her only when she reached the arsenal, where a throng of young men lining the sidewalks and doorway hindered her from gaining admittance to the cavernous depths of the gloomy building; and she would have surrendered in despair, had there not appeared in the crowd an elderly gentleman, whose kind, mild face invited her confidence. She approached him furtively.

"Mine Sohn," she wailed piteously, "my Jakie, mine Sohn." Realizing that she was speaking in Yiddish, she corrected herself as the gentleman, baring his head, patiently listened.

He seemed to sympathize with her. Raising his eyebrows, he nodded kindly and said: "I understand you, Madam. Your son has enlisted against your wishes. We don't want that. We do not need all of them, and no more than a third will leave the city. You see, they must be examined and that will cut them down somewhat. But we, old soldiers, are proud of our boys—they have the real stuff in them; and that's what pleases an old soldier! But we don't want any boy to leave his home unless he can be spared. If you need your boy, I don't believe he ought to go. Let me see what I can do for you."

She followed him into the arsenal, assured of his sincerity, seeing that he was so gallant and polite. As the lines broke to let them pass, she felt that he must be a person of some

prominence, who had the power to release Jakie. She still feared, despite the ease with which she found her way to the recruiting office, that she would encounter some of the official obstruction which her experience in Russia led her to expect. It was not until the elderly gentleman had introduced her to the organizing captain that she felt at ease. He listened patiently to her stammering explanation, and after exchanging a few significant nods with her escort, dictated a letter to a stenographer and handed it to the delighted mother.

"You see, Captain," he added, addressing the escort, "there's no law about this. The boy is not a regular. He's enlisted in my company—he's the newsboy on the Four Corners. You must have seen him. I advised him to stay at home and sell papers."

"That will satisfy him, I hope," the elderly gentleman said, turning to Mrs. Davidson, who was fumbling uncertainly the letter she had received. "Give that to your boy and he will understand."

She was directed to a side door to avoid the crowd. But, elated over the success of her mission, she failed to heed directions, and found herself in a long, narrow room, in which a number of women were mending uniforms. She would speedily have retreated had not a tall, sweet-faced woman approached her and offered her a seat. Among the men she had preserved a homely dignity and reticence; but with women she felt more at ease and smiled lavishly as she tried to explain her intrusion.

"So your son is a soldier boy," said the lady again, bending over her sewing. "We are all mothers of soldiers."

"No, we are not," a handsome young woman corrected, "we are all interested in soldiers." All smiled save Mrs. Davidson, who was unable to understand what prompted these women to trouble themselves in her

behalf. They must have known, she felt, that she was a Jewess, and her futile attempts to speak the vernacular must have convinced them that she was a foreigner. She saw that the women belonged to the enviable class of Americans, whom she had seen on East Avenue and Hyde Park, or brushed against in the department stores—that elegant, wealthy class which correspond to the nobility of Russia and never associate with Jewish people. Why *they* should have condescended to speak to her was a problem.

"I suppose our sons will belong to the same company," one of the women said, after a pause during which Mrs. Davidson had allowed her eyes to roam over the room and, incidentally, over the women. "I did not want to let him go, but he insisted and, I suppose, it is the proper thing. We mothers must learn to sacrifice our dear ones. That is a part of motherhood. Was it hard for you to let your son go?"

Mrs. Davidson was blushing at her inability to make herself understood. She felt that they were overestimating her and, ere she could muster sufficient words to properly reply to the question, another woman in the rear asked her how many children she had and what business her husband was engaged in. All these questions, which she was proud to have addressed to her, made her uncomfortable since she felt herself out of place, now that Jakie was released, and she longed to escape, for fear that they would learn of the purpose of her visit to the arsenal. Such an exposure would have been too humiliating after meeting with these prominent women, and when the woman who presented her to the company intimated that it was an evidence of patriotism on the part of Jewish boys to fight for their country, Mrs. Davidson felt the hot blush of shame redden her face.

"Yes," said one woman, "it's time

to change our treatment of the Jews. I am proud to think there will be *one* Jewish soldier in the company. I must tell my boy to meet your son and become his friend. I have always had great admiration for your people," she added, turning to Mrs. Davidson, who was trying to avoid her friendly gaze.

In truth, their kindness and flattery were unendurable. She lacked the courage to confess that her boy's name had been stricken from the roll. The falseness of her position terrified her, and she longed to flee from them and hide herself. But they detained her by asking many questions about herself and her family. By an ample use of her *Yiddish*, which a lovely young woman succeeded in translating, she answered, in part, their inquiries and, at last, one of them said: "We must know more of you, Mrs. Davidson; we, mothers of soldiers, must become better acquainted. We may need one another's sympathy in these times. We can't tell. But, it is sweet of you and heroic to let your son go to war and I am pleased to know you."

Ashamed and humiliated, the distracted woman hurried home. In return for all the favors she had received, for all the happiness and liberty she had enjoyed in this country, she saw herself too selfish to surrender her son to the government in war time, as these good women had done. Had they known of her disloyalty, they would have driven her from the room, these women, whom she had frequently envied. Now that she, as they fancied, was sending her boy to war, they even invited her to visit them and meet them on an equality she had never known or even aspired to. As a reward for her sacrifice, they restored her to a world from which she and her coreligionists had been exiled these many centuries. The thought oppressed her. She recalled the treatment her people received in Russia, where every one despised the Jews, while here, in Ameri-

ca, everyone now seemed to admire them. How unworthy of all these kindnesses she had shown herself. Were she less selfish, she would have let her Jakie go to fight for his country, instead of hindering him. Even if he were killed, such a sacrifice would ennoble her and immortalize him. A true Jewish mother would have dismissed her son in such a case with a blessing, but she had been unpatriotic and disloyal.

Brooding thus, she fell into a revercy: A troop of soldiers came marching down the street, halting before her door. They had come to take away her boy, whom she had hidden in an upper chamber. A burly officer unceremoniously enters and brusquely demands the surrender of her boy. She pretends to misunderstand him, but he persists, and she tries to evade his questions. Annoyed by the needless delay and parley, he finally brushes her aside and orders his soldiers to search the house. Terrified, she watches them dart about the rooms and break into the garret—and her hair freezes at its roots, for there she had concealed her boy! She hears him scream. She knows that they have found him and are dragging him down the narrow stairway. She springs up to wrench her darling from the brutal clutch of the tyrants who are torturing him; but the officer shoves her away and throws Jakie, blood-stained and pale, into the street. She implores them to allow one last embrace. They hoot at her. She falls on her knees to them, and they sneer at her womanhood. She tears her hair and prays, but with taunts and oaths they march away, kicking and buffeting her son. She runs after them and implores them, but they turn deaf ears to her, and she sees her boy march away before her very eyes. As they pass from sight, she screams hysterically:

"Jakiele, my Jakiele!"

The sound of her own voice roused

her. She was on her feet, uncertain for a moment of her whereabouts. In a vision, she had revisited her native town and witnessed a tragedy familiar to her memory. But now, as the peaceful ticking of the kitchen clock betokened assurances of home and safety, she once more took up the thread of her thoughts regarding Jakie's enlistment.

Her dream was an omen, as it had been a recollection. "This is what would have happened," she thought, "had I lived in Russia. In the old country they would have dragged my Jakie from me as they had torn my brother from his home." She compared her treatment in Russia with the reception accorded her in America—thought of the kind old Captain, the accommodating recruiting officer, the society women who welcomed her so cordially and sympathetically. "Oh, this is a beloved land!" she thought, as she realized that Jakie was now safe, "but it is I, I that have been unworthy. I should have let him go to fight for his country, for America! Everyone is so kind; they would not let him be killed. The people are good. The government is good. O, what can I do for the government?"

Her question seemed to be answered by the appearance of Jakie at the front door. He stumbled in, his cap drawn over his eyes, and his bundle under his arm. Silently he stalked through the doorway and flung his bundle on the dining table with such terrific force that the paper broke and a shoe burst from it and fell to the floor.

In joy and fear the delighted mother rose from her chair and approached him.

"Jakiele," she whispered tenderly. Scornful and full of passion, her boy turned towards her.

"Give me that letter!" he demanded fiercely.

She had forgotten all about it, and during her dream it had been mashed into an unsightly pulp.

"Give me that!" he exclaimed savagely, as his mother, all bewildered, still retained the letter.

"You're a fine one. Slobbering over those *goys*" about your poverty and all that rot. I'm going to war. I'm going to run away and enlist in some other company. I'm going to war, ye hear!"

"Is that how you speak to your mother?" she answered, wounded by his disrespect. "If you go to war, who will support the family? Who makes the sacrifice? It is your mother, who must bear the burdens."

"But I thought you loved America," he said soberly, subdued by her earnestness. "I thought you would let me go to war, because here we Jews are free, and enjoy liberty, and this was the only way I knew how to show my gratitude."

"But I, too, love my country!"

"Then let me go," he pleaded earnestly.

Then this mother in Israel relented. Recalling her dream and the experiences at the arsenal, she cried out, her voice shaking with emotion:

"Go my son, go to war. Fight for your country—fight for America. God will take care of us."

Kingston, N. Y.

* A Hebrew term for non-Jews

Separate not thyself from the congregation: do not judge thy neighbor until thou art in his position: do not say I shall study when I shall have leisure: perhaps thou wilt never have it.

Contemplate three things and thou wilt not fall into the power of sin: Know what is before thee—an All-seeing eye and an All-hearing ear—and that all thy actions are recorded as in a book.

Heart to Heart Talks

I. Infallible Guidance

The bounding life of a ship depends upon the breeze which fills its sails, and which no man can see or understand or command to his aid. For this reason the sailor prays for favoring winds, and favoring winds are needed for every man's sails that his progress may be swift and sure.

A man entering an engine room found the engineer lying senseless on the floor. The fires were hot, the steam was hissing, an explosion seemed inevitable. The man knew nothing of that engine, but under an uncontrollable impulse he sprang forward, pulled a lever, not knowing what effect it would have, and the pent up steam rushed forth like the explosion of a gun. The peril was averted, lives were saved, ruin was escaped. That impulse was a favoring wind.

A company of men fell among savages and were about to be slain. Instinctively they got down on their knees, looked upward and prayed. The savages also looked up to see to whom those men were speaking, but seeing no one, a superstitious dread seized them and they fled panic stricken to the woods. That impulse to pray was a favoring breeze.

A wreck had gone ashore at Martha's Vineyard and one man in the icy waters clung to a plank, which sufficed to float him. Presently a rope swept by him, but it seemed to have no support. The question flashed upon him, "Shall I catch the rope or hold to the plank?" That was for him a fearful moment, but, moved by a resistless impulse, he seized the rope and soon found himself drawn through the darkness out of danger into safety. That impulse was his favoring breeze.

How different life would be if we

constantly had this power to decide what to do and what *not* to do! That power is largely developed in woman, but far less in man. He depends more on judgment, she on instinct. But there is a Spirit that giveth this instinct, this ability to decide unerringly. It is like the magnetic current to the needle in the compass, compelling it ever more to point to the north, and so to guide the mariner over every sea.

Often in business men have to decide between two evils. They say:—"If I tell the exact truth about this trade I shall ruin the firm. Not only that, but I shall throw the workmen out of employment and do their families great harm." Which is the greater wrong? Again, if we only knew when to do good. Winter approaches. The wind blows cold over the hills. Suffering will come to the poor. Oh! for the ability to decide who are the deserving and who are not, who should be helped and who would be better off, if left alone.

Oh! for the ability to judge when and how to speak to the wrongdoer. We often speak to such at the *wrong* time, or let the opportunity to speak pass altogether and then regret the failure, when it is too late to mend it. And, oh! for the power to keep silent at the right time. Many a word has done immeasurable harm to ourselves and to others. Bitter words are spoken against dearest friends, and we then wish we could only recall those words. But they are spoken, they are borne forth on the wings of ravens and vultures that delight to carry infection and lodge it where it will beget sorrow evermore.

And how important is the power to decide what is true! One affirms that a certain article cost so much money:

another says he saw it bought and that it did not cost half the price reported. One of these men is false. You wonder which to trust. Oh! for the instinctive power to decide between them. Or, one friend tells something against another, and you have full faith in both. You say you cannot believe it, and yet you must decide between the two. Oh! for the power that guides, saying promptly and absolutely, "This is false and that is true."

We need guidance to know when to speak, when to smile, when to frown, when to direct, to whom to trust

our hand, our heart, our property, to know what to believe, where there is conflict or doubt. But there is a Power that can decide in all these cases. The impulse that so often guides in the common affairs of life is like the higher impulse that comes direct from God. This will enable us to decide between right and wrong, to tell the true from the false, to tell where to go and where not to go, when to speak and when not to speak, when to preach and when to pray, when to lead others and when to hold back.

The Death of the Old Year

A Fable

Once, long ago, by God's good grace,
The old year and the new stood face
to face.

They bowed to each other politely,
then said

The New Year to the Old: "Pray, go
to bed;

You look so fatigued and fagged out
and worn,

I'll watch o'er the world, in your
stead, till morn."

The Old Year looked up with a rare
sweet smile

And tenderly answered: "Do tarry
a while;

And if I no longer can hold up my
head

I'll let you keep vigil, and go to my
bed."

The New Year then lingered and tear-
fully turned

His beautiful eyes towards the lamp,
that now burned

Dismal and low, with a flickering
glare,

As though it were trying to keep off
the air;

And there he sat silent and made not
a sign,—

He knew that that Vigil was all but
divine.

The silvery stars were now fading
away,

And the sky's sombre black was just
turning to grey.

And the moon's pallid cheeks were
becoming fast white,

As swifter and swifter came Dawn's
early light.

The Old Year grew weaker and called
to his friend:

"My comrade, my comrade, but this
is the End.

O promise to do all that I've left
undone.

And God will reward you when *your*
sands are run."

"I promise," the New Year then
solemnly said,

And with that the soul of the Old
Year was fled.

Yesh-ha-shanah, 5664.

G.

Bible Lesson for the Month

BY RUDOLPH I. COFFEE.

Superintendent of the Hebrew Orphan Asylum, New York City



RUDOLPH I. COFFEE.

FILLING ONE'S PLACE

In view of the sad news from Russia and the lack of resistance which the Jews have manifested, it may be opportune to speak of the martial preparations of the Israelites. The second chapter of Numbers, however, places before us a clear-cut picture of the mustering of the Jewish army under Moses. There is a famous phrase in that chapter which we have all heard time and time again: "Each man to his standard." The sentence applies to us all to-day. In a certain sense this entire world is one huge battlefield, where every man must stand by his standard and fill a given position. Sometimes our position is a difficult one; then again we may feel that we are qualified for

higher places. Be these complaints as they may, there can be but one proper course, and that is to fill completely whatever position you are placed in. If in a position of trust, do your duty manfully; if in a subordinate one, acquit himself so creditably as to force recognition and promotion. It is to the interest of the employer to promote his own men from the ranks, and he, therefore, is ever on the watch to discover greater strength of character among his workmen.

The Pennsylvania Railroad employs a large body of men, whose chief duty is to examine how its employees perform their tasks. These officers are not looking for a genius, they are searching for the man who fills his place, who remains by his standard, and who does the duty that is assigned to him. When they find such a man, they are willing to promote him. When a man faithfully does what is asked of him, there is every guarantee that he will do in the future whatever obligations devolve upon him. Cease, then, to complain about your present condition; *your duty is to fill it*, and doing your duty now, in a proper way, promotion will certainly come and lift you to more honorable places.

II.

ENVY.

While Moses was leader of the people in the wilderness he had many difficulties to overcome. One such conflict is mentioned in the eleventh chapter of Numbers, when the report was spread that Eldad and Medad were prophesying in the camp. Joshua urged Moses to forbid them, thinking that Moses might suffer if

these men too possessed such power. Moses then showed his true greatness when he asked Joshua, "Art thou *envious* for my sake? Would to God that *all* the Lord's people were prophets!"

There is a keen underlying truth in this sentence that Moses wished to convey to his friend, Joshua. Moses desired the people to understand that it was honor enough for him to fill the place assigned to him. He did not object to other people sharing the glory. If we, in our day, fill our place well, there is no reason to be envious of our neighbors. There is not one, there are thousands of ways in which we may prove ourselves useful. If we do our duty as we find it we never can be envious. It has been well said that envy is a confession of inferiority. The person who fills his place cannot be envious. On the contrary, there is a certain sense of rejoicing that others, besides ourselves, are making their way successfully. Envy belongs to a class of evil which brings good to no one, but harms all with whom it comes in contact. There is no benefit to be gained thereby. The envious person merely loses his peace of mind; he is deprived of the sweet blessings of peace, and there is absolutely no recompense.

Now, a person is envied for some quality that he does not at all possess. It merely seems to have it. Then again, a man is envied because he occupies some high station. We seem to forget that the higher the station the greater the troubles and the more intricate are the problems that require solution. If only you could read that man's heart aright you might discover that he is not so much to be envied; he, far more, requires our sympathy.

III.

TO-DAY.

One of the most remarkable incidents of the forty years the Israel-

ites remained in the wilderness, is that concerning the twelve spies. Moses had selected one man from each tribe, in order to make an investigation of the land of Canaan, which Israel was soon to enter. The ten men reported that it was beyond the strength of Israel to acquire it. Caleb and Joshua, however, reported otherwise. The Bible tells us that Caleb said to Moses: "Let us go up at once and possess it." The difference, then, between the two, as opposed to the ten was, that the former believed in *immediate action*. Caleb understood the value of *to-day*.

The same holds good for our day. It is only a small minority of people who realize, to the full extent, the exact importance of the present fleeting hour. *To-day is the time for action, not to-morrow*. Hillel, one of Israel's greatest sages, used to say: "If not now, when?" Cervantes, the great Spanish novelist, is credited with the saying: "By the streets of By-and-By one arrives at the house of Never." If John Fiske be correct, the surrender of Burgoyne, at Saratoga, may be traced to a delay in bringing a letter before the notice of the Secretary of War in London.

In our times there is no influence so pernicious as that which prompts us to delay matters which really ought to be done on the instant. The saddest commentary on this lesson seems to be that those, who do not understand the value of to-day are not impressed by the teachings of experience. It is customary for people to throw the burden of to-day's labors on the future, when they will have *more* time. When the future arrives, they discover that they have deferred so many things, that instead of being vacation time, they have more business than ever on hand.

One of the signs of greatness is to appreciate the value of the fleeting hour.

Autumn has come and every day will offer some new opening for a

bright and eager person. In most instances, however, opportunities that spring up in a day vanish in a day. The advice of Caleb should come home to all of us. We must attack our enemy to-day in whatever guise he presents himself. We must make the best of whatever opportunity we get to-day.

IV.

TO-MORROW.

In view of the foregoing, the reader may be led to infer that this life should offer no *to-morrow*. The thought of the present hour should not so wholly absorb us as to make us unmindful of what the *future* has in store. To-morrow is a very important day in our lives. It plays a distinct and specific part. No one realized this more clearly than did Moses. When Korah, Dathan, and Abiram raised up a conspiracy against Moses, we find him saying that on the morrow the Lord would manifest whom He considered holy and whom He considered unholy.

It is all very well to talk of opportunity and the glorious openings every man will find. When it comes to the reality, however, there are many instances where people, in spite of all their good efforts, are bound to fail. For this class of people there

is only one hope. That consolation lies in *to-morrow*. This is, indeed, a tremendous power for good. In spite of our best endeavors we would utterly fail, were it not for the saving grace that to-morrow our present efforts may ripen to fruition. There is so much discouragement in this world that we truly need every bit of aid and assistance we may obtain. Nothing is so soothing to us, so sustaining in the hours of trial, as the beautiful solace that to-morrow we may be more successful than to-day.

There are certain weighty problems that puzzle us; we simply are overwhelmed by them, and we cannot, for the moment, find our bearings. We wait and pray to God in the hope that the rising sun will pierce through the darkness of our indecision and lead us on the straight and narrow road that we should go. To-morrow is the consolation of reason. It restrains us from acting in haste, and permits us, through calm deliberation, to arrive at a decision which will be more profitable and more mature.

Let us then try to seize hold of these truths: *the exact value of to-day as well as the true meaning of to-morrow*. Let us give to them the proper place in our daily lives. Let us proportion our deeds properly between them, and our paths will become simple and straight.

A Brief History of Anti-Semitism in France

BY HELEN SARAH MENDELSON.

Anti-Semitism has not alone affected Roumania, England, Germany, Russia and Spain, but has spread itself with great violence over France. Public sentiment with regard to the Jews has undergone a great change since the death of Cremieux. Cremieux was a Jew who had won great renown as a member of the High Court of Justice. While Cremieux held this office, the Jews were greatly respected and allowed full liberties.

The publication of Eduard Drumont's "*La France Juive*" proved the contrary, however. Cremieux had only won respect for his people during the period in which he lived. This change of public opinion was not so surprising as may, at first sight, have seemed. The Republican party had always considered the clergy its enemy. Gambetta, one of the greatest politicians France has ever had, led a crusade against the Catholic Church.

He and his followers ordered the expulsion of certain monastic orders. When this was accomplished, several thousand monks and nuns were rendered homeless, and a feeling of bitterness was created against the Republican party and the freethinkers. The freethinkers were denounced as Jews in disguise. In 1881, a weekly paper call "La Anti-Juif" was published in Paris. When Baron Rothschild clothed thousands of poor school children, his act was denounced as that of a Jewish hypocrite. The agitation in favor of a certain bill created a great deal of bitterness within the ranks of the church, and was used as a weapon against the Jews, because the bill was favored by Naquet, who was a Jew. The election of 1885 nearly brought a majority of Monarchists into the Chamber. This party denounced the religion of the Jews. They said that the religion of the Jews was a disbelief in the Supreme Power. After a riot in the neighborhood of Paris, Drumont's book was published. The great success of the book showed that the great population shared the view of the author; namely, that the Jews were the cause of all their misfortunes. Drumont wrote many more books, which followed in rapid succession. These became very influential and were widely read.

Political scandals were numerous. A large sum of money had been collected for the Panama Canal Company, when a scandal was published connected with it which was a new source of danger to the republic. In that colossal swindle several converted Jews were prominent, and although they were merely agents, the politicians who were at the back of it all, with the

aid of the religious press, re-established a feeling of hatred against the Jews. The anti-Semitic agitators had protested bitterly against the Jews holding offices or commissions in the army. In 1892 Captain Mayer was killed in a duel fighting the Marquis de Mores, one of the fiercest of the anti-Semitic party. In 1895 the Dreyfus affair brought the excitement to a dangerous pitch. In Algeria these demonstrations led to bloodshed. The anti-Semites elected Max Regis, one of the most rabid Jew-haters, as Mayor of Algiers; and finally, to satisfy the people, the government deposed him.

During the revision of the Dreyfus trial in 1899, Guerin influenced a number of his fellow citizens by his editorials. He defied the authorities by barricading himself and refusing to yield to the law. The fear of an outbreak threatened to endanger the success of the exposition of 1900, but it served to subdue political passions instead. The municipal elections in Paris and in Algeria resulted in a victory for the Nationalists, who, being in the main adherents of the Clerical party, and opponents of the government in power, are cemented together by their common anti-Semitism.

It would seem from all this as if anti-Semitism had already passed its climax. To-day, however, there is still some feeling against the Jews, which, it is to be hoped, the Jews themselves, by reason of their great learning, education, and progress in all things, may be able to allay, so as to restore the ancient honor of France, for France was the first civilized nation to liberate the Jews.

New Haven, Conn.

One of the sages, seeing a skull floating on the water, said: "Because thou hast drowned others wast thou drowned; and at the end those who drowned thee will also be drowned."

He who increaseth his flesh multiplieth food for the worms; he who multiplieth riches augmenteth cares; but he who augmenteth his knowledge of the law augmenteth life.

In a Minute

BY JULIA RICHMAN.

I once knew a little boy who had a trick of saying, "In a minute," whenever he was asked to do anything.

"Charlie, put your book away."

"In a minute."

Or, "Charlie, come have your hair brushed."

"In a minute."

Or, "Will you bring mother a foot-stool, Charlie?"

"In a minute."

His mother had tried many, many times to break him of this habit, but somehow Charlie still kept saying, "In a minute."

It was bad enough to know that Charlie did not obey his mother promptly—for surely every child should try to do that—but the worst of it all was that usually after he had said, "In a minute," he became engrossed in what he was doing and so forgot what had been asked and often neglected really important duties.

But one day Charlie's fault brought with it consequences that he will never forget if he lives to be as old as the patriarchs.

It was a cold, damp day in early fall. Mother was sitting in a rocking-chair with baby in her lap—such a dear, sweet, beautiful little boy almost a year old. Mother had just taken the little fellow out of the tub, in which he had been splashing about as only a fine, healthy baby can do. She wrapped him in a bath-robe and rubbed his little body until his skin fairly glowed. Suddenly she felt a draught, and turning around she saw Charlie at an open window.

"Charlie, dear, close the window. It is too damp for open windows today."

"In a minute, mother; I'm just watching a dog down in front of our basement door."

"There is a draught on baby, Charlie; so close the window at once. He

has had a cold and we must not let it grow worse."

"All right, mother, just a minute."

Just then baby began to cough. Mother jumped up, and with the half-dressed baby in her arms, went to the open window, pulled Charlie away, and closed down the sash.

"Charlie, will you ever learn to obey when you are told? Don't you know how it hurts mother when her little boy acts so? I am afraid my Charlie does not know the real meaning of obedience, and of the commandment, 'Honor thy father and mother,' or else he would not worry his mother so."

Baby was soon tucked away into his little crib, and immediately fell asleep. Later in the day he awoke, flushed with fever, and crying in a hoarse voice. Mother, immediately alarmed, sent for the doctor. He came. He listened to the baby's hoarse cry and heavy breathing; he noted the high fever and he looked very serious.

"Where did you have this child that he could have taken such a cold?"

Mother explained that a window had been carelessly opened, and she was afraid that baby had suffered from the draught.

The doctor wrote out a prescription and said, "Give him a spoonful of this every half hour. I'll be back in two or three hours. I hope it is nothing but a cold, but it may be pneumonia."

"Charlie, run quickly to the drug store and wait for the medicine."

"In a minute, mother. I'm just in the middle of such an interesting story."

Then mother came up to her boy, closed his book, put her hand under his chin, raised his head, and, looking into his eyes, said, "Charlie, baby is very ill, because instead of closing the window this morning you said, 'In a minute.' That minute caused all this.

trouble. Now, when everything depends upon his getting medicine promptly, you again say, 'In a minute.' Run at once, and try to remember that on your account baby is now suffering great pain."

Frightened, more by his mother's anxious face than by her serious words, Charlie rushed out. He came back in a little while and was almost as anxious as his mother to see the effect of the medicine. All the way to and from the drug store something kept saying to him, "If baby dies, it will be your fault. If baby dies, it will be your fault."

Father came home and the doctor came back. Baby was worse—the fever was higher, the breathing more difficult, and the worst had come.

"Pneumonia," said the doctor. "I'll come back at twelve."

All night long two anxious parents sat by the baby's crib. All night long a guilty little boy tossed from side to side in his bed, from time to time praying, "Oh, God, let baby live, and I'll be such a good boy hereafter!" or, "Oh, God, don't let baby die! It is all my fault, I know; don't let him die!"

Morning came, and found two worried, anxious parents, one miserable little boy and a very sick baby. The doctor came again and again. All he could say was, "The little fellow has a good constitution, and if his strength holds out, he will pull through."

Well, he did pull through, but only after many days of bodily suffering for the baby and heartaches for father and mother and mental agony for Charlie. When baby was at last "out of danger," Charlie crept to his mother's knee and, with tears and sobs, said, "Mother, I know if baby had died the fault would have been mine. Oh, how I have prayed that God might spare him and save me from the awful feeling of having caused his death. And now, if you will forgive me, I'll try so hard to be a better boy."

Mother kissed her penitent child and said, in the tender, loving tones that only a good mother knows how to use, "Charlie, I forgive you freely, for I know that this has been a bitter lesson to you. I believe now that you will never again say, 'In a minute.'"

And he never did.

How I Didn't Steal the New Year Cakes

BY AMRAM BEN ENOCH.

I remember, as well as if it were yesterday, what jolly good times we children had during the holiday season, every year. We all looked forward to it with a joy that would be difficult to describe. Weeks and weeks beforehand we made great preparations, not so much to celebrate the festivals, perhaps, and to welcome them with solemn gladness, as to plan how we were to get the best of the cook and how to steal the raisins and walnuts and the innumerable goodies which were sure to be in the little dark closet at the head of the rear staircase. We were certain to be prying about for the opportunity to slip in when mother's back was

turned. But, alas! how often—in fact, far oftener than not!—the door would be locked, and then, crestfallen and inconsolable, we would make a rush for the cat and maltreat her miserably, just for spite.

Once, I remember, I had hit upon a glorious plan. The idea came to me as we lay in the grass, making all sorts of fantastic shapes and figures with a copious supply of putty. I had a toy-watch, a wretched little make-believe time-piece of tin, received from my dear old grannie, who doted on me, and I took it out to show it to the other boys with such superb disdain, that they turned up their noses at me and sneered, and shrugged

their shoulders knowingly, and put their hands in their pockets, and slowly walked away. I pressed the face of the watch over the flattened surface of the piece of putty which I held in my hand, and saw that the impression was perfect. I don't suppose Newton felt more elated over his discovery of the secret power of steam, as he watched his famous kettle boil over, than I did upon noticing the result of my experiment, which was purely accidental.

But what has all this to do with my mother's cold storage for cookies? Just this: my discovery occurred a few days before *Rosh ha-shanah*, at a time when the delicious aroma of baking pervaded the very air and challenged our appetites so tantalizingly, that we really suffered.

To know that the mysterious closet by the stairs was so near and so full of the most tempting things that children (and grown people) love, and yet so beyond my reach, was simply maddening. It was as I ruefully sniffed the fragrant air, and made a putty duplicate of the face of my tin watch, that a brilliant idea came to me.

Perhaps, *Sandalphon*, the boy-angel, whispered it in my ears. Who knows? I, for one, *do* believe in angels.

My plan was to take a wax impression of the lock of the treasure-chamber, have a key made to fit it, and then stealthily reduce the goodly supply of holiday cakes, when mother was busy putting up fruit preserves in the kitchen. The scheme worked like a charm and would have succeeded, had not an unexpected thing happened. The unexpected always *does* happen when little boys attempt to steal a march on their elders.

My mother's cookies were famous. Everybody loved them, and some of my Gentile friends used to beg me to bring them some on *Rosh ha-shanah* and *Purim*. Sometimes I exchanged

them for marbles, and, God forgive me, once, just once, I sold a plateful to the locksmith's son, nine years old, for a farthing. My conscience troubled me sorely after that, and to atone for the sin I saved one cake after each dinner for a week to give to him, which so completely won his heart that he actually gave me a milk-white agate for a keepsake. I knew by that that I had found a friend. And here was the opportunity to prove him. I asked him, blushing scarlet, and stammering violently, to have his father make me a key to fit the lock, an impression of which in wax I forthwith produced. Within two days I had my key. But O, how I suffered till I got it. I imagined all sorts of dreadful things. I expected the constable to knock at our door every minute to seize me for attempted burglary. I saw my father (God rest his soul!) looking at me with his great, sad eyes, and my dear little mother pleading with the officer with tears in her eyes, to let me go free.

But the key arrived safe and sound. My heart gave a leap. I felt it beating in my throat. My head swam round and round, and I all but staggered to the stairs. It didn't take me long to get up, I can tell you, and when I did, O, joy! mother was not in sight. With trembling fingers I put the key in the lock; it turned, it opened, and I disappeared in the dark, mysterious closet with the agility of a mouse.

But, bless your soul, *the cookies were gone*.

Mother, dear, wise, thoughtful mother, had removed them all that morning early, because the heavy rains the week before had so dampened the walls, exposed as they were on that part of the house near the stairs, as to render the room unfit to hold such treasure. And that is why the cookies that year seemed particularly nice and crisp.

My little ruse had failed.

G. A. K.



STAMP NOTES.

How to Make a Post-Mark Collection

BY STEPHEN GOTTHEIL RICH.

To make a large collection of post-marks is an easy matter, and if you can get your friends interested, no doubt they will give you the post-marks from their letters. Probably you will get duplicates, which you can keep and trade for others. The best way to keep duplicates is to put them in an envelope.

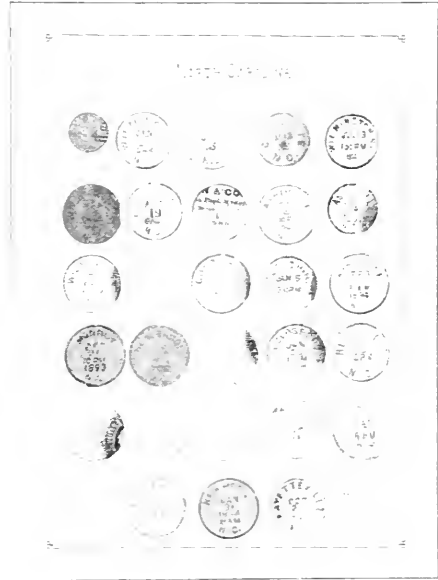
In order to put your collection in proper order it is a good plan to take a new scrap-book that is empty and contains about ninety leaves, of which you should use only one side. Leave one page for each State and Territory of the Union. For the smaller States, Rhode Island and Delaware, and for Hawaii, North Dakota, South Dakota, Wyoming, Montana and Idaho, you need but half a page. Guam and Samoa can share a half page. Other States not likely to be largely represented need little room.

For your own State give three pages, and for the cities of New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, New Orleans, Chicago and San Francisco, reserve a half-page each, under their respective States. When you get a full page, use the back of it. If you need still more room, paste in an extra page.

The best arrangement for foreign countries is as follows:

Canada—One page each for Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba, and New Brunswick and Nova Scotia on one page, British Columbia and Prince Edward Island on another, and one more for the Territories.

Newfoundland—Half-page.
West Indies—Whole page.
Central America—Other half of Newfoundland page.
South America—One page.
Africa and Asia—One page for both.



A PAGE OF POST-MARKS.

Oceania and Philippine—One page.
United Kingdom—One page.
German Empire—One page.
France—One page.
Austria and Spain—One page.
Russia and Turkey—One page.
Other European countries—Two pages for all of them.
Miscellaneous—One page.

Persuade your friends to give you postmarks from old letters and you can gather quite a number. And now a few remarks about how to work the collection so that they may be useful. In the first place, keep a record of how many you have. Secondly, keep different kinds and all varieties of a postmark from a given place (keep stations in cities and consider date

no variety). Thirdly, use just a little gum in the middle to hold them in place, so that you can move them easily. Lastly, have them carefully arranged.

A few facts about my collection will give you an idea of what can be done in a short time. At present, I have over three thousand postmarks, of which two thousand or more are from the United States. All the peculiar postmarks have pages of their own, if I happen to have four or more of a kind.

I have a very few old postmarks, dating back to 1845, and quite a number dated around 1880, but the majority of mine are much more recent, so I have had little trouble in getting them.

Postmark collecting is at its best when you collect stamps with it, and let us hope that soon postmarks will be considered as worthy of notice and collection as stamps.

New York.

PUZZLES

I.—DIAMOND: 1. A vowel. 2. To see. 3. A vestment of Jewish priests. 4. A personal pronoun. 5. A consonant.

II.—TRANSPPOSITIONS: Transpose anger and get dress. Transpose to trade and get a metal. Transpose a month and get fascination.

III.—RHOMBOID: *Across*: Mineral food; a waterfowl; to dress; Paradise. *Down*: Consonant; preposition; to allow; a weed; a cover; pronoun; consonant.

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IV.—WORD SQUARE: 1. Place of contest. 2. A memorial. 3. To choose. 4. An alcove. 5. Performed.

V.—BEHEADINGS: Behead a mark and get a vehicle. Behead a fruit and get every. Behead to stay and get a spring.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JUNE NUMBER.

1.—Word Square.

S L E E P
L E A V E
E A S E L
E V E N T
P E L T S

2.—Behcadings.

P L I G H T—L I G H T
S L I P—L I P
S C R E A M—C R E A M—R E A M

3.—Half Square.

J A C O B
A S A H
C A N
O H
B

4.—Curtailings.

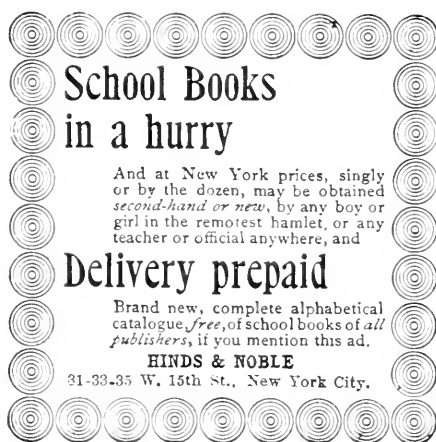
N I G H T—N I G H
P O E T—P O E
P L U M E—P L U M

5.—Diamond.

D
A R T
D R E A M
T A R
M

The prize for the June puzzles is awarded to Benjamin Dunitz. New York, whose answers were the best.

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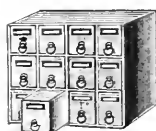


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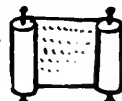
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The Jewish Home

FORMERLY "HELPFUL THOUGHTS"

An Illustrated Magazine for the Jewish Family and School

GEORGE ALEXANDER KOHUT, Editor

Vol. X

October, 1903

No. 2

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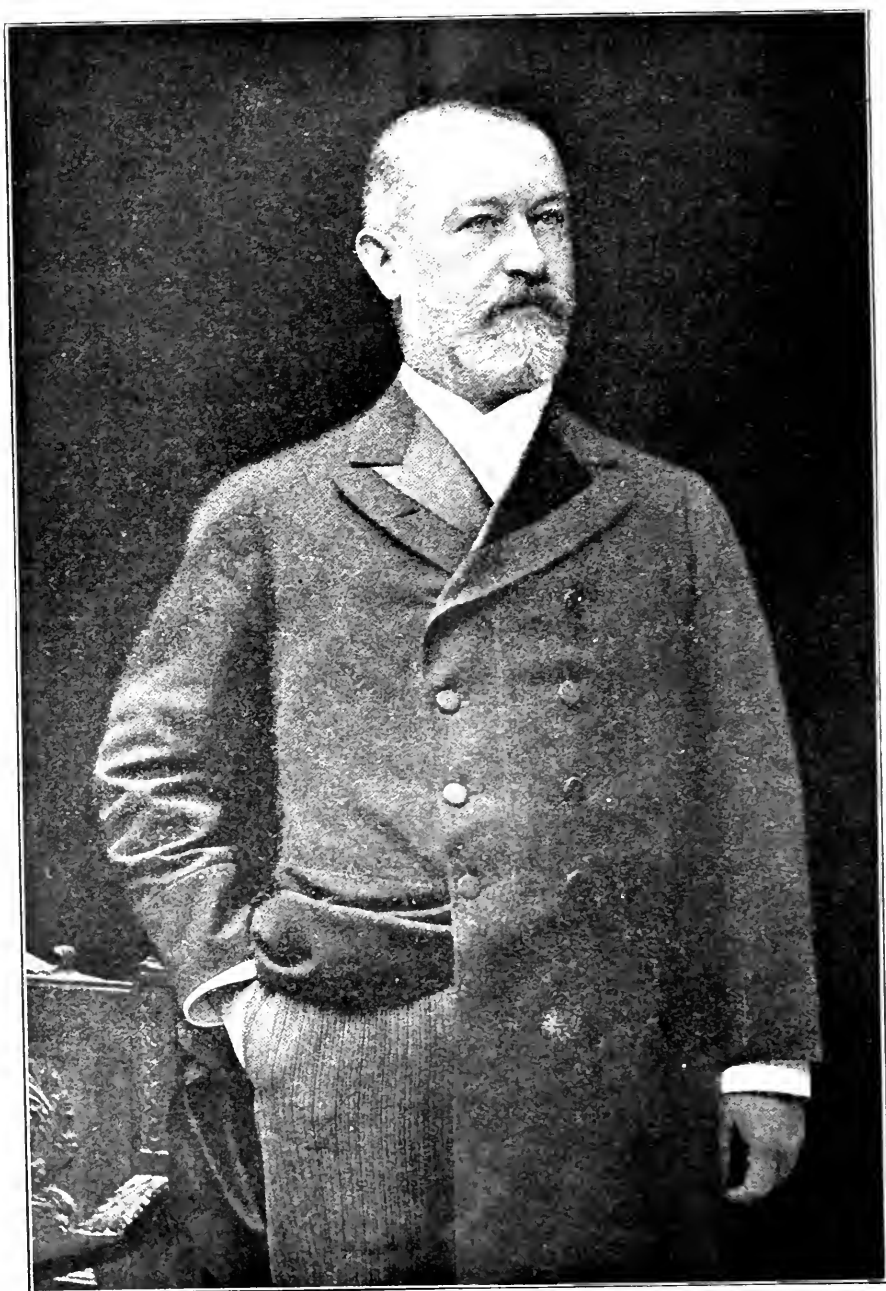
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JACOB H. SCHIFF.

The Jewish Home

VOL. X.

OCTOBER, 1903

NO. 2

EDITORIAL

Calendar for the Month.

- Oct. 6 (Tuesday). First Day of *Succoth*
(FEAST OF TABERNACLES)
- Oct. 12 (Monday). *Hoshanah Rabba*
(THE GREAT HOSANNA).
- Oct. 13 (Tuesday). *Shemini 'Azzereth*
(THE EIGHTH DAY OF THE
FEAST).
- Oct. 14 (Wednesday) *Simhath Torah*
(REJOICING OF THE LAW).
- Oct. 21 (Wednesday). *Rosh Hodesh*
Heshvan (NEW MOON).

Succoth The crowning glory of the
Symbols autumn festival is the
Succoth, or the Feast of
Tabernacles. Its keynote is joy. In
fact, joy is the message of all the festi-
vals of Israel. It is this constant
echo and refrain of gladness which
resounds in the home and the syna-
gogue. Joy has kept the Jew young,
in spite of his many sorrows. That
seems like a contradiction in terms,
does it not? But it isn't. The Jew
has never really despaired. Into his
prayers, the most pathetic and solemn,
he read the message of hope and the
very dirges he sings each year, on
the solemn Fast of Ab, commemorative
of the Destruction of Jerusalem twice
upon the selfsame day, are full of
cheer in the midst of tears. The

Great White Fast of Atonement,
sombre and awe-inspiring as it is,
expires in a rush of gladness. We
feel that we have won God back and
rejoice that He has once more turned
upon us the Light of His Counten-
ance.

Succoth is a relief after the solemn
and "fearful days" which precede it.
It is the Jew's Thanksgiving Day.
His grateful heart takes in the boun-
ties of his Creator. His eye looks into
the heavens and sees Him there. He
beholds bower and foliage; he hears
the rustle of crimson leaves as they
fall from the trees of autumn; he
gathers in the corn and the wheat and
the purple grape and his soul over-
flows with prayer.

He reads in his Bible the command
that when he has gathered in the fruit
of the land, he shall keep a feast unto
the Lord seven days. Of these seven
days, he is told, "the first day shall be
a Sabbath, and the eighth day shall
be a Sabbath."

And following the bidding of his
Law, he takes on the first day "the
boughs of goodly trees, branches of
palm trees, and the boughs of thick
trees, and willows of the brook," and
rejoices before the Lord his God
seven days (Leviticus, ch. xxiii, 40).
A whole week of gladness was *not*
too much for the Jew. In olden days
he built a booth, and covered the top
with the boughs and branches of palm

and willow and evergreen, and filled the interior with ripe and luscious fruits and fragrant flowers. Not all of us build a tabernacle to-day, to dwell in eight days. But those of us who do, still delight in the task, and you need but to read that fine little sketch this month, "My First Succah," to understand that delight. The *Succah*, or booth, symbolizes *Providence*. "That your generations may know that I have made the children of Israel to dwell in booths, when I brought them out of the land of Egypt." The Almighty cared for and watched over His people when they became homeless, and His presence was in the humble *tent*, as well as in the holy tabernacle. If you enter a *Succah* (and there are still many congregations in whose courtyard the booth is erected), you will find that the boughs and branches of the willow and evergreen are so placed that one can get a glimpse of the starry sky. The Jew never shuts out the heavens from his heart. He has ever looked up through "the thick trees," through the crowded troubles and sorrows of his life, to the heavens overhead, where lived, ever watchful and vigilant, neither sleeping nor slumbering, the Lord God of Israel.

Will you, too, dear reader, look up at Him, even through your tears?

**Gomel
Massacre
and its
Lesson**

To the religious Jew every occurrence in life is of some meaning. When the lightning flashes, he pronounces a benediction; when he eats of the first fruits of the season, or hears of the death of a relative or friend, he mur-

murs a blessing. And when he escapes from danger, he recites a special prayer. This is called *Gomel ben-schen*, thanksgiving for deliverance from evil.

The word GOMEL has a new meaning for us since the dreadful news of the anti-Jewish riots, which took place in a town of that name situated in Northwest Russia, in the middle days of September last. Following so soon in the wake of the Kishineff massacre of April, it has not gained the sympathy of the world as did that fearful calamity.

A Jewish shopkeeper sold a herring to a Christian woman. She refused to pay. They quarrelled and immediately the mob raised a hue and cry, and attacked the Jews, shouting, "Death to the Jews." Such a cry, alas! is never unanswered in Russia. Thanks to the Kishineff warning, when our brethren were foully slain and outraged, without a hand being lifted in their defence, the Jews were not unprepared. The would-be pillagers and murderers were met by a determined band, ready to sell their lives dearly. The Jews fought like heroes, with knives, revolvers and iron bars, and beat back the furious, savage crowd, 500 strong, composed of sturdy laborers, not as at Kishineff, of awkward, ignorant peasants. "The strength and courage displayed by these hunted Jews," so writes a correspondent, "who are generally taunted for cowardice, was something astonishing. *Even women fought.* Their physical agility and the correctness of their aim were not at all that of a race of cringing peddlers."

The riot lasted three days. The Jews, refusing to trust their lives to the police and soldiery, were shot down by the militia. Ten of their number were killed. In spite of their heroism, they suffered terribly. The city is practically destroyed. Houses and synagogues were razed to the ground, and for defending themselves so valiantly many will, no doubt, have to be sentenced to death by court-martial.

But the lesson is evident. The Jews must fight when attacked. They must help themselves if other help is not at hand. They must show the world that they are heroes, not cowards, soldiers when need be, not merely peddlers of wares.

Our This is a Succoth number.
Contri- Succoth in Palestine and
butors Succoth in Ramsgate are graphically described by Martin A. Meyer, Rabbi in Albany, New York,

and Ruth Schechter, the talented sixteen-year-old daughter of Professor Schechter, in New York. Her fervent and enthusiastic nature gives the sketch a particular value quite apart from the beauty of its style, which is most remarkable in one so young. Mr. Jacob J. Leibson restores to us our long-lost Tommy, who is still in Blunderland, and there will be many to welcome him back. Mr. Theodore Wehle is a new friend, and we extend to him our cordial hospitality. An Old Curiosity Shop is now opened by Mr. Joseph B. Abrahams, who is also our illustrator. If you have things out of the way and curious, send them in and we'll publish them. With Mr. R. I. Coffee we may peep into the Orphan's Home in New York, and then learn to know something of the life of America's Montefiore, as it is told by Mr. Albert M. Friedenberg, who is, perhaps the youngest Jewish journalist in the United States.

My First Succah

BY RUTH A. SCHECHTER.

It was a cold gray, wintry morning. A bleak east wind whistled overhead and wailed round corners, turning the sky to a dull uniform lead, and lashing the sea into angry little "whitecaps." Under ordinary circumstances such a mood of Nature would have been reflected in me by one no less desponding. I should have been filled with vague loneliness and foreboding. And yet, as I walked along the desolate promenade of usually populous Ramsgate, looking out on the angry waste of waters, my heart sang a song of pure joy. The cutting

wind, which had a freezing effect on the few other daring walkers, only sent a glow to my cheeks and the fierce joy of battle to my soul. Each recurring swirl, threatening to lift me off my feet, exhilarated me afresh. The keen bracing air was intoxicating. I could not walk in the commonplace, everyday fashion; I wanted to fly! I was lightheaded from sheer happiness. And why? Just because this was *Ereb Succoth*, and I was to help to decorate a real *Succah*!

To you, dear reader, this may seem insufficient cause for such rejoicing.

It is not as though *Succoth*, like *Pesach*, were the only holyday in a long line of working days; *Rosh-Hashanah* and *Yom Kippur* were fresh in my memory. And merry festival though it be, this harvesting of the first fruits of God's beautiful earth, and delightful though the task of decorating the outdoor dwelling in which the joyous revels of this enchanted week are held, still, what need for such "leapings of the spirit?"

The reason is simply this: I had on that September morning but recently attained to the dignity of my twelfth year; and during those past eleven years I had read, dreamt, but never once thought of actually *seeing*, a "Succah." We had lived alone, a small Jewish family, the *only* Jews among a weary number of varying sects and creeds. Cambridge is a town of 40,000 inhabitants, of which about 7,000 are students. Although a few of these are Jewish, there is *no* Jewish community. Five among forty thousand! The holy beauty of the New Year, the sorrow, doubt, and culminating infinite peace of the Day of Atonement, above all, the sweet, sympathetic, *Jewish* atmosphere had been newly revealed to me in their full loveliness. And now came this crowning glory! Year after year, "The Jewish Chronicle" had brought tantalizing pictures and descriptions of resplendent, flower-decked *Succahs*. And at last I was not only to see such a one, but to help in the making. *At last!*

For here in this wind-swept city by the sea, shut in, like the Lady of Shalott, by the gray, ivy-grown walls of Townley Castle, dwelt people who, instead of living under a curse, bestowed their own blessedness on every man, woman or child who ventured beyond the shadow of the sturdy iron gates guarding the way to this real Paradise. They, the kindest, most unselfish people, as I believe, on the face

of the earth, kind with the real broad old Jewish hospitality, were now about to begin the decking of their *Succah*. And I was to help!

The sky darkened as I looked; the rolling clouds paused, gathered, and brimmed over in big drops. I turned and fled up the narrow, tarry-smelling little streets, until I stood before the iron gates. They were firmly closed, but at a touch they stood open before me. A last little run, an unceremonious dash and I beheld, really and truly, the *Succah*.

It was but the bare rudiments of a *Succah* as yet,—a large, long, lofty room, with plenty of large windows, and a door at either end. The roof of wooden lattice-work looked prosaic enough with its blank, geometrical squares. But the process of transformation was already begun. In and out through the woodwork strong and willing hands were deftly twining long ropes of beautiful ivy. Shining heaps of evergreen covered the floor, and together with a medley of tacks, step-ladders, hammers, old newspapers, string and lost-looking tables and chairs, formed the chaos out of which the *Succah* was to be created.

I hesitated at the door. The room was full of eager, busy workers. Did they need me? Someone looked up hurriedly and cried, "We want more ivy. There are scissors on that table. Make haste *please!*" And I was satisfied. I went out and stripped the hoary walls of their longest, freshest strands. They clung to the stone, loath to come away, and bespattered me with rain drops. But I pulled ruthlessly; I needed them to deck a fairer dwelling. There in the rain I battled, until, my arms full, I could retreat indoors with honor. I flung them down on the ground and looked about for the next task.

Indoors they had been working very quickly. Half the lattice was covered with a green, glossy roofing, still be-



THE FAMILY DINNER IN THE "SUCCAH" (BOOTH), WITH A VIEW OF THE EXTERIOR (ABOUT 1700 C. E.)

gemmed with dew-drops. Every available table, chair or space on the crowded floor was filled with huge baskets of fruit. And *such* fruit! It seemed as if the very choicest on earth had been garnered to deck this symbol of His loving kindness to man. Great translucent purple grapes, huge melons, red and yellow apples and pears of an almost waxen perfection of shape and form, exotic pomegranates, juicy lemons, great tough-skinned oranges,—it was like the outpouring of the contents of the Horn of Plenty.

My real work began now. The day passed like a dream, such a busy, short and exquisitely happy one was it for me. Innumerable were the things I did. I polished apples until their rosy faces reflected mine as in a mirror; armed with a queer steel instrument,

like an enlarged bodkin, I pierced them, bound them with wire twisted into a loop at the top, and handed them to be suspended by means of the loops to the roof which was fast becoming a real "thing of beauty." I rubbed and scrubbed the window-panes until they were clear as crystal. I tied the melons, too smooth and heavy for wire fastenings, with stout, gayly colored ribbons; strung bunches of flowers together; ran to the garden for foliage and grasses; hammered, dusted, fetched and carried, until I was in a most delectable state of griminess. Outside the wind howled, and the rain pattered on the gravel, but what did I care?

Only the smaller, lighter tasks had been given to me. While I had been absorbed in this new and pleasant

play, the others in the room had been working steadily, quietly, with unremitting patience and zeal. Someone entering the room gave a little cry of admiration, and I looked up. Truly a wonderland had been worked from the chaos. An unfinished wonderland as yet, but still above me stretched a solid compact ivy-roof, and coily nestling in between the glossy leaves, hung the fruit, a mosaic of glowing color against the sombre green. From the central chandelier, graceful festoons waved away to the corner. The windows also were framed in the the gracious adaptable evergreen. But the panels between the windows were ablaze with flowers as rarely perfect as the fruit: roses, lilies, chrysanthemums, dahlias, a splendid medley of pink and white, yellow and red. And all this kaleidoscope of color, which would ordinarily have hurt and dazzled the eye, was blended into delicate harmony by the "ivy-green" reft from the walls of the ancient castle walls to deck a far lovelier castle, a triumphant edifice of self-sacrifice and loving care. They were tired out, these modern "workers in the House of God," but every face, young or old, handsome or plain, was glorified with the sweet, serene beauty of holy peace. They were by no means a set of ascetics, they laughed long and merrily as they worked. They were, like myself, so bubbling over with mirth that the merest trifles, the smashing of an over-ripe melon on the head of him who would have hung it proudly in place; the struggle of one with an unruly step-ladder, which had an unwonted aptitude for shutting up suddenly, were sufficient to cause a gale of laughter. But there was something in the nature of the end for which we were working, some flitting, but for the time absolutely complete understanding of the inner meaning and significance of the holy day, which irradiated even the prosaic task of win-

dow-cleaning. It is sweet to do things for the sake of love; how very good to do this *little* thing for the sake of the Love of God!

The afternoon drew to an end. My share of the labor was over. The *Succah* was nearing completion; there remained to be wrought only the magical finishing touches. I went home and dressed in a sort of daze, tired, but happy, so happy.

Then neat, clean and "*Yomtovdik*," I walked back to the Castle. The rain had ceased and from the earth came the clear, fragrant smell of nature refreshed. The clouds had parted, and showed little rifts of blue: and down in the west the sun dipped red into the now quiet sea in a haze of rose and gold. The dusk had deepened, and over sea and land lay like a pall the deep hush of twilight. It seemed but a fitting step from the infinite repose of nature into the sacred Peace of the Tabernacle.

But once again I paused on the threshold, not from fear of a cold welcome this time, because in the House of God there dwells no such fear, but because I was rooted to the spot for a moment by the magic which had been performed during my absence. "Finishing touches" indeed! Over the door blossomed forth, pure and beautiful, a Shield of David in some shy, virginal white flower of the woods. The flowery walls bore pictures, two of well-known scenes, the rest of grave, sad, scholarly faces, still more well known. One of the former showed the wailing wall in Jerusalem. Men and women, old and young, scholar and artisan, grandee or beggar, knelt or lay prostrate in passionate grief before this terribly significant symbol of the Tragedy of Israel. But on the other picture there were only men, men with stern compressed lips, and absent, far-seeing eyes, men in soldier's uniform, but with their garb of strife covered by

the long, white *Tallith* or praying-shawl, of the pious Jew. Scenes of bloody horror are before them, carnage, suffering, and death, but it is the great Day of Atonement, and their eyes are fixed, if only for a little while on the Eternal Life.

A long table runs the length of the *Succah*. Its central pyramid of fruit and flowers, the surrounding vases of sweet, fragile blossoms, the sparkle of glass and silver, the snowy sheen of the cloth, even our happy faces, all are reflected, distorted but clear, in the

polished windows shutting out the cold and dark. In the place of honor burn, with the serene tranquillity of holiday, the *Yomtov* candles. And, as we stand in reverent silence before them, while our host ushers in the festival with that wonderful song of praise, the *Kiddush*, my little sister, looking at the candles, softly names them Life and Joy. They flicker, waver, hesitate, then burn brightly and steadily on together.

Life and Joy, equal and complete!
New York.

Jewish Life in Palestine

BY MARTIN A. MEYER.

II. Succoth in Palestine

The weather had been bright and warm since early spring. There had been plenty of sunshine and heat; but no refreshing rain had fallen to revive nature and provide drink for man and beast. The clear, blue sky had been innocent of a cloud in months, and even the winds brought more heat and dryness in their train. The early crops had long ago been carried in from the field, and the clods looked parched and brown and uninviting. Only those fruits which required the heat for their fuller development had thrived and survived the burning of the summer sun. And of these, none but the grape had the hardihood to persist until the autumn. The roads—bad at best—were deeply rutted, and the dense clouds of dust and sand, that every creeping caravan of camels, or noisy train of donkeys, or fast flying carriage raised, made the atmosphere heavier and more intolerable. The hills, which had looked so bright and green in the early summer, whose blankets of flowers had transformed them into towers of flaming beauty and livid color, now stood bare and

brown and drear in the brilliant sunshine of the fall. The olives looked grayer than the natural green of their leaves would suggest; but the fig's broad leaves offered a refreshing coolness and shade from the intense noon-day sun. The untiring bleating of the flocks told how scant their never-too-generous food supply was, and the oft repeated cries of the women and children, who had tramped over the bare hills and stony paths, told of their disappointments at finding the springs low and the cisterns empty. And the heart shuddered, for the sky had no promise of rain, the much needed relief for the land. It was a time for anxiety and hopeful prayer.

The grapes alone gleamed bright and fresh amid the surrounding barrenness. Their long green globes, their ruddy cheeks, and luscious promise of food and drink, cheered the otherwise downcast spirits of the natives, and of the tourists who entered the land, at that unhappy season. The gaunt brown stems of the vines stretched like the multiple arms of some great monster over the heaps of

stone and rubbish, about which they had been trained, sucking nourishment through their innumerable tendrils from every possible clod of earth. The green leaves with their fanciful shapes, looked poor amid their dismal surroundings, and were it not for the usefulness of the fruit, the fame of the grape of the Holy Land, and the unusual sight of fruit or any vegetation at that time of the year, none would have essayed a second look at the wretched vineyards, which straggled here and there over the hills. The broken stone fences, the tumbled-down gates, the poor roads told volumes of the improvidence of the native farmers and vine-growers; and the scantiness of the soil, the jealous care with which each vine was watched and guarded, were proof sufficient of the poverty and lack of civic virtue in the country. True, in the plains, where modern methods had been introduced among the Jewish and the German colonists, and where nature was more propitious, things looked brighter; but it was the brightness and lustre arising from comparison with the wretched surroundings.

One of the most conspicuous features of the landscape is the large number of tumbled-down heaps of stones. These heaps are uniformly circular at their base and rise to a height of eight or ten feet. The stones, we find on closer examination, are more or less regular in shape, and are heaped according to some fixed design, and as we peer about further, we find a little door which admits us into the interior. These seeming heaps are in reality *watch towers*. During the season, when the grapes are ripe and the vines heavy with their rich burden, the farmers watch their crops by day and by night; by day, to frighten away the robber birds; by night to watch for robbers and thieves of the human kind,—for the people are poor and hungry, and the law does

not offer much police protection. And there, perched on the platform which surmounts the tower, squats the Arab farmer, wrapped in his long, coarse, camel hair mantle of black and white, with his gay-colored turban about his head, and his tobacco pouch at his side. A heap of pebbles answered for ammunition to keep away all intruders, and the primitive flute of reeds helps to while away the weary hours. The family brings him his small supply of food, a cake of bread, a handful of olives, or a few radishes, and a jug of water.

The period of watching soon comes to an end, and the sun-kissed grapes are full to the bursting with their red blood, the rich wine of the press. Haste must be made to gather in the supply before the approaching rains spoil the freshness of the grapes, or rob them of their beauty. All the family is pressed into service, old and young, men, women, and children. The dark gloomy house is deserted for the time being, and a temporary hut is erected in the open. Boughs of the fig and olive, and whatever other greens offer themselves, are twisted into a rough protection against the elements, and the new home is adorned with baskets of the fresh, sweet grapes; and the environment of the vineyard gives it a very romantic setting. It becomes a thing of beauty, but, alas! a very temporary joy. The grapes are plucked from the yielding stems, and heaped upon great wicker baskets. Some are spread in the sun to dry for the winter supply of raisins; others are carried to the towns to be sold in the market; and if the colonies be near by, the excess may be offered for sale at the winery. Merrily sound the voices of the gleaners at their work, as they go from vine to vine and gather in the ripe, rich fruit; gleefully they load the baskets upon the patient donkeys or the grunting camels; and they herald the beginning

and the close of the vintage with song and dance, with praise and thanksgiving. The vines are stripped bare, and soon the leaves fade away, leaving the stems as brown and dismal as the surrounding stones.

Jewish agricultural life in Palestine to-day is much the same that it was in the early days of Israel, when we were husbandmen in our own land. The country, it is true, was better cared for and more fertile then. Now, for many generations, the Jews have lived in cities, but they never forgot the days of old. Each year those who

are more religious and observant erect a tiny booth in their homes, decorate it with flags and flowers and fruits, and dwell in it for eight days. Even in the poor and miserable streets of the Ghetto, in the midst of the wretchedness and poverty of the Jerusalem of to-day, many a *Sukkah* (that is the Hebrew name for a "booth") is erected, and many a heart is made happy beneath its pretty roof. It brings to memory a pleasant and glorious phase of Israel's life, brings us near to nature with all her glory and teaches us many a lesson that the rabbis of old wished to impress upon us.

Noted American Jews

II. Jacob H. Scheff

BY ALBERT M. FRIEDENBERG.



ALBERT M. FRIEDENBERG.

There is a phrase—the fierce white light that beats upon a throne—which is peculiarly applicable to Mr. Schiff, the King of American Jews, as one or the other journalist has facetiously characterized him. The phrase was intended for Albert the Good, the late Queen Victoria's husband, because, although occupying an exalted station, he lived a life of exemplary virtue and always did his duty.

Duty is the dominant factor in Mr. Schiff's life—duty to his family, his business, his race and faith, his adopted country. Whatever he does or has done, has been done in response to some obscure tug at his heart-strings, in answer to the call of duty. He is, in reality, the most prominent American Jew, and his position as one of the moneyed aristocracy of our benevolent community is truly exalted.

It is believed in some quarters that wealth brings with it the desire, as, of course, the ability, to do good. This is true in Mr. Schiff's case, but, I imagine were Mr. Schiff in com-

paratively humble circumstances, he would still seek to ease the burden of the less fortunate than he, who travel through this earthly vale of tears. Again, many a respectable Jewish citizen, possessed of Mr. Schiff's wealth, would not do what he does—because the *heart* is not there.

All this is the result of Mr. Schiff's appreciation of what his duty is and where it lies. This hard-headed, intensely practical man of affairs has a monthly pension list, approximating six hundred dollars, a sum which he pays to one hundred and twenty or more men and women because he has been blessed by God with the means for that end.

Mr. Schiff is a German Jew. He was born at Frankfort-on-the-Main, in 1847. He is short, somewhat stoutish, with a healthy complexion, close-trimmed *Henri-Quatre* beard and true-blue eyes, the most striking of all his features. He has probably had a good education, for his occasional letters to the press are well-reasoned, grammatical and sensible, although betraying here and there the touch of the foreigner.

I have said "probably" above. Mr. Schiff has always been averse to speaking for publication, above all of himself, and for this reason the very personal details of his biography may never become known. Still, when duty impels him to strike libel and hypocrisy in public, he speaks and writes vigorously, and as he sees the truth. Witness his Arnold White letters in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*.

He has never written a book, or sought fame because he is a financier, and finds his time fully occupied with serious, engrossing business work. His leisure has been devoted to problems in philanthropy, to devising measures of alleviation of distress and persecution among the poor, to aiding the cause of higher education in a

practical way. The Jewish Theological Seminary of America is his own foundation; the Harvard Semitic Museum is his monument, because Harvard, to his mind, more than any other, was the ideal American university, and represented a higher form of scholarly activity.

Countless other charitable gifts and philanthropic projects could be mentioned, but a mere catalogue is not in place at this time. I cannot, however, let the opportunity pass of pointing out that the newer Jewish Theological Seminary of America was the result of Mr. Schiff's affection for the old Jewish name. Baron de Hirsch told us when the Jew is rich he is no Jew, and unfortunately the epigram was true. But Mr. Schiff is both rich and Jew, and this "rich Jew" celebrates Sabbath Eve with more fidelity and ceremony than many a poor Jew who has been ministered to by a disciple of the "America is our Zion, Washington our Jerusalem" movement.

Duty, moreover, has made Mr. Schiff a man of strong, compelling convictions. His attitude toward certain questions of the day may not be always just, but it is ever sincere. So, for example, he brought the weight of his influence to bear *against* a discussion of the problem of Jewish immigration into the United States, when to many it seemed as if such a conference would have been both beneficial and opportune.

Mr. Schiff is a consummate financier. He is the mainstay and chief of the great banking house of Kuhn, Loeb & Company, of New York, a potent factor in the affairs of the metropolis.

But, of course, all this is the sterner side of the man's nature. His more human side is revealed by his princely munificence, his studious politeness and kindly courtesy to one and all, rich or poor, high or low, and, above all, his thorough Jewishness.

The Rabbi and the Angel

[Sandalphon, the Angel of Prayer, the subject of one of Longfellow's poems, is mentioned by the Rabbis as the tallest angel in heaven. He stands behind the divine throne and places crowns and floral wreaths upon the head of the Creator. The wreaths he weaves from the prayers of the sons of men. This quaint tradition is mentioned in the special prayers offered in the synagogue on *Succoth*.]

Rabbi Ben Saphra, as the twilight spread
Its purple shadows o'er the Book he read,
Serenely stood while closing it, and prayed:
"May lurking dangers find me unafraid";
And, gathering up within his wrinkled palm
The Sacred Tome which wardeth off all harm,
He bent his steps with tremulous desire
Toward that still place where angel-hosts inspire
The human soul to ecstasies of prayer,
And garner all the garlands woven there
Of pious men's resolves, and place them prone
Upon God's shining, everlasting Throne.
He saw no light save one which flickered low
Before the shrine, since days of long ago.
Yet was he dauntless, as he neared the ark,
His heart glowed brightly in the semi-dark.
And all within his placid spirit felt
That Presence nigh which true devotion spelt.
With eager fingers he undid the lock
The while his pulse was ticking like a clock.
The bolt flew back: the sacred scrolls
in white

Looked just like children in the sombre light.
And, as he raised his feeble eyes aloft,
He heard the sound of whisperings low and soft,
And then the brush of angel-wings thrilled through
His inmost parts: and there, before he knew,
Betwixt two scrolls with outstretched pinions stood
The Seraph Sandalphon. And ere he could
Recover from this wonderful surprise
The Vision vanished straight before his eyes.
Then, prostrate, in the shadow of the shrine,
Ben Saphra heard the echo, the divine,
The Daughter of God's own celestial Voice,
Which caused his hallowed spirit to rejoice,
So low it smote and yet so clarion clear
Upon his list'ning, well-instructed ear:
"Draw nigh the Ark of Covenant, and see
What Sandalphon, my Seraph, left for thee!"
The Rabbi quaked and wrapped the sacred shawl
Around his head in answer to the call.
Approaching, then, the casket, and impelled
By other Power than his, lo! he beheld
Betwixt the scrolls of God's eternal Law,
Where angel's wings his spirit-fancy saw
A wreath of flowers the Shining One and Fair
Did weave of his sincerely uttered prayer.
For Sandalphon is charged with this sweet task
And brings from God the garlands that we ask.

G. A. K.

The New York Hebrew Orphan Asylum

BY RUDOLPH L. COFFEE, SUPERINTENDENT.



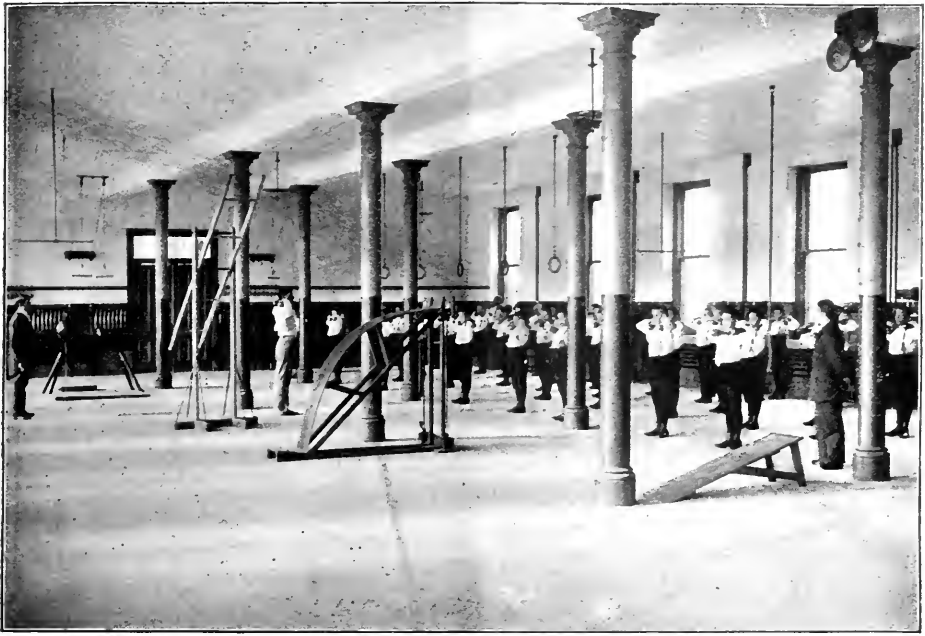
THE HEBREW ORPHAN ASYLUM, NEW YORK CITY.

The Hebrew Orphan Asylum, situated on 138th street and Amsterdam avenue, New York City, shelters about one thousand children, six hundred boys and four hundred girls. This is, undoubtedly, the largest Jewish family in the world, and we are proud of it. Not because we have so large a number, but because the children who enter our home flower into good men and loyal women.

Most of our children have lost either father or mother; many have lost both parents. Thus, you see, each child in our Institution is handicapped, at the very outset of its life's journey. Therefore, we try in every possible way, to make up for this loss.

Every morning in the year our children are up at six o'clock. In private homes, boys and girls may be permitted to sleep as long as they choose;

but this can not be here. Everything with us must work systematically: When the bell rings, every child gets up, and at once prepares to dress. There is no dispute as to who shall wash first, and to whom this stocking or that ribbon, belongs. Each child has a definite place, and with towel in hand, the line is formed and the march to the wash-room begun. They wash themselves every morning under the supervision of the older boys and girls. At a quarter of seven, all our children, save the youngest, are in the Synagogue, where a fifteen-minute service is held. Then comes the march to the dining-room. In a few minutes all are seated at the tables, grace is said, then a thousand hungry children prepare to relish the wholesome meal that is set before them. In spite of the large number at the tables, there



THE GYMNASIUM.

is very little noise in the room. Talking is not prohibited, but it must be carried on in a quiet tone, else with a thousand little tongues awagging there would be quite a hubbub. After breakfast is finished, the Institution becomes a busy hive of activity. The girls return to their dormitories to make up their beds, and the boys do the same in their room; but at all times there is perfect order. Then come preparations for school. Under the guidance of monitors, each one is properly combed, shoes are carefully polished, and at 8:30 all our older children leave for school, eight blocks away.

After school, our children are again united, and, having partaken of a small luncheon, they are permitted to go out and play on our spacious grounds, and enjoy themselves to their hearts' content. At 5:30, when they come in to dress for supper, they are not a very clean looking set of chil-

dren. But who expects a boy to be clean, after he has been playing for two hours? By six, however, all are ready for supper, looking as neat and clean as could be desired. In the evening, lessons have to be prepared for the next day. It is true, there is a great deal of sameness in our lives, but we are such a large body of people, that things enough occur to vary the daily routine.

We have a large number of special courses. First of all, we must mention the brass band, which trains about sixty boys to play various musical instruments. Occasionally, this band plays in public. It is too well known in the city to call for special comment. In connection with the band, we have a military *corps* of almost four hundred boys, who parade every Sunday morning on our broad playgrounds. Here the boy, who but a few months ago was running wild in a crowded district of our city, is transformed into



THE READING-ROOM.

a broad-shouldered, sturdy young soldier, who carries a musket, and is very proud of it. And we have our little drummer boys, who are the pets of our home. These youngsters with their skilful drumming are generally the chief attraction of visitors, whenever a special drill is held.

For the girls, we have classes in sewing and in fine needlework. It is remarkable what ability our girls display. Some of their work is really beautiful, displaying much talent and a deep love for this kind of industry. For the older boys and girls there are classes in book-keeping, to train them how to take their proper places in the business world. There is also a class in shorthand and stenography, meant chiefly for those who have no homes to go to when they graduate from the grammar school. Many are sent to a technical school, where they may perfect themselves in electrical work,

and in various forms of mechanical labor. Finally, there is the college and high school, where we send our brightest boys and girls. All this helps to develop our children, so that when they leave us, usually at the age of fourteen, they can go forth into the world, properly equipped to begin life's battle.

But please remember that they are *Jewish* children, and therefore, need something besides education. This something is *the religious life*. Divine services are held every morning of the year, and prayers are always recited before and after meals. On Friday evening and Sabbath morning, special services are held and a sermon delivered. These services are open to the public, and visitors are always welcome. Instruction in Hebrew and Jewish history is given four times a week, and special attention is paid to those who manifest a desire to con-

tinue these studies. On the Sabbath and on the holidays, our children are arrayed in their best and special dishes ("extras," we call them) are placed before them at their meals. When our boys and girls leave us, to follow their respective calling, they do not, by any means, sever their connection with the Institution. There is The Seligman Solomon Society, organized by our graduates, and named after one of the noblest men in the history of this Institution. Its chief purpose is to assist those, who were formerly with us, and who are now in unfortunate straits.

The Institution is supported partly by the philanthropy of the Jewish community, and partly by the City. The City contributes towards its maintenance a certain amount of money, so much for each child, but it costs a great deal more to run it. No expense is spared to advance the welfare of those who live within its walls, and there are many noble men and women in our community, who are only too

eager to do whatever lies in their power, to aid the work we are doing.

I am happy to say that our boys and girls fully appreciate the privileges that are theirs. Corporal punishment is not known, at all. Despite the large number of children, it is rarely that anyone breaks an important rule. Everyone is placed on his honor. We have no need to *watch* the children, but they are in charge of older boys and girls, called "monitors." They are responsible for their behavior. It is but seldom that they cannot maintain discipline.

This Institution has been in existence for eighty years. More than three thousand children have entered it, and have enjoyed the shelter of its walls. Most of these, that are yet alive, have become highly respected members of their communities; and I pray that God's blessing may rest upon all, who are with us now so that they may continue to be the pride and the joy of the many foster-parents, who work for their welfare and happiness.

Why the Autumn Leaves Change Color

BY RACHEL FRIEDMAN ISAACS

Once upon a time, when the earth was young, a great dispute arose among the trees, in which even the lonely bushes and clinging vines joined, and the discussions grew so heated that it was decided to call upon Ceres (who is the goddess of all growing things) to decide the matter. The maple spoke for the trees and addressed the goddess thus:

"O, gracious mother, we have great cause for complaint, and feel that we are unjustly treated, for while all things that grow blossom in the spring and bloom in the summer, yet why should some trees retain their foliage through the winter, while I and others of my kind drop all their leaves in the

autumn, and remain bleak and bare through the extreme winter, at the mercy of every spiteful wind which the Frost King sends?"

Ceres listened graciously to this complaint and said:

"While I am very sorry for you, I cannot help you, for such are the laws of nature, but this much I can do. Before you lose your leaves, I will change your green to brightest gold and crimson, which shall be the admiration of all beholders, while those trees which retain their foliage shall be evergreen."

And this is the reason why the autumn leaves take on so many different colors before they fall. *Cincinnati, O.*

How I was Shipwrecked

BY THEODORE WEHLE.

I.

On the third of August, in the year 186--, I had to decide suddenly whether I should go to Europe on the following day for an indefinite period. Some business transactions in which I was associated with a Mr. E—— made it necessary for him to go, and he urged me to join him. With the ardor and buoyancy of youth, I was not long in making up my mind. Going home, I informed my parents, packed my trunk and a small hand satchel, and was on board the Hamburg steamer G—— the following day. It was an intensely hot, bright day as we steamed out of the bay. The passengers were in good spirits, the sea was calm, and but very few showed traces of discomfort or seasickness. The first cabin passengers numbered about fifty or sixty, and included probably ten or twelve young ladies, and six or eight young men. After the first day, when the passengers had become acquainted, a very pleasant tone of sociability prevailed. In the evening, the young people played games or indulged in music. Among others, there was a Miss Lovering, a young lady from Boston, who was on her way to the Leipzig Conservatory to study the piano, and, as I had taken my violin with me, I played duets with her several times.

We sailed on a Tuesday, and until Friday the weather was very pleasant and everything went well. On that day, however, as we approached the Newfoundland banks, it became foggy and disagreeable and the sea grew rough. At noon, the officers were not able to take the usual observations, and as I chatted with one of them, with whom I had become acquainted, he replied to my question as to the

prospects, by a pun in German to the effect "That the outlook was good enough if only the insight were better." He admitted, next day, that he hadn't any notion of the ominous foreboding of the remark.

In the afternoon it became rough, foggy and disagreeable, and I anticipated the courageous action of the admiral in Pinafore:

"And when the breeze blew
I to my bed withdrew."

At supper time, considering discretion the better part of valor, and not daring to face the enemy, I had a cup of tea brought to my room. I slept rather restlessly, and was awakened by a violent shock about half-past five o'clock in the morning. Not being fully aroused, I did not realize the cause, but repeated shaking up and stopping, creaking and trembling of the ship, blowing of whistle and the noise and bustle on deck, finally made it dawn upon me that there must be something wrong. I arose reluctantly, remembering the unpleasant sensations of the previous day, and found to my delight that the vessel did not move, that I could dress without fear of any violent disturbances of an eruptive nature.

Under the circumstances it did not take me long to make myself presentable, and, as I stepped into the cabin, seeing Mrs. E——, who was a very late riser, I asked her in a most cheerful tone how she happened to be up so early. She looked at me aghast and could hardly gasp, "Don't you know we are shipwrecked? We are all lost. Go up and see my husband." It did not take me long to reach the deck. At first glance I could not realize that there could be any danger.

The ship was intact and lay motionless in a kind of cove in a quiet sea, and through the fog the outlines of the coast could be seen in the shape of high, steep rocks. In my utter inexperience it seemed to me an easy matter, in an emergency, to row ashore and make a landing. I hadn't more than a moment to take in the scene, when I was diverted by the general commotion prevailing on deck—the captain giving orders, officers replying, men hurrying to and fro, passengers with frightened faces coming up.

I found Mr. E.—and was convinced that he looked upon the situation as very grave. As we were talking, an order to back the ship was given. With a few violent jerks and heavings she seemed to have got off the rocks on which she had been fast, and to glide backwards. After a very few minutes, however, she moved forward again and settled with a thump on the spot from which she had started.

I was told afterwards that the carpenter had been sent by the captain to measure the water in the hold, and as the vessel cleared the rock on which she had been fast, the water rose so rapidly that the order was given to settle down again in the previous place. Efforts were made to prepare and lower the life-boats on deck, intended for such emergencies. This awakened me to the seriousness of the situation, and I hurried below to secure the most valuable and most useful of my effects. I had a small satchel, in which I had a change of linen and underwear and other articles of daily use. From my trunk I took letters of credit and other documents, a waterproof suit, that could be inflated to serve as a life preserver, which a friend had given me on the eve of my departure, and I filled my pockets with cakes that my sister had baked for me. These were very useful to me. I took a farewell glance at my violin, which was very

dear to me because I had acquired it under peculiar conditions:

Several years previous I had heard an Italian woman play on it on the street, and was fascinated by the sweetness of its tone. I offered to buy it, but she declined to sell it, and after much coaxing I finally obtained her address in the Italian quarters. Leaving the city that same night, I wrote to a musical friend to call on her and purchase the instrument. After repeated efforts he succeeded in obtaining it and had it repaired. The price paid was probably considerably more than its intrinsic value, for it was only an instrument of the third or fourth class of the Tyrolean type, and its attraction for me lay more in the fact of having discovered it myself than in its musical quality. Who knows into whose hands it may have fallen, and who is now being charmed by the sweetness of its tones?

In passing through the cabin, I found some cups of coffee on the table and gulped down one and picked up all the rolls lying about. It can be readily imagined that, under the circumstances, it did not take long to go through these manoeuvres, but when I reached the deck, Mr. and Mrs. E.—, with their children and governess, were climbing into a life-boat. It was the smallest one and known as the captain's. I asked permission to join my friends, and barely had time to get in when we were let down swiftly alongside of the ship. Six sailors, commanded by an officer, immediately rowed us out to sea. We lay to at a safe distance from the vessel. The fog had grown so dense that we could not see the other passengers enter the boats. The larger ones were filled after they had been lowered by letting people down by ropes. Some held 60 and 70 persons, while ours (the captain's) was the smallest boat and only had 25. There were about 300 to 350 people comprising the first cabin.

second cabin, steerage and crew, and all were stowed away in eight life-boats. The fog was so dense and the sea so high, that as boat after boat rowed out towards us and around us we imagined it was a vessel in sight and wished to hail it. The illusion was soon dispelled. At length, probably about eight o'clock, a signal was given to our boat to approach the ship and take off the captain, who is required to be the last one to leave the ship. As we came up he asked us whether we had any provisions on board and anything to drink. We had neither, and as I learned afterwards, most of the boats were not provided with either food, water, sails or the most essential necessities or comforts.

I may say here in passing that the captain was blamed very severely for the disaster. It was attributed entirely to his recklessness in running under full steam in a dense fog, having lost his course and almost wrecking his vessel on the Newfoundland coast, when he should have been considerably to the eastward. He was not on deck when she struck, and seems not to have taken any precautions.

Finding us so poorly equipped, the captain endeavored to increase our store, but came back saying the water had risen so high that he could not obtain anything. He brought one blanket, a loaf of bread and a sausage. An old lady in the boat had taken a bottle of claret with her. Certainly it was anything but cheerful to go to sea and confront unknown dangers for an unlimited period under such conditions. Fortunately but few of us realized fully the seriousness of the situation.

Finally the captain lowered some instruments, a compass, some charts and maps, and, sliding down a rope, he took a seat in the stern of the boat. We joined the other boats, but after

prolonged efforts we could only collect six, as two seemed to have been lost or to have started off by themselves. This was not as strange as it may appear, because the fog was so dense and the sea so high that the boats had to remain at a considerable distance from each other for fear of colliding.

Unpleasant as the incident was, it could not be helped and it was decided to lose no more time and to start without them. I happened to sit next to the captain and helped to unroll the map and to hold it, and I was sorry to find that he knew actually nothing of the character of the coast. At hap-hazard he decided to go in an easterly direction, towards Cape Race.

Being the captain's boat, we took the lead and rowed up along the coast as closely as we dared, so as to see it as distinctly as we could. It seemed like a solid wall of rock rising high into the air and almost perpendicular to the level of the sea. It was evident that it was impossible to effect a landing here, and if made, it would be utterly hopeless to climb such steep formations. As we got out of the cove, rowing around the corner as it were, the aspect did not improve; on the contrary, it grew more imposing and, naturally, our spirits declined more and more.

Our progress was slow because we were going against the tide. The fog had changed to a fine drizzling rain that was chilly and penetrating. We were hungry and most of us uncomfortable, if not downright sea-sick. The motion of such a small boat in a heavy sea was very trying indeed. The bread, the sausage and the wine were handed around, but few were in condition to partake of it.

Miss Lovering, whom I had mentioned before, sat in a half reclining position, so ill that she did not have the energy to wipe off the spray of the sea as it broke over her. There was enough excitement, however, in watch-

ing the contour of the coast and calling out to the captain when he ventured too close to the breakers. Of course, he was well aware of this danger, but had to take the risk so as to see the exact outlines of the shore. It commenced to dawn upon us that we might be close to the coast and perish, so to say, in full view of the promised land. On we rowed for another hour, conditions not changing except that the rain had become heavier and the sea more boisterous. At length, we noticed, high up on the rocks, a small plateau, which seemed to have been washed out by a spring trickling down upon it through unknown ages. The captain thought that this might serve us as a refuge in an emergency, but feared that in case we could effect a landing and climb up, we would have to abandon our boats. We approached as near as we dared, but did not venture beyond the breakers. It was then about ten o'clock and we continued in the same direction for about an hour and a half, the conditions growing steadily worse. The rain increased, the sea was rougher and the character of the coast remained unchanged.

The captain became convinced that it was useless to continue his course and called the boats together for consultation. It was decided to return to the ship and, if she was still intact, to board her and stay over night. This was certainly not very cheering news, and a general gloom settled down upon us.

In returning, the conditions were somewhat more favorable, the wind and tide were with us and we did not have to hug the shore because we were already well acquainted with it. In probably less than an hour, we had reached the plateau previously mentioned, and so keenly were we on the alert that we all noticed it and called out to the captain. He decided to

head for the place and examine it more closely.

In a moment we were in the breakers and we all felt it. It was an instant of intense anxiety, and we knew that it was a question of life and death. We were all fully aware of the danger and called out. The captain saw it was impossible to get safely through the breakers, and with great effort steered us out. We were relieved, but the hope of effecting a landing had to be given up. We pulled out and proceeded on our way towards the ship. It is needless to dwell upon the depression that settled down upon us. Our gloom, however, was somewhat diverted by the discomforts of the situation as we rowed along the coast in a drizzling rain, with empty stomachs and battling with sea sickness.

After about an hour and a half, the cove in which the ship lay was in sight. Various articles, that must have come out of the ship, were seen floating about. As we drew nearer, and the stranded vessel stood out in full view, a scene presented itself that almost baffled description. The vessel was evidently settling down and breaking up, and the whole cove was filled with barrels, casks, big boxes, and every description of cargo which floated and tossed about and presented a serious danger to our boats. Some cubs that were intended for a menagerie were left in a cage on board, and they shrieked and yelled and whined as though they fully understood the doom that was in store for them. Heavy black clouds darkened the sky, and a violent storm seemed impending. To add to our terror, numberless birds of prey were encircling the scene, giving vent to wild shrieks of joy in anticipation of the feast that was in store for them.

The stoutest heart could not fail to realize the utter helplessness of man before the gigantic, relentless forces of nature. Some of the ladies could not

help weeping and sobbing, and we, of the sterner sex, were no less moved under the outer mask of composure.

II.

We could not stay where we were and it was decided to continue our exploration in a westerly direction. But, after this second disappointment, no one could doubt the seriousness of the situation, and the perilous condition in which we were placed. We had wasted the greater part of the day and only a few hours remained before sunset. We were without food, drink, shelter or any of the meagrest necessities of life. In case we could not effect a landing before dark, the danger was imminent that we would be driven ashore and stranded, or tossed out to sea and separated, hopeless and helpless. We kept along the coast, with no perceptible change from the experience of the day, for about an hour and a half. Then Mr. E—, (who was a good geologist) told me he thought he could discern what seemed to him signs of a different geological formation. This was cheering, and tended to revive our hopes. In another half hour the change was apparent to all. The stern, steep perpendicular rocks were giving way to individual bluffs, interspersed with lower spaces between them. Presently they assumed a more friendly aspect, and hills covered with vegetation made their appearance. In another hour, a goat could be observed in the distance and a unanimous shout of relief went up from the boats.

Before long a small sandy beach could be dimly discerned in the distance. Our mood changed quickly from extreme depression to most sanguine expectations. We were so excited that we became impatient of the slow pace at which we were progressing. At length, just as the sun was beginning to set, we were in full view of the little beach and the one dwell-

ling with stables and outhouses that constituted the whole settlement of these "lone fishermen." Two or three women were approaching the water, waving to us, and some sagacious Newfoundland dogs were welcoming us with their joyous barking. A few minutes more and we rode in, our boat in the lead, and as we touched *terra firma*, we jumped ashore with such ease that we hardly realized the imminent danger to which we had been exposed. We were saved, but we had too many problems confronting us to think of the past.

We were led to the little dwelling and shown to the largest apartment: which served as a kitchen, sitting room and parlor. Adjoining it was a small room with one bed, and this was appropriated by the ladies of our party. There were five or six, and how they managed to stow themselves away is hard to describe, but they did it. Of course, necessity compelled the dropping of ceremony or fine etiquette, and we talked to them when we had to. Somehow they washed their clothes because they would not dry otherwise, after being soaked in sea water. Unfortunately, many were stolen when hung up to dry. The poor steerage passengers, who had lost everything, were not at all squeamish about appropriating anything they could lay their hands on, and imagined they were morally entitled to it. I was better provided than most others in having changes of clothes in my satchel, but I lost but my waterproof suit and other articles.

It rained hard all night and the weather was very disagreeable. The women among the steerage passengers were stowed away in the stables and out-houses, while the men and crew made tents out of sails. As soon as some order was established, our kind hosts prepared some "hay tea" for us and cooked a kind of pancake that

probably resembles the unleavened bread, which the Israelites carried away from Egypt. We accepted it with thanks, but it was hardly the kind of nourishment that was wanted by people who had gone through so much excitement, anxiety, exposure and privation, and who had barely tasted food for twenty-four hours.

Officers and men kept coming and going the greater part of the night. About nine o'clock, a gentleman arrived who held some official position in connection with wrecks on the coast. From him we learned that the two boats that had separated from us in the morning, had gone in a westerly direction, and had made a landing early in the forenoon a few miles farther on than where we were. They comprised all the first cabin passengers with the exception of those in our boat, and we were delighted to be assured of their safety.

Later on, the captain decided to send a messenger overland to St. John to forward a telegram to his company informing it of the disaster. I joined him by also sending a dispatch to my parents, for which I paid two pounds sterling. It reached them the day before the news was published in the papers, and it was a source of great comfort to them and to my friends.

As there is a silver lining to every dark cloud, so we also found it here in the shape of a charming young girl, the daughter of the house. She was about eighteen years old, fresh and blooming, amiable, kind-hearted, and a veritable guardian angel, ministering to our wants to the best of her abilities. There were but few chairs and these were naturally given to the older men, while there was some rivalry among us young people. Our fair friend was rather partial by allotting to me the best corner in the room, for which I was very grateful. The floor was rather hard, and sleep out of the question.

The next morning my friends and I left rather early, thanking our kind hosts and rewarding them with money, rings and other presents. We were advised to go to the next hamlet, a few miles off, for better accommodations. Fatigued, hungry, and sleepy as we were, we arrived quite exhausted about noon. This settlement was somewhat larger, consisting of several buildings, which seemed less cleanly and tidy. We were directed to the largest house and the ladies were given the best bedroom. Mr. E—— and I obtained a room that was vacated by a person, who seemed to be a constable or some such official. He was pompous, conceited, impressed with his own dignity of low cunning and very talkative.

After partaking of some dried fish and a bottle of wine, which a kind fellow-traveler had left for us, we thought it best to retire. Unfortunately, in vacating his bed, the person aforementioned had left a very faithful garrison behind, that attacked intruders with great ferocity and in the most blood-thirsty manner, but we did not mind such small annoyances and slept soundly until supper time. We then partook of a light meal and continued our labors until the next morning.

When we awoke, it was a very bright, cheerful day, and we felt rested and refreshed. After breakfast, we strolled down to the beach, and saw that various trunks had been washed ashore. They were all broken open, and, as we afterwards discovered, the innocent and honest folk that inhabited these hospitable shores had done so themselves, and, after robbing them of all valuables, informed the owners and demanded \$5 or \$10 from each for salvage. Our constable friend figured prominently in these proceedings, and kept telling us how fortunate it was that, if we

were to be stranded, it was among people that were so humane, kind-hearted and honest as these.

In the course of the day we received notice from the captain that a boat would call for us in the afternoon to convey us to the little harbor of Trepassy, nearby. A small French corvette was seen to sail in, and the captain was in hopes the commander might be induced to take us to St. Johns.

Accordingly, about three o'clock, two of the largest boats arrived and took us on board. They had been hastily equipped with sails, but were very much overloaded, each probably containing 60 or 80 persons. The boats were not in a condition to stand a heavy sea, and, in fact, were hardly sea-worthy, having been known to capsize on the slightest provocation.

There was little wind, which was fortunate, for the situation was not without danger, but we made the trip without any noteworthy incident. We landed in the little harbor when it was dark, about half-past seven o'clock.

At the wharf we were met by the Commissioner of Wrecks, who had called the first evening, and who escorted us to his own house. This was a spacious, substantial brick building, and the ladies were cordially invited to stay over night. There was no room for the men, but the Catholic priest had been kind enough to send word that he would accommodate a few. Mr. E—— and I at once volunteered to go.

It was a modest little house without pretensions, and we were shown into the parlor by the maid. We were obliged to wait for more than an hour for our kind host, and the time seemed interminable to us. Famished as we were, the frying, boiling, hissing and other noises incidental to cooking were most tantalizing to us.

At length the old gentleman came in, and was quite angry that no cor-

dial or refreshments had been offered us. We sat down to a supper that offered no luxuries, but consisted of varieties of well-prepared food and an ample supply of wholesome wine. I am sure we felt that never in our lives had we sat down to a repast that tasted more deliciously to us. After a little conversation, we thanked our host for his hospitality, and he told us not to wait for him for breakfast, as he was obliged to say early mass. We then retired, and for the first time in many days we were enabled to lie down in a clean, comfortable bed. We passed a night of such delicious repose as can only be felt, but hardly expressed in words, and awoke next morning in capital condition. After a substantial breakfast, we started for our rendezvous on board the little French corvette. There we met our fellow-passengers, who had been in the boats that had started off by themselves, and there was much rejoicing and genuine satisfaction at this reunion. It was a beautiful, mild and calm day, and the little corvette steamed out of the harbor about nine o'clock. She was named after a celebrated French admiral, and served as a sort of training-ship for young French naval officers. With the exception of the captain, they were all very young men, and included a second officer, who was a mulatto from Martinique. They had been cruising about St. Pierre and the group of little islands that France still owns in the vicinity of Newfoundland.

Removed for six months from all civilized society, it was to be expected that they should be delighted to meet quite a number of gay young people. However, they not only displayed the proverbial French politeness, but showed also true sympathy, kind-heartedness and fellow feeling to persons that had been unfortunate, and these sentiments they did not restrict to either sex or age. Their conduct

was admirable and left an indelible impression up us all.

No sooner had we got under way than mattresses were ordered on deck, and they were shaded by sails so that the ladies could either sit or recline more comfortably. The steerage passengers were also well taken care of.

Presently we were invited to a *déjeuner*. The little cabin was so small that we had to go down in divisions, the older people having the priority. They served champagne and all the delicacies at their disposal, and we were informed they had to supply them from their own means. At dinner we were similarly treated, and they were most lavish in their hospitality and unceasing in their attentions.

On deck the young officers devoted as much time as their duties would allow to their guests, notably to the young ladies. While their English was broken and very deficient, they did not seem to find any difficulty in communicating with them and making themselves understood. In short, we spent a delightful day, and, about dusk, we reached the little harbor of St. Johns.

As we steamed through the narrow and tortuous entrance, and up to the landing, the dull, monotonous appearance of the old town had a most depressing effect upon us, and we realized that our holiday was over.

We were directed to the principal hotel, which was not imposing nor otherwise attractive, and was kept by a widow. This good woman knew that she had us in her clutches, there being no other place to go to, and probably bargained for us *en bloc* with the steamship company. During the three days that we spent under her tender care we were literally starved, although we were very liberal in spending money for all the extras we could obtain. I regret to say, too, that most of the officers of the stranded vessel, when all discipline was relaxed,

showed the native brutality of their race, and acted in a most grasping and inconsiderate manner toward us.

We did not forget our friends of the corvette and invited them for a luncheon for the day after our arrival. It was a very pleasant affair, the tone was cordial and unrestrained, and under the inspiration of wine and champagne toasts were drunk and friendships pledged. Cards were exchanged between us, which tokens I have still preserved.

We chatted in the hotel, and took walks in the quiet streets, and were never in want of some topic of conversation, which was carried on in broken French or broken English. In the evenings, we generally played social games, and I must accord credit to the young ladies in solving a rather difficult problem: As already stated the second officer was a mulatto, but of course, he was met on a footing of absolute equality in both his official and social capacity. Naturally, he did not hesitate to join his fellow officers in his visits to the hotel, although he showed tact in the manner and frequency of his calls. And the young ladies showed much ability and kind feeling in the manner in which they avoided all misunderstanding.

On Friday morning I was asked, as well as some other young men, by the mothers of the young ladies to escort them to the harbor to see the departure of the corvette. As we started after dinner, it began to rain, but that did not deter us. No sooner had we reached the water's edge, than a boat was lowered from the corvette. Manned by twelve marines and some officers, it shot across, in a few minutes, to where we stood. The young men urged the young ladies to come on board, but they hesitated until we assured them that there was nothing improper in it. As we came on board, we were invited to the cabin and found that they had been expect-

ing us. Refreshments were served and we partook of chocolate and cakes, and various other delicacies; drank champagne and gave toasts and made speeches.

After about an hour of such delightful flow of spirits, the captain announced with regret, that he was compelled to withdraw on account of official duties. He sat next to Miss Lovering, for whom he had shown a special liking all along, and, on rising, said he feared she might take cold because it was raining. He drew a silk handkerchief and asked permission to put it around her neck, and fastened

it with a ring which he slipped from his finger. It was done in the most delicate manner and created a stir. All the young men at once went out and brought some trinket which each one presented to some lady, and the ladies, taken by surprise and blushing, reciprocated with such little tokens as they had with them.

It was a pleasant climax to an adventure that probably remained impressed upon us through life. The next day, just a week after the shipwreck, we sailed for Europe, on the steamer of the same line which had been sent for us. *New York.*

Gems from the Talmud and Midrash

How the Rabbi's Life was Prolonged

Rabbi Benjamin the Righteous was a great friend of the poor. It was his pleasure to help all men, regardless of their race or creed. Cheerful and pious, it was a Godsend to see his face and to hear the tender, loving words he spoke to comfort the ailing and needy. And because he was so ready to help everyone in time of trouble, they called him Benjamin the Righteous.

It was a beautiful custom in the ancient synagogues to gather funds for the relief of the poor. Money was dropped in the collection box by every worshiper, according to his means. These offerings were entirely voluntary, but there were few who failed to contribute their mite.

Rabbi Benjamin was selected to be the treasurer of this poor people's savings bank. He distributed money freely to all deserving sufferers, and his heart was often very heavy when the fund was depleted. It happened not infrequently that the week's supply gave out much sooner than was expected, and then, unable to withstand the appeals of the poor, he would give of his own scanty means.

One day, as he sat silent and dejected, the empty money-box beside him, there came to him a woman, wan and worn. She was very pale, and she walked so feebly that the Rabbi feared she would fall. He looked up at her and his face was wreathed in pity. The tears trembled on his lashes as he asked: "What ails thee, my daughter?"

"O, Rabbi," came the reply, "I am footsore from journeying hither and faint with hunger; give me food."

"Alas, alas! my daughter," said Benjamin the Righteous, "I have not a coin left in the box. I cannot relieve thy distress."

"Then, O Rabbi," said the woman in a tone of despair, "I and my seven children needs must die."

"Nay, not so," cried the noble Rabbi, the tears trickling down his cheeks, "there is a *shekel* left in my own purse. Take it, I pray, and God keep thee and thine from ill."

The woman blessed him and left. The Rabbi had saved eight human souls from death. And the angels in heaven sang a hymn of praise.

It chanced soon afterwards that

Benjamin the Good fell ill, and he lay nigh unto death. The great dread Angel with the pallid wings was hovering over his head. But, lo! just as his soul was about to take flight, the seraphs and hosts of heaven gathered together, and prostrating themselves before the Eternal said:

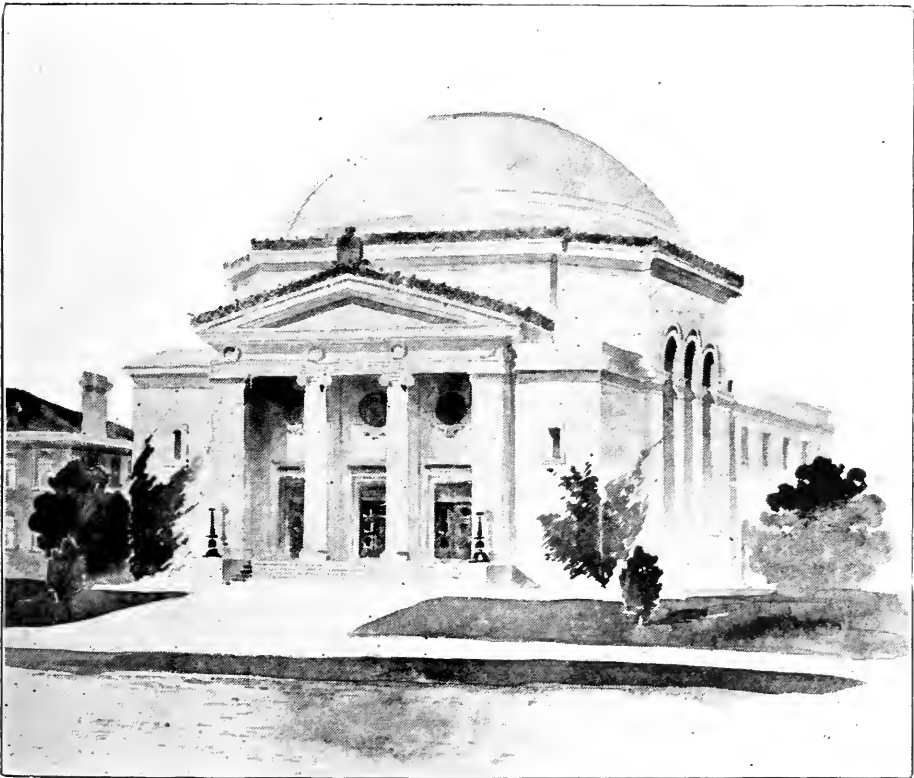
"O Lord of the Universe, Thou hast declared that he who saves one living creature from death is accounted in Thy sight as though he had saved the whole world from destruction. Behold! Benjamin the Righteous, Thy

good and faithful servant, has saved *eight human souls*: shall he be hurried to an untimely grave?"

The voices of the angels died away, and there was heard the echo of a still small voice, which resounded through all the seven heavens:

"It is decreed that Benjamin the Righteous, the friend of the Holy One, blessed be He, shall live twenty-two years more."

And it was even so. The Rabbi's life was saved.



Temple Beth-El, Detroit, Mich.

The new Temple Beth-El, of Detroit, which was dedicated recently, is said to be one of the finest and most imposing synagogues in the country. The Rev. Leo. M. Franklin is the rabbi. It is of limestone and stands on a slight elevation, giving it a more commanding appearance. The frontage is 87 feet and the depth 157 feet. The height of the dome which crowns the building is 90 feet. It was designed by Architect Albert Kahn.

Sonnet

BY HORACE BERNSTEIN.

Unmoved and silent the great organ
stands,
Until the organist, in rapture bent
Above the keys of his fond instrument,
Draws forth sweet chords, and every
pipe expands
Beneath the skillful touch of loving
hands,
In harmony of tones more eloquent
Than ever words; they e'en were
impotent

To tell the power melody commands.
If in the soul of him who plays, exists
No music, then discordant are the
peals,
Which, like a mirror his own nature
tell,—
And we are unsuspecting organists,
And Life the unfailing Keyboard,
which reveals,
If Harmony or Discord in us dwell.
New York.

Heart to Heart Talks

II. Home

Home life is the centre of all life. We shall have strong States if we have happy homes. We shall have peace among the nations if we have peaceable homes. We shall have good men and good women if we have glad and cheerful homes, and only so.

This is not to be gained by instruction in homes. Instruction is one thing and education is quite another. Such education as one wants in a home is gained when the life of home is a large one and not a small one. We will not make home an annex of the high school or the grammar school, run by power from the same steam engine by a band across the street. But we will see that the life of home shall be a large life and not a small one. The rights of the little people at home are that they shall share with fathers and mothers and uncles and aunts and kings and queens and emperors and popes—in whatever is nice and good they shall have a share.

This means large life. It means infinite life. In the smallest family, the father, the mother and the child, it means there shall always be present the fourth Companion—God.

The daily bread at breakfast is God's bread. His sunshine ripened that grain and His steam drove the engine.

The Mayflower by your plate is God's Mayflower. He distilled its fragrance and He painted the petals. The song mamma sings is His song, for Robert Burns also was His child. The story book you brought from the library is His story book, for He led Robert Stevenson up the highways and down the byways, taught His secrets and quickened his love, so that he might write the story. Mamma loves me and papa loves her. You love me and I love you, and this is because the good God loves us all. This home is His home as it is ours. It is ours because it is His, and we are always in His arms.

We must not stop here. If we have made our home what our home should be we shall all know what brothers owe to brothers the world over. We shall know as well what the whole world can give to each of us.

The leaf on the elm draws up from the damp soil, perhaps a hundred feet away, the moisture it needs. It draws up the material for its growth, and also it sends down to the tree what the tree needs, and so we see the tree in its beauty of thousands and thousands of leaves and we enjoy its shelter. The leaf does its duty by the tree, the tree does its duty by the leaf. Now each

one of us in this world has such a duty to do to the world, and in return the world for which he has been living does its duty by him. "Each for all and all for each."

For this mutual life home is the school—brothers with brothers, sisters with sisters, sisters with brothers, brothers with sisters, really teach one another the great lesson of *together*, "all for each, each for all." This lesson, sooner or later, takes us out into the highways where the nations war, or into the byways where the beggar counts his crust. "I have been learn-

ing to read. Where's the blind man I can read to? I have been learning to sew. God may send me, if he chooses, to clothe the naked." "Did you say there was some one alone in an attic? Here am I, send me."

As the new century begins this is the lesson which you and I have to teach to the century. These are little things in comparison; but the age which has seen such little changes teaches in them its secret to another century. The century has learned by some hard lessons that each man must bear his brother's burden.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

Tommy and the Water Boy

BY JACOB J. LEIBSON.



JACOB J. LEIBSON.

Down by the edge of the brook, where the bushes and reeds cluster thickest, Tommy sat fishing. The sun had already begun to lower in the west, and the foliage that lined the banks of the stream threw lengthening shadows across the water. For two hours he had been sitting there, and two little fish that lay drying on the bank were all that had rewarded Tommy's efforts.

Ed. Mills and Frank Bennet, who had gone a little farther up-stream, near the old red mill, had been more fortunate. He could hear their merry voices now and then, and knew that they were having great fun. Now their voices had died away and he sat listening to the monotonous cry of a catbird, that swung on a willow branch overhead. In a little while the notes of the catbird ceased and nothing was heard save the babbling of the brook as it hurried over the rocks near the mill. To Tommy the brook seemed to be singing a song. How sweet the tones of the gurgling waters sounded! He had heard that music before, but never did it ring so sweetly in his ears as it did now. He sat listening

for a few moments and then the noise of the water gradually died away. A strange, unbroken silence seemed to come over the place.

As he sat holding his pole in both hands, Tommy watched the reflections in the water. There were the darkening blue sky and clouds, the trees and shrubbery that grew at the water's edge. There, too, he could see the image of a boy seated on a bank with a pole in his hands. Tommy smiled as he gazed at it. It amused him to see how it wriggled to and fro. Every time a breeze disturbed the surface of the stream, the image would waver and wriggle and assume the most grotesque shapes. A small stone would slip from the bank, and, falling into the water, would scatter the image in large rings. And then, when the water came to rest again, there it was, sitting on the bank, looking up at him, just the same as before.

In his eagerness to get a better view, Tommy attempted to move forward a little closer to the water. In doing so, one of his feet slipped and a handful of dirt and stones which were dislodged from the bank went sliding into the water with a splash.

At once the image broke into rings that grew wider and wider, till they seemed to extend across the entire width of the brook. He watched them eagerly, for he knew that they must die away, and he waited to see the image as before. But the rings kept growing; the widest had already reached the opposite bank, and in the spot where they had first been seen new ones began to form, as if some one were disturbing the water there. Strangely though, the circles seemed to center about Tommy's line. Perhaps it was a fish trying to bite, thought he, and at the same instant he felt a tug that brought him to his feet.

Grasping the pole with both hands and planting one foot firmly before

the other, Tommy pulled with all his might. In vain. It was no fish that he had on his hook. If all the fish in the brook were to pull at once, it seemed to him that they could not pull so hard. But whatever it was, he determined not to give up, and so, renewing his efforts, he tugged twice as hard as before.

To his great satisfaction his catch began to yield. He now entertained hopes of landing it, for he felt it coming to the surface, slowly but surely. All at once the line began to give way, so suddenly that Tommy was thrown backward on the ground, just as a large object came flying out of the water and landed on the bank right beside him.

In a moment Tommy was on his feet, and found himself face to face with a boy of his own size. The boy's clothes were exactly the same as his, and he wore the same kind of cap. Like him, too, he had a fishing pole in his hands. Tommy looked him over with wonder and surprise. He could hardly believe his eyes. This, then, was what he had just pulled out of the brook, a boy instead of a fish. The new comer was the first to break the silence.

"You got me this time," he said, with a shake of his head.

Tommy did not answer at once. He stood examining the stranger, who seemed to puzzle him a good deal. Here was a boy whom he had evidently pulled out of the water, and yet there was nothing about him to indicate that he had ever been wet. His clothes were perfectly dry, and in all he looked as if he were just starting out on a fishing trip. He looked about him with the interest of one to whom all the scenery was new. There was even a smile on his face as if he were amused at his surroundings.

In a little while, Tommy recovered his speech. "Did I," he began. "Did I really—now—do you mean to say

I just pulled you out of the water?"

"Well, it must have been you," returned the other boy. "There doesn't seem to be anybody else around here. And now that I'm here, I must say this is the funniest sight I ever beheld—everything upside down."

Tommy looked at him in surprise. Either his own eyes were deceiving him, or else his companion couldn't see straight. He was going to object to the last statement made, when the boy continued:

"I've seen this kind of thing looking up into the brook," he said. "I've seen you and all these trees and the sky and clouds, and everything else upside down, but then I always thought it was only a reflection. When I was sitting on the bank looking up at you, I thought you were my image in the water, but now I see it's all real. At least the pull you gave me was real enough. It made me go flying off the bank, and here I am, in a land where everything is upside down."

He began to laugh out.

"Why," he continued, "do you all walk with your heads up like that, and do the trees grow up? And, oh, do look at the sky, right overhead, too." He burst into a laugh louder than before.

Tommy didn't like the tone in which the boy spoke. He seemed to be laughing at him, and Tommy was going to remonstrate with him, when suddenly the boy began to wriggle as if he were made of wire. His hands squirmed at his sides, and his feet bent under him like so many corkscrews. Tommy could feel his cheeks fanned by a breeze that set the leaves rustling overhead, and flung the boy's sinuous limbs about like streamers. This strange behavior recalled to Tommy's mind the image he had seen in the water which acted similarly at every slight motion of the surface. This, then was the image.

To make sure, Tommy quickly glanced into the water. Sure enough, it was no longer to be seen there. He beheld it before him now in real flesh and blood. In a few moments the breeze had passed away, and the boy stood before him just as he had at first appeared.

"What's the matter?" asked Tommy, in some alarm.

"Matter!" answered the boy. "Why, nothing is the matter. I was just having some fun with the wind, that's all. What's the use of the wind if you can't have some fun?"

"Fun!" exclaimed Tommy. "Why, do you call that fun? I was afraid you were going to blow away. Do you always act in that way when the wind blows? There was no answer, for another light breeze sprung up at that moment, and the boy went through the same motions. This time Tommy watched him with less alarm, and in a little while the wind was gone.

"See here," said the boy, when he had straightened out again. "You're the funniest chap I ever saw. What are you made of, anyway? You stand there just as stiff as starch, and the wind can't play with anything about you but your hair. And the trees around here, too," he said, looking about, "don't move at all. They just shake a limb and rustle their leaves now and then. But, ah! what can one expect in a place like this, where everything is upside down?"

He dropped his pole and threw himself down on the ground.

"I don't quite understand you," said Tommy, doing the same as his companion.

"Oh, that's because you're not a water boy, like me," returned the other. "Where I come from we walk on the ground with our feet up and the sun and the sky below. All the trees and things grow down, as they ought to."

"Well," put in Tommy, "if the sun is in the sky below, where does it set at the end of the day?"

"Set!" cried the boy. "I'm surprised at you. The sun begins to set in the morning, if you please, and rises at the end of day."

Tommy could see it all now. It was this boy who had everything upside down, and the place he came from must indeed be a very strange one. Apart from the fact that things were inverted, there was this strange behavior of the boy.

The latter continued:

"Where I came from the trees play in the wind. I tell you it's jolly fun to see them go scurrying all through the air every time the wind blows, and then back again to their places. Why, even the sun dances in the sky below us, and I tell you it's a treat to see it on a real windy day. You can't have any fun at all here. Why, what are those doing here?" he asked, seeing the two fish on the bank.

"O, I just caught them. Some days I get many more. To-day I didn't seem to have much luck," answered Tommy.

"What!" cried the water boy, "catch fish! Why, you just caught me, and I believed you were out for water boys only. Fish belong in the water, not out of it. I never catch fish."

"Well, then, what have you been doing with that pole?" asked Tommy, quickly, thinking he had caught the boy at a lie.

"What was I doing? Catching boys, of course."

"Boys!" echoed Tommy.

"Yes, boys. I was trying to get you, but I couldn't and if I had succeeded I tell you I'd shown you real sport. Wouldn't you like to come with me to the land where things are in their right places? You'll enjoy it when the wind blows. Come, be quick! I think I feel a wind coming now. It's going to be a strong one, too."

He quickly rose to his feet, which began to waver under him, for the breeze had already come upon them, and with his wriggling hands seized Tommy. A second later he was dragging him into the water. Although he was only of Tommy's size, the water boy seemed to have the strength of a giant, and Tommy felt himself being dragged off in spite of his struggles. He was giving up all hope, when he suddenly saw the water boy's body fly off into a thousand pieces, for a strong wind blew up at that moment. At the same time he felt some one dragging him out of the water.

In a jiffy he was lying on the bank, and looking up beheld his rescuers, Ed. Mills and Frank Bennet. There was a smile on their faces.

"You're a nice fisherman," said Frank.

"Yes," put in Ed., "you'd have been drowned if not for us, and then what would your mother say?"

"The idea, of falling asleep while fishing," added Frank, and both boys laughed out loud.

Tommy didn't need to hear more. He understood the situation at once.

"We wondered what had become of you," said Ed., "and Frank said we'd better go looking for you. When we came here we found you asleep, with your feet lying in the water. You must have rolled off the bank in your slumber."

Frank was looking around to see the fish that Tommy had caught, and when he spied the two little ones on the bank, he laughed out loud as he laid his hand on Ed.'s shoulder.

"Just look at that, will you?" he said, pointing at them. "Two fish in an afternoon. Why," turning to Tommy, "wait till you see what we caught—dozens of them. Next time you go fishing, Tom, you better keep your eyes open," and he laughed again.

"Well, never mind what we caught," said Ed. "Tom got his feet wet, and

he'd better be hurrying home before he catches cold. Come on; it's almost dark now." He motioned Tommy to follow, as both boys started off.

Poor Tommy! He stood still for a moment, and then followed his com-

panions home. As he walked off he could hear the cry of the catbird on the limb above and the gurgling of the brook as it hurried over the rocks by the mill.

New York.

Bible Lesson for the Month

BY RUDOLPH I. COFFEE.

Superintendent of the Hebrew Orphan Asylum, New York City.

I.

A RETROSPECT.

The greater part of the Book of Deuteronomy may be considered as one mighty oration, the swan song of Moses. He appealed to the children of Israel to take a glance at their past history in order that they might learn lessons for the future. In the opening verses, Moses is pictured, shortly before his death, as speaking earnestly on the importance of remembering the past. He showed most clearly how adherence to God had ever brought victory, whilst backsliding had always resulted in the undoing of the people.

The spirit of Moses beckons to us all to-day in quite the same way. It urges us to review the history, not alone of our lives, but also of our religion; and, mindful of the lessons of the past, we shall be better able to shape our course for the future. There is no school like that of experience. We all know the trite proverb, that the wise man learns from his own experience. There is a no more profitable plan than to make a habit of reviewing the incidents of the past, with the purpose of discovering our weakness and our strength. By scrutinizing the deeds of the past day, when they are yet fresh in our minds, we learn the surest way to prevent the same errors on the next occasion. Every person may be fooled once. To be mistaken or deceived is no disgrace. But we shall never be entrapped in a similar way the second

time. The lesson which Moses preached is too valuable to be overlooked. He cited neither strange nor unknown examples to the people. He told them the simplest of truths, and strengthened his argument by quoting incidents in their career. This is the crowning value of the retrospect. In the most forceful manner it points out not the weakness of some ancient philosopher, nor the faults of some mediæval sage, but acquaints us with the very errors which we have been committing ourselves.

II.

VALUE OF THE RETROSPECT.

In the Book of Exodus, where one form of the Ten Commandments is found, the Fourth Commandment reads: "*Remember* the Sabbath day to keep it holy." The wording in the Fifth Book of Moses is: "*Observe* the Sabbath day to keep it holy." There is an ancient tradition to the effect that these two words, "remember" and "observe," were spoken in one breath, and the people, assembled at the foot of Sinai, heard both with equal clearness. This led the rabbis to say that we must remember in order to observe. It is not sufficient to take a retrospect each day. We need to remember what we have decided to do and thus, observing our strength and failing, we may act accordingly in the future.

We call all the things that have transpired, history. When we study

the subject matter of history we are not so much concerned with useless dates and meaningless names. They are only of vital importance when they enable us to formulate important rules for our own conduct and betterment. If we are not aided the fault is with ourselves. The average person is not guilty of one weakness to-day and another to-morrow. On the contrary, he may be relied upon to betray the same weakness time and time again. He may even explain, he may even describe, his own weakness to you. Nay, what is more, he will devise ways and means whereby to overcome these defects. But, alas! he lacks the power to apply his remedy. Such people fail to profit by the lessons of the retrospect.

Looking back upon the foibles of our youth, we should be benefited for the future. The child that puts his hand too near the candle, will not do so soon again; the youth who has lost his position because of bad temper, or for using improper language, is not likely to commit the same error a second time. In small matters we should be just as particular. We must think of our past, for the past is the truest guide for proper living in the future.

III.

CHANCE.

The eleventh chapter of Deuteronomy is one of the grandest in our Bible. We find there the well-known verse that if Israel hearkens diligently to the commandments of God, then the land would receive rain in its due season. If Israel served God with heart and soul, grass would grow in the fields, and then the corn could be gathered in abundance. This statement is so plain as to admit of no misunderstanding. The people of Israel were to reap their harvest according to the industry with

which they would sow. There was no suggestion of *chance*. We find no mention of things happening by accident. There is nothing said about luck. And rightly, too.

When Dickens pictured Mr. Micawber to us, he simply drew the portrait of hundreds and thousands of people who are always waiting for the wheel of chance to assist them, which it seldom does. Perhaps the majority of people are soldiers of fortune, and believe in chance and luck as sincerely as they do in the existence of God. There never was a more unfortunate creed. Chance comes to nobody, save when we make it.

The young man who rises from the lowest place in an establishment to the highest, did not have good luck. He forced himself into his higher position, because of his superior attainments. To-day, as never before, the business world is conducted on lines of confidence and trust. We are too busy to do everything ourselves. For this reason the financier confides a great part of his business to his subordinates. The head of corporations never select their confidential workers by chance. They survey their army of workers with the utmost care and scrutinize them all with equal fairness. Those who have obeyed the injunctions of honesty and of faithfulness in smaller positions, are likely to become candidates for a higher station. Look at the successful men and women of to-day. Discover, if you can, the creatures of luck, search for those promoted by chance, and you will have difficulty to find them. There are too many obstacles in the path of true success to enable any person, by chance, to overcome them all. But you will receive your due, if you believe in honest toil and not in luck or chance. The one does not exist, the other is entirely of your own making.

In the Public Eye



MISS JULIA RICHMAN.

It is with much pleasure that we chronicle the appointment of Miss Julia Richman to the District Superintendency of the New York Public Schools. Miss Richman is well known to our readers as one of the former editors of *Helpful Thoughts*, and is now a contributor to *THE JEWISH HOME*. It may be added that her interest in juvenile Jewish journalism dates back several decades, when she wrote articles for Mr. Louis Schnabel's *Young Israel*.

In every way is Miss Richman deserving of the new honor tendered her. Born in New York 47 years ago, she was a student of School No. 50, and later was graduated from the Normal College with the class of '72, the first to receive a diploma from that institution. She has had conspicuous success as a teacher in several schools, and particularly as principal.

Miss Richman, moreover, was the first to organize mothers' meetings

and to start ungraded classes for defective children. Her executive ability has won for her a directorship on the Board of the Educational Alliance, she being the only woman to serve in this capacity. She is also a member of the School Board of the Religious School of Congregation "Ahavath chesed Sha'ar ha-Shamayim," and fills other public offices with honor and dignity. There can be no doubt that Miss Richman will prove herself in every respect worthy of her new field of activity.

E. H. L.



CYRUS L. SULZBERGER.

Mr. Cyrus L. Sulzberger, one of the most prominent Jews of New York City, was nominated on September 25 by the Citizens' Union for the Presidency of the Borough of Manhattan. Mr. Sulzberger has been as

successful in business as he has been faithful to Judaism. A wealthy importer, he is, nevertheless, keenly interested in all Hebrew educational and philanthropic work. He is a generous contributor to the Jewish Theological Seminary of America, takes a leading part in the United Hebrew Charities, in the American Jewish Historical Society, the Jewish Publication Society of America, and other organizations, and is the head of the Industrial Removal Office, which has already transported more than 10,000 Jewish immigrants to the less congested districts of the West.

Mr. Sulzberger is a Zionist of the practical type. At the recent Congress

in Basle, Switzerland, it was he who interpolated Mr. Herzl concerning Russia's attitude toward the Zionistic movement, which action called forth a written statement from Von Plehve, the Russian Minister of the Interior. Mr. Sulzberger was appointed one of the committee of nine to investigate into the British Government's offer of land in East Africa as a temporary home for the Jews.

His loyalty to conservative Judaism is evidenced by his rigid Sabbath-observance, it being his custom, for years past, to close his place of business on Saturday. His nomination is an honor, not only to the Jewish community, but to the entire municipality as well.

E. H. L.

The Old Curiosity Shop

A Corner in Oddities

BY JOSEPH B. ABRAHAMS.



JOSEPH B. ABRAHAMS.

NARROW STREETS.

The streets of the old Jewish quarter of Cairo, Egypt, are very narrow. In some places, many of the roofs of the houses of the two opposite sides project until they actually touch. The reason for the narrow streets of all places subjected to hot climate, is that they make the streets as well as the houses cooler. They also make the cities safer from the attacks of enemies.

JEWS THE FIRST BANKERS.

The first bankers in England were Italian Jews from Lombardy. Lombard street, the principal banking street in London, was named after them. They were called "bankers" because they first had benches, or *bancos* (in Italian *banco* means bench) in the market place, where they exchanged small pieces of money for large.

A SACRED FOOTPRINT.

Adam's Peak, on the Island of Ceylon, is a conical mountain over a mile high. On its summit is an impression

in the rock, which resembles a mammoth footprint. It is five feet four inches long and two feet six inches wide. The hollow is protected by a canopy and surrounded by a brass rim. The Mohammedans regard it as a footprint of Adam, while the Hindoos claim it as that of Shiva, one of their gods. A priest resides in the mountain to receive the offerings of pilgrims. He also blesses them as they depart.

THE ARK OF NOAH.

The dimensions of Noah's Ark exceed any vessel of modern date, even of the most extensive range, and appear not to have been exceeded in ancient times. According to the Bible, it measured three hundred cubits in length, fifty in breadth, and thirty in height. Figure out the size for yourself, taking one authority's theory that a cubit is a foot and a half, and you will, perhaps, be convinced that the Ark was abundantly sufficient for all the animals that were lodged therein. If we should accept, however, the standard measurement of another scholar, that the Jewish cubit was twenty-one thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight inches, you may imagine, if you can, how extensive the capacity of the Ark must have been. Its weight alone, as Dr. Arbuthnot computes it, was eighty-one thousand and sixty tons!

A HILL OF ROCK SALT.

When the Bible chronicles that Lot's wife was turned into a "pillar of salt," it does not intend that the statement be considered a joke or an allegory. It is an established fact that on the southern shore of the Dead Sea, in Palestine, is a remarkable range of hills of rock salt, about 300 feet high, extending five or more miles northwest. These hills are called the "Ridge of Sodom." Large blocks of salt, broken from these hills, are scattered in all directions along the shore of the sea. At no great distance from

this range is the supposed site of ancient Sodom.

A TOUCHING INSCRIPTION.

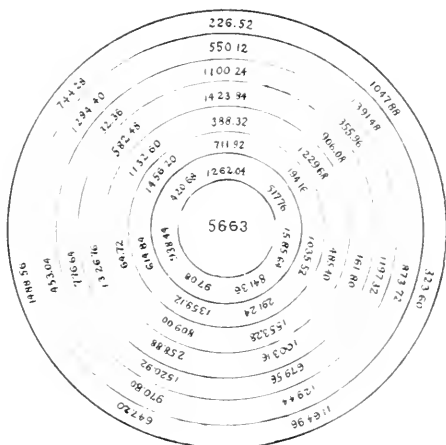
On the iron gate of the Jewish burying-ground in Glasgow, Scotland, are the following lines from the sweetest of Brvan's Hebrew melodies:

"Tribes of the wandering foot and
weary breast,

How shall ye flee away and be at rest?
The wild dove hath her nest, the fox
his cave,

Mankind their country—Israel but the grave."

An exceedingly curious mathematical formula is represented in the following circle of figures. By summing up any of the seven columns of numbers within the circle, the sum total



will be found to be invariably 5663, the date of the Jewish year which has just passed. In fact, any separate seven numbers within the circle, when added together, will produce the same result. The curious part of this diagram is that no two numbers are exactly alike. This interesting "magic circle" was prepared especially for the JEWISH HOME, by Mr. Jacob Pupkin, a native of Grodno, Russia, who is a distinguished Hebrew Talmudist and mathematician.

COLUMBUS AND THE JEWS.

It is an interesting fact that the Jews have played a not unimportant part in the discovery of America at the time of their expulsion from Spain. Among those who accompanied Columbus on his voyage of discovery were Rodrigo Sanchez, a cousin of Gabriel Sanchez, who helped to finance the expedition, and who went along at the express request of Queen Isabella as its superintendent. The ship's surgeons, Bernal and Marco, and a sailor named Alonzo de la Calle, were Jews. It was Rodrigo de Triana, another Jew, who first saw land. Luis de Torres, likewise an Israelite, was taken along as an interpreter because of his knowledge of Hebrew, Chaldee and Arabic. Rodrigo de Triana was the first white man to set foot on the soil of America, having been sent ashore to greet the Grand Khan of New Spain, whose country Columbus believed to be India, reached by a new route. Torres, it is interesting to note, was the first European to discover the use of tobacco. Columbus was a Jew, but it is not a Jewish writer to whom we owe this discovery. D. Vincente Paredes, member of the Spanish Academy, tries to prove in the "Revista de Extremadura" that Columbus

was the grandson, on the mother's side, of Rabbi Solomon Ha-levi, who was converted to Christianity in 1391, adopted the name of Paulus, and became bishop of Burgos.

A RAILWAY IN THE HOLY LAND.

It is rather interesting to know that a railway exists in the Holy Land. It extends from Jerusalem to Jaffa, the ancient "Joppa," a distance of thirty-two miles in a straight line. This road was built by a French company. Lydda, one of the places on the route, is in the midst of the Plain of Sharon, and is famous as the place where in ancient times was the school of Gamaliel.

CLAY BOOKS.

Among the ruins of ancient Nineveh, in Asiatic Turkey, on the banks of the river Tigris, a library of clay books have been discovered. These books are sets of tablets, oblong in shape and covered with writing, done when the clay was soft. Each tablet was numbered and assigned a place in the library with a corresponding number so that the librarian could find it without difficulty. When several tablets were used for one book, the first line of the tablet following was written at the end of the preceding one.

The Builders

Two little children—a boy and a girl—
Were building a palace of sand
With patience and cunning and scrupulous care

They labored and rested and planned.

These architects looked at each other
and said:

"Now, who shall be Queen of the Palace?"

The lad, who was chivalrous, tender
and kind,

Bowed, and said: "You shall be,
Alice!"

"Good," she replied, "and then you'll
be the King,

Together we'll reign and be joyous,
And nothing shall happen to make us
afraid,

And nothing shall ever annoy us."

The castle has crumbled long since to
decay

No footprints are seen on the ground,
But the boy and the girl, together
grown old,

Still by that compact are bound.



STAMP NOTES.

The Fascination of Stamp Collecting

Who can explain the charm which surrounds a postage stamp? What is it that makes a little piece of paper, usually found rectangular in shape with a face on one side, and with sticky stuff on the other, and with saw-like edges, so attractive—more than that, actually fascinating? All interested and absorbed in the collection of postage stamps clearly understand and appreciate amongst themselves without question or argument exactly wherein lies this fascination. But to explain it to a non-collector, one of these poor persons "without the pale"—is another matter.

Let us try to do it. Which phase of the subject will appeal to a non-collector first? What point will his mind first seize upon and hold him spell-bound? Will it be the artistic side of the question, or the scientific, historical or the geographical side? Neither to begin with—his higher feelings will develop later, if he becomes a collector. The first hit must be made upon his bump of acquisitiveness.

Attack him through his cupidity! Show him a stamp which you once found in an old bureau drawer and tell him it's worth \$25 in cold cash and you've got him all right, all right! The same night he will probably retire hours later than usual, leaving his library or office floor pretty well covered with old envelopes. By degrees you can instruct him in the mysteries of water-marks, and counting dots and perforations. After a while he will be the proud possessor of a magnifying glass and will occupy his spare

hours searching for secret marks and counting dots, lines and curves. A peep at our friend any night will find him redolent of benzine with a pair of tongs in one hand and a perforation gauge in the other. After a while we shall find that he is able to talk learnedly about re-engraved stamps, surcharges, "full ornaments," busts pointing to notches, cleaned plates, remainders, et cetera and so forth, and then we shall know that we have converted our almost lost brother into a valuable member of society, and a genuine, good old, dear old, stamp "fiend."

And now how surprised and delighted our friend will be to find himself in such good company. Stamp collectors include among their number the best intellects of all grades of society, from royalty down. The King of Portugal, the Prince of Wales, and the Czar of all the Russias, have each a magnificent collection of high value, in which they take great interest and pride. Among noblemen, literary men, doctors, clergymen, merchants, great and small, will be found many collectors of stamps. Whenever you run across a man who strikes you as being above the average in intelligence, and of a studious or thoughtful turn of mind, you may be sure that the chances are in favor of his being a stamp collector.

The fine points of stamp collecting are so many and varied, and come upon you so fast and furious, that they are completely submerged by this attraction and fascination before you are aware that you have "got the fever."
—N. Y. *Stamp and Coin Notes*.

In Hebron, Syria, under the great Mosque, is the celebrated Cave of Macpelah, in which Abraham and other patriarchs were buried. There is no doubt about the identity of this spot. The purchase of this cave was the first legal contract of which the world has any record.

PUZZLES

I.—WORD SQUARE: 1. A bed. 2. A number. 3. A boy's name.

II.—CURTAILINGS: Curtail an organ of the body and get to listen. Curtail a poet and get a barrier. Curtail a tooth and get to winnow.

III.—DIAMOND: A vowel. Distant. An artist's frame. Color. A consonant.

IV.—TRANSPOSITIONS: Transpose a cushion and get a crustacean. Transpose anxiety and get a tribe. Transpose a fabled nymph and get a portion of harness.

V.—HALF SQUARE: 1. Vapor. 2. A metropolis. 3. A sheep. 4. An article. 5. Consonant.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

I.—Diamond.

E
S P Y
E P H O D
Y O U
D

2.—Transportation.

Rage—Gear
Deal—Lead
March—Charm

3.—Rhomboid.

S A L T
T E A L
T R I M
E D I T

4.—Word Square.

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5.—*Beheadings.*
 Scar—Car
 Peach—Each
 Dwell—Well

The prize for September puzzles is awarded to Herman Meyer, Hebrew Orphan Asylum, New York, whose answers were the best.

AN ALPHABET OF PROVERBS.

A grain of produce is worth a pound of craft.

Boasters are cousins to liars.

Confession of a fault makes half amends.

Denying a fault doubles it.

Envy shooteth at things and woundeth herself.

Foolish fear doubles danger.

God reaches us good things by our own hands.

He has hard work who has nothing to do.

It costs more to avenge wrongs than to bear them.

Just a little and often fills the purse.

Knavery is the most laborious trade.

Learning makes a man fit company for himself.

Modesty is a guard to virtue.

Not to have conscience is a way to silence it.

One hour to-day is worth two to-morrow.

Proud looks make foul work in fair faces.

Quiet conscience gives quiet sleep.

Richest is he that wants least.

Small faults indulged are little thieves that let in greater.

The boughs that bear most hang lowest.

Upright walking is sure walking.

Virtue and happiness are mother and daughter.

Wise men make more opportunities than they find.

You never lose by doing a good act.

Zeal without knowledge is fire without light.

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VOL.
X

NOVEMBER, 1903

NO.
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The
**JEWISH
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AN
ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE
for the

JEWISH FAMILY AND SCHOOL

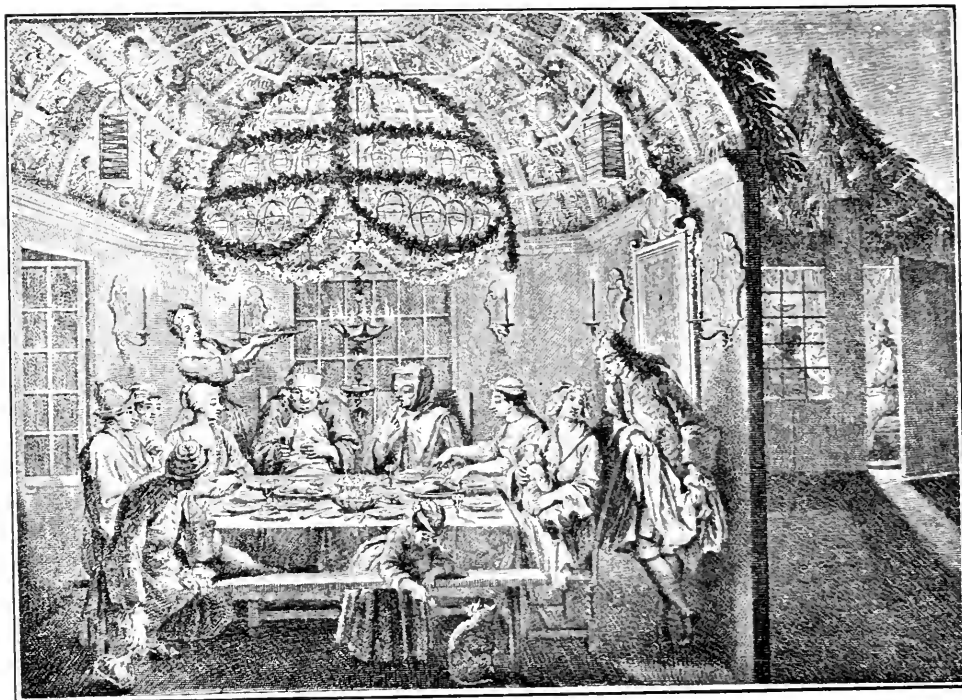


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The Jewish Home

FORMERLY "HELPFUL THOUGHTS"

An Illustrated Magazine for the Jewish Family and School

GEORGE ALEXANDER KOHUT, Editor

Vol. X

November, 1903

No. 3

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EMIL BERLINER.

(See page 106.)

The Jewish Home

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NOVEMBER, 1903

No 3

EDITORIAL

Calendar for the Month.

Nov. 20, (Friday), *New Moon*, First Day of Kislev.

The New Moon Our calendar is very brief this month, containing but one item worth noting—the *New Moon*. The ancient Hebrews celebrated the reappearance of the full moon with thanksgiving and prayer. The blessing of the moon was a sacred rite, and many of our more pious brethren still observe the custom. It is but another proof of the Jew's love of Nature, and—what is even more significant—his love of *Nature's God*. He does not worship the moon, or the sun, or the myriad planets and stars, as did many other peoples. In all the wonders which meet his eye, he sees the *Creator*, not the *Creature*.

The custom of blessing the New Moon still survives. In our synagogues to-day we offer up a special prayer, invoking the protection of Almighty God upon us and all our dear ones for each succeeding month. May the ensuing moon of *Kislev* (as it is called in Hebrew, corresponding to our November) be one of joy and gladness—a *Feast of Lights*.

The twenty-fifth of this month of *Kislev*, which happens to fall on Monday, the 14th of December, marks the beginning of another festival week—another week of gladness and joyous remembrance. Our hearts are again turned toward the past, and we seem to live those ancient and unforgotten days over again, when the warriors of Judah, in the mountain strongholds of their native land, made their brave stand against a powerful foe and, unfurling the glorious banner with the strange device: "Who is like Thee, O Lord, among the Mighty?" conquered the enemy, made a triumphant entry into the sanctuary, purified its altars, hallowed its courts, and re-lit the lamp which hung over the shrine and which glimmers on unquenched in every temple the world over, forever. This is *our* Feast of Light. What need have we to borrow from our neighbors, or even to imitate them? Are not *our* customs and ceremonies beautiful enough to please the eye and charm the heart? Must we, too, gather the fir-tree and the evergreen, and decorate them with tapers on the eve of the twenty-fifth of December, to celebrate the midnight feast of the birth of one whom they have called "The Saviour"?

Read the story of the Maccabees! Does it not thrill you? Is there legend

braver, or chronicle more heroic? Have men ever fought more valiantly? Have Washington and Grant battled more bravely than Mattathias and Judah Maccabee? Shall we always admire what the great men of *other* race than our did, and neglect to pay tribute to the achievements of our own, *our very own*? Don't you think it is about time to look lovingly back into the glorious Past of our People, and to scan the faces of those loyal, stalwart, mighty men of old, who have fought and bled upon the battlefield to preserve for Israel the holy quiet of the Sanctuary, and without whose courage the race should have perished?

O, think of them all, the dauntless Maccabees, heroes and braves; fine men and true, loyal and bold, ardent and splendid, and get something of their fervor and their strength. You, too, each one and all, have wars to wage and temples to guard and lights to consecrate. *Fight for your faith* with the old battle-cry: "Who is like Thee, O Lord, among the Mighty?" and you will not lift up the sword in vain. The God of our fathers is *our* God. He still lives, as in the Days of Old. *Guard the Temple of your Hearts* against the invasion of a boastful foe, who enters and despoils the altar and destroys the holy things. Keep out *sin* and *falsehood* and *temptation*, which threaten to pollute your innocence, and make a stand against them valiantly. *Light the lamps* of Truth, of Purity and of Love, keeping them always aflame and unquenched, come what may. Then every day will be to you the 25th of Kislev, ushering in the Feast of Chan-

ukah, or the *Dedication* of your life to things that are noble and beautiful and true.

**Our
Contrib-
utors**

This is a *Chanukah Number*. Our old friend, who last month saved "Tommy" from a watery grave, gives us a stirring picture of the good old Maccabean Days in his *David of Modin*. It is as good as living those scenes over again. Miss Mamie Rabinowitz contributes a charming little story, which is timely for Thanksgiving. Miss Sulamith Silverman, the talented daughter of Rev. Dr. Joseph Silverman, Rabbi of Temple Emanu-El, in New York City, makes her first bow in THE JEWISH HOME. Many of our readers will be glad to see her face to face. Mr. Charles I. Hoffman, of the Jewish Theological Seminary of New York, pays tribute to the memory of one of America's greatest Jewish scholars. Mr. Louis K. Anspacher plays a few notes on his violin. In Mr. *Iac Edrom* we recognize the genial face of young *Mordecai*, who is as modest as the Mordecai of old, knowing as *he* did many languages and dwelling in the palace of the King, the tent of the Torah. Perhaps he will drop his mask in the next number. For *Thanksgiving Day*, also, we have a friendly word or two in prose and verse, and those faithful friends, who greeted us with their message and good counsel in September, are still guiding and entertaining us in this number. May they continue to cheer us with their helpful thoughts. You won't tire of them, will you?

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DAVID OF MODIN

A Chanukah Play

BY JACOB J. LEIBSON.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

DEBORAH: A widow of Modin.

DAVID: Her son.

MIRIAM: Her daughter.

ABRAHAM: A servant in the household of Deborah.

MATTATHIAS: The Asmonean.

JUDAS:

JOHN:

ELEAZAR:

SIMEON:

JONATHAN:

APOLLONIUS: Commander of Syrian host.

ALNASHAR: Aide to Apollonius.

AZARIAS: A Jewish traitor.

Soldiers, slaves, etc.

PROLOGUE.

[Scene: Dwelling of Deborah. Miriam on couch to the right. Deborah seated at table on the left. Before her are soldiers' garments, helmet, shield, and sword. Striking on shield heard three times without. Miriam starts up suddenly.]

MIRIAM: O David! Mother! What was that?

DEBORAH: My child, thou hast been dreaming. That was nothing but the sentinel striking thrice on his shield to signify that all is well.

MIRIAM: But David—where has he gone? 'Twas but a moment ago that I saw him face to face, as plainly as I see thee now.

DEBORAH: David? My child, what makes thee think of David now? 'Twas two years ago, when last I saw my only son, and he has not been

here since. Ah! God only knows whether I shall ever behold his face again. Dost remember, Miriam, how thy brother asked me leave to go to Jerusalem, and how he started with his harp, one early morning, to gladden the holy city with his song? How all the people were sad, because David of Modin had left them to go to Jerusalem. Let us hope he is there in safety now. Let us pray that he has not fallen before the enemies of the Lord, who have defiled the holy city. Who knows? Perhaps he is now with the God of his fathers.

MIRIAM: Then it is all a dream.

DEBORAH: How strange, my child, that thou too, shouldst have been thinking of him now! But a moment ago I sent for the sword and shield of thy father. His helmet and robes are there too, and I was just thinking how my David would look, fighting for his God and his country. O David, where art thou? But tell me, dearest Miriam, how did he appear to thee? Art thou sure it was thy brother? Tell me, was his face joyful or sad?

MIRIAM: O mother, it was none other than he. I am sure, for I saw him thrice. At first he appeared to me, carrying his harp on his back. I noticed that its strings were rent asunder, and that his face was sad. He seemed to regard me with a pitiful smile, and I advanced to take his hand, to speak to him words of solace, when

lo! he suddenly changed, and I no longer beheld my brother, the minstrel, before me. In his place stood one with smiling face. On his head stood out the long ears of a jester. No harp could I see, but still it was David, for looking again, I saw the scar which he had received in his youth. The smile that played around his lips was not in his eyes, for gazing into them I seemed to look into his very soul, which was sad. Again he suddenly changed. This time I could see him better than ever. It seemed that he had never appeared so plainly to me before. He stood on an eminence, with sword in hand, and once more his harp was with him. He beckoned me to go to him. I did so, but, alas! as I stretched forth my arm, he suddenly vanished. The sound of battle rang in my ears, and—I awoke.

DEBORAH: Surely, my child, there is some meaning behind it all. Perhaps we have not hoped in vain. Some day, by the will of God, we may see him again, and if so, may it be as in thy last vision—with sword in hand. O, had the Lord but blessed me with *ten* sons! How happy I should be to send them to battle against the enemies of Israel! Happiest of women is the mother of the Maccabees, who so nobly defended our country and our religion.

MIRIAM: Yes mother, the camp of Mattathias is in need of such men as our David, and—(*Enter Abraham, bowing.*) Abraham! What is it? Is there any one without?

ABRAHAM: Ay. There are three men without, two of them sentinels,

having in their charge a spy, a man who has just come down from Jerusalem, and is suspected of being an enemy to our cause. He asserts that he is a native of Modin. At least, so they tell me, and they have brought him here to see whether he speaks the truth. As I am newly in thy service, I do not know him, for he claims to be thy absent son David.

DEBORAH and MIRIAM: David!

DEBORAH: Tell me, Abraham, does he bear a scar on his forehead?

ABRAHAM: Ay, near the left temple.

DEBORAH: Then it is he. Bring him to me at once. O Miriam, thy dream has come true!

(*Enter David between two sentinels, who fall back as he rushes into his mother's arms.*)

DAVID: Mother! Miriam! (*Takes his sister's hand.*)

DEBORAH: My son, I feared thou wert no more, and now I see thee before me. O merciful God! He, who left me when but a stripling, has returned in the full strength of years. How powerfully thou art built, my beloved! What brawny arms!

DAVID: Yes, mother, the Lord has been kind to me. He has saved me from the fate that befell so many in Jerusalem, and has blessed me with a strong arm to avenge those poor unfortunates. It is better fitted now to wield the sword, than to sweep the strings of the harp, which I have vowed never to touch until the holy city be restored to its former glory, and the base enemy be driven from before the shrine. Where once all was sacred, they have builded temples

of worship to their idols, and altars to the tyrant Antiochus. My right arm has smitten the unfaithful, who dared worship at their shrines. Many true hearted sons of Israel rose up in arms and destroyed the profaned altars. And I and some others were forced to flee the city.

DEBORAH: The Lord has been merciful in guiding thee safely to Modin.

DAVID: O mother, all along the way mine eyes were a witness to the evil work of the enemy. Nothing but fire and blood greeted my sight during the past few weeks. Even now, as I wended my way to Modin, I received word of a terrible disaster. A thousand of our people have been cruelly slain in the wilderness, in cold blood, because they would not defile their Sabbath by resisting the enemy on that day. I can bear it no longer, and that is why I am here, for I came to join the camp of the Maccabees. Mother, dear mother, I know thou wilt not restrain me from so just a cause.

DEBORAH: My son, there is no greater pleasure in store for the heart of a true mother in Israel. But a while ago I pictured to myself how thou wouldst look in the martial garb of thy father. See, there lie his helmet and his sword. Take them. The Lord in his goodness has answered the fondest wishes of my heart in restoring thee to me, and now, dear son, thou mayest go to fight in His name. Yonder is the camp of the Maccabees. On those noble heights they defy the base enemy. Go! And, if it please the Lord, thou wilt return

to me in victory. If not, I shall remember that it is the will of Him, who rules beyond the clouds.

Curtain.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

[The camp of the Maccabees. Mattathias and his five sons. Soldiers. Man on the ground before Mattathias.]

MATTATHIAS (*turning to Judas*): Judas, what sayest thou shall be done with the culprit? It is almost a pity to put one like him to death, for he seems an able youth.

JUDAS: Ay, father, but consider, is he not a spy? Has he not taken steps to bring about our ruin, even risking his own life in the attempt to destroy our whole camp? What is the fate of all spies but death, and what other fate does he deserve?

MATTATHIAS: Thou sayest truly, my son. And yet it is not every soldier in the camp of Apollonius, who would undertake what this one has. And remember how bravely he bore himself when captured. I warrant me that without thy opportune arrival, he would have beaten our soldiers off. I cannot help but admire such bravery, and if it be possible, nothing would please me more than to spare his life. What say thy brothers on the matter? Speak, Jonathan and Simon. What are your thoughts, John and Eleazar?

JOHN: Thy words, father, appear reasonable to me. This man should, if possible, be spared. But remember, father, he left the camp of Apollonius to bring about our destruction. How would his commander treat one of the

Maccabees, if chance should ever throw him into his power?

SIMEON: My brother, I fear, is somewhat blinded by his hatred toward the enemy. What would we gain by the death of the culprit? He is in our power, and can do us no harm. While he lives he may do us good, for we can, perhaps, obtain from him valuable information.

(*All nod in approbation.*)

MATTATHIAS: Well spoken, my son. His tongue will, perhaps, save his life. We shall now see whether our captive will break his silence. (*Turning to spy, and touching him with his sword*) Up! (*Spy rises and faces Mattathias.*)

MATTATHIAS: It were a pity to destroy thy life, my man, if it can possibly be spared. But whether thou livest or diest, rests now entirely with thee.

SPY: With me?

MATTATHIAS: Listen, and thou shalt see how. A few days ago I received word of the whereabouts of the enemy's camp. As yet I have sent no spy to learn its strength. There are two things which I desire to know, and these things I can obtain from thee. First, I desire to know, whether Apollonius intends to attack us soon. Then I wish to have a plan of the camp, so that I may send one of my men thither.

SPY: "I am thy captive. I must bow to thy will.

MATTATHIAS: Then speak!

SPY: It is the intention of Apollonius to fall upon thee in about a fortnight. Early in the morning, he expects to surprise thy camp and de-

molish it completely. His plans are all made, though he has not yet decided upon the day. As to our camp, it is situated in a valley that is well guarded by sentinels, who hold all entrances to the neighborhood. Thou wilt find no difficulty, however, in passing our frontier lines on giving the countersign, which is "Apollonius, the Conqueror." Once within the lines, it is easy to obtain access to the tent of Apollonius by applying as a servant to his Excellency.

MATTATHIAS: 'Tis well. But remember, if thy words prove false, thou shalt forfeit thy life. (*Turning to Judas.*) Bring David to me. (*To spy.*) I shall send into thy camp one whom I value highly, for a braver lad the entire Syrian host does not contain. If thy story prove untrue, and they touch but a hair of his head as a consequence, remember—thou art in the hands of the Maccabees!

SPY: Would that I could feel as safe on the field of battle.

(*Enter David and Judas.*)

MATTATHIAS: Ah, David. I have an errand for thee, my lad, but it is a dangerous one. Thou art to go into the camp of the enemy, and learn when they are to attack us. Judas will instruct thee further. But, before thou goest, take this, a half of a drachma, broken by my sword. The other portion I hold. When the enemy is ready to fall upon us, contrive to send me thy portion the day before, and if it match the portion I have, I will know it to be a signal from thee that the enemy is about to attack us. And now go. (*Exit David.*) As for him (*indicating spy*), guard him well.

His fate hangs upon the words he has uttered. (*Spy led out R.*)

(*Enter soldier in haste L.*)

MATTATHIAS: What now, Reuben?

SOLDIER: O Mattathias! We have just discovered that one of our men has deserted. Azarias has gone off to join the Syrian host.

MATTATHIAS: What! A traitor in Israel? Go, seek him at once. Spare no effort to bring him back into the camp which he would disgrace. Go Judas! Simeon! John! Eleazar and Jonathan! Let him not escape us. Ten talents of silver to the man who brings him back, dead or alive.

Curtain.

SCENE 2.

[Tent of Apollonius. Apollonius reclining on divan. Fool sitting on the floor in foreground. Alnashar. Soldiers and slaves.]

ALNASHAR: Yes, your Excellency, there is no use in delaying the attack any longer. The Jews are very weak, and but few in number. We can easily destroy them and have done with them for ever.

APOLLONIUS: So we can, indeed, and that with but a handful of men. I really think it unnecessary for more than a few chosen ones to make the attack. It would be flattering to them, to be sure, if the entire Syrian host were to march against a handful of Jews. Should the rogues be fortunate enough to repel our band, it will then be ample time to think seriously of them. In the meanwhile, hast thou made preparation for our return, and for the proper conveyance of the captives?

ALNASHAR: All is in readiness, your

Excellency. We await but the order to attack. Our swords are thirsting for Jewish blood, and I know my hand, for one, is itching for the spoils.

APOLLONIUS: Didst thou say thirsting for Jewish blood? I have a blade here that shall drink most unsparingly. See, this sword I reserve for Judas Maccabæus himself. Him I shall be courteous enough to slay with a gold-tipped blade. Such handles of inlaid ivory and pearl are not to be found in every camp. It is almost a pity to stain it with the caitiff's blood. No, I'll not. For him I'll have in store a more deserving fate. He shall share the lot of the women and children; but only at first. Then, when I have dragged him a captive in chains, from the Euphrates to the Nile, I'll permit one of my slaves to dispatch him. There are chains enough in the camp of Apollonius for the Maccabees and their entire band. (*Turning to soldier.*) Bring me of the fetters that lie without. (*Exit soldier.*) We'll see by to-morrow whether these fellows in chains will be as cheerful and as defiant as they are in the mountains. (*Enter soldier with chains.*) I warrant thee there will be quite a change in the atmosphere. (*To fool.*) Come, fool, what sayest thou to these shackles? What thinkest thou, eh? Will the lion of Modin roar when we twist his tail? Speak and mark that thy words be witty.

FOOL: Your Excellency, from what I have heard of this Judas, he is a lion—in the fight, but an eel in fetters. I fear me you will find him a slippery article indeed. And as for twisting the lion's tail—rather your Excellency than I.

APOLLONIUS (*Angrily*): Knave, What knowest thou of this Judas, and of eels?

FOOL: Naught but what hath reached these ears of mine, your Excellency.

APOLLONIUS: Those ears? And, pray, what have long ears like thine to do with such rumors? I fear me, thou hast been meddling out of thy profession. (*To Alnashar.*) Where didst thou say this knave was found?

ALNASHAR: Outside of the camp, your Excellency. He expressed a desire to serve thee, and hearing that thou wert in need of a jester, he volunteered to play the fool.

APOLLONIUS: Then he has not always been a fool. (*To fool.*) Knave! (*seeing the scar*). But how comest thou by that scar over thy temple? Hast seen fighting?

FOOL: Your Excellency, fools are born, not made. That scar I received in a scuffle, but not by the sword. It chanced one day, that a wise thought had gone astray, and straggling toward my poor brain, attempted to enter my head, not knowing the density of my skull. The thought struggled to get in. My skull sought to keep it out, and as a result of the conflict, I bear the scar to witness.

APOLLONIUS: Ah! well said again. Truly, knave, thy wit hath proved thy salvation this time, for I was about to order thee to be hung up by the heels, and not a morsel of food wouldst thou have had the entire day.

FOOL: O your Excellency! Hung by the heels?

APOLLONIUS: Yes, with thy head down. To a fool it matters little

whether his feet be in the place of his head, or his head in place of his feet.

FOOL: In that case, your Excellency, it would also matter little, whether I partake of food or not.

APOLLONIUS: And why?

FOOL: 'Tis plain, your Excellency, that my stomach would then be far above my thoughts.

APOLLONIUS: Ah! Well said again. That was a clever one. Come, thou must have thy reward for this. Ask, and it shall be granted. But, remember, ask thou wisely, though boldly.

FOOL: For myself, your Excellency, I have nothing to ask. But, knowing how sad will be the fate of those who are unfortunate to be your enemies, it is for them that I would make a little request. And that is, to send them by your messenger—

APOLLONIUS: Ah! That reminds me. Alnashar, you are to go to the camp of the caitiffs at once, to deliver a message, giving them their last chance to surrender. (*To fool.*) But knave, what wouldst thou with my messenger?

FOOL: Your Excellency, with thy permission and that of the noble Alnashar, I desire to send to the Jewish band this broken drachma—'tis all I have in the world—as a token of my sympathy.

APOLLONIUS: Verily, a foolish request, and harmless withal. (*To Alnashar.*) Alnashar, take the coin. And now, knave, have done with thee. Away. (*Fool bows himself toward the door.*) No—stay a while. I am weary, and need more recreation. Canst perhaps entertain me in some

other fashion? Dost play the harp?

FOOL: The harp! I have taken a vow, that these hands of mine shall never sweep its strings until—(*pausing suddenly*) until—

APOLLONIUS: Until what?

FOOL: Until I learn how to play.

APOLLONIUS: What! another jest? Enough for to-day. Away with thee! (*Exit fool.*) (*To Alnashar.*) And now for the message. Tell Judas that I give him three days' time in which to decide. If, at the end of three days, he does not surrender, I will destroy the camp and put to the sword every man, woman and child. That will put him off the track. Little will he think then that in the morning we are going to attack him. And mind—don't fail to deliver the fool's message. I warrant thee it will stir up their anger not a little to receive the sympathy of a fool. But stay—where is Azarias? (*To soldier.*) Tell Azarias to come hither. He knows the Jewish camp well. 'Tis but a few days since he left the Maccabees to join our camp, and he can be of great service to us. Under his direction I shall make the attack, and under his guidance, I have no doubt, thou wilt reach the place in safety.

(*Enter Azarias and soldier.*)

AZARIAS: Your Excellency.

APOLLONIUS: Azarias, Alnashar is to go into the camp of the Maccabees, bearing a message from me, and I have chosen thee to guide him. Thou knowest the roads well.

AZARIAS: Yes, your Excellency. There is but one narrow and dangerous pass that leads to the camp, and if we make haste, we can return before night.

APOLLONIUS: Then go at once (*Exit Alnashar. Azarias remains.*) Why dost thou linger?

AZARIAS: Your Excellency, I have something to tell thee. As I was coming to thy door, there came from within this tent a man whom I suspect as—

APOLLONIUS: What! A spy in this camp? Name him.

AZARIAS: I am not certain, your Excellency. But I fear there is an enemy here in the guise of a fool.

APOLLONIUS: What! My fool?

AZARIAS: Yes, your Excellency. It seems that I have seen him somewhere before. I am not certain just where, for it is rather difficult to recognize one in such a garb. But that scar on his temple looks familiar.

APOLLONIUS: Nonsense. It is mere fancy on your part. He is nothing but a harmless fool, and has proven himself such. Would that all mine enemies were as harmless as he. Now, leave me. Alnashar is awaiting thee. Hasten upon thine errand, and do not fail to return before night. To-morrow, at sunrise, we shall be ready. And now, I must go to prepare for the attack. (*Exit R. Azarias exit L.*)

Curtain.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

[The tent of Judas Maccabæus. Judas, Jonathan, soldiers.]

JUDAS: What news of the traitor, brother Jonathan?

JONATHAN: None, brother Judas. He is gone. We have searched every piece of ground in the direction of the enemy's camp, but found no trace of him. I fear we were too late. He

had too great a start and must have been with the enemy, when the news of his desertion reached us. We looked and looked for days, but in vain. (*Enter John.*)

JUDAS: Here is John. I see thou, too, hast found no trace of him.

JOHN: None whatever, brother Judas, nor have our brothers, Eleazar and Simeon. They, too, have returned without the traitor.

JUDAS: Ah! 'Tis a pity. The coward should have been brought to me. Oh! If I only have the good fortune to meet him in battle! (*Enter soldier.*)

SOLDIER: A messenger has arrived from the camp of Apollonius and desires to enter.

JUDAS: Bring him in. (*Exit soldier.*) No doubt some insolent message from the haughty Apollonius.

(*Enter Alnashar, blindfolded, between two soldiers.*)

JUDAS: Remove the bandage. (*Bandage raised.*) And now, what is thy pleasure, Syrian?

ALNASHAR: I come to deliver a message from my master, Apollonius.

JUDAS: Speak.

ALNASHAR: The noble Apollonius has sent me thither to ask thee to surrender. He gives the Maccabees three days' grace. If, at the end of that time, thou refusest to capitulate as prisoners of war, and to become slaves to his majesty, Antiochus, Apollonius will attack the camp and put every man, woman and child to the sword.

JUDAS (*with a sneer*): Is that all?

ALNASHAR: That is all, and I can assure thee that none will be spared.

Thou needest expect no mercy, for there is not a grain of sympathy for the Maccabees in our ranks. Stay—yes, I had almost forgotten. There is one, who has shown some feeling for you all, and he is no other than the jester of Apollonius, who sends a fool's offering in the shape of a coin.

ALL (*with significant glances*): A coin!

ALNASHAR (*fumbling in his girdle for it*): Yes, a coin. I had it but a while ago. Ah! Here it is. See, it is but a broken one at that.

JUDAS: (*hastily seizing the coin*): 'Tis well. Tell thy master, that Judas thanks him most heartily for allowing some sympathy, even if it be only that of a fool. Tell him that we all thank him for it, and that we appreciate it fully. As for his empty threat to put us all to the sword, tell him the Maccabees will consider it a pleasure to meet him on the field of battle. Then it will be seen with whom it rests to be lavish of mercy.

ALNASHAR: Then thou dost not comply? Wilt still hold out?

JUDAS: Comply? Never! And now not another word. Go.

(*Aln., blindfolded again, is led out by two soldiers.*)

JUDAS (*turning to brothers*): See! David still lives. It is from him—the fool of Apollonius. (*Takes the other part from girdle and matches it.*) Yes. It is from David, for the part fits.

JONATHAN: Then Apollonius will attack us to-morrow.

JUDAS: Yes, early in the morning, and the wretch sent word that he gives us three days' time. We must act at once. Go, brother Jonathan. Give

word that John and Simeon are to guard the rear of the camp with their men, whilst thou and Eleazar repair to the sides, and stand ready to meet the enemy at sunrise. (*To soldiers.*) Go, my men, make haste. I will protect the frontier with my chosen band. Quickly, there is not a moment to be lost.

Curtain.

SCENE 2.

[Syrian soldiers seen running, some of them exclaiming: "Run for your lives! Run! The Jews are behind us!" etc. Among them is Azarias, who comes staggering on the scene. Soldiers hurrying by shout: "Run for thy life, Azarias!"]

AZARIAS: Not another step will I go to-day. (*Sits himself on rock.*) Run, indeed. Well, all the good *running* will do them. For *my* part, I'd just as lief die *here* as die running. I've run enough to-day, and I don't care if Judas Maccabæus himself comes after me. I won't budge another inch. Oh (*shaking his head dolefully*) all this comes from not taking my advice. I told Apollonius we could expect nothing good from that fool. A harmless fool, he called him. (*Sarcastically.*) Harmless. He wished that all his enemies were as harmless. Well, they are. I have never, in all my life, seen a harmless man do so much damage in one day.

(*Enter Aln. running. He stops on seeing Az.*)

ALNASHAR: Azarias! In the name of the great Antiochus, what art thou doing here? Why dost thou not run for thy life?

AZARIAS: Doing? Why, I'm doing

the same thing here, that I'd be doing there. (*Pointing in direction in which soldiers ran.*) It's just as near to heaven here as it is there. There's no use in trying to run away from death, especially when death is working for the Maccabees. Oh, it's all up. We're done for—surrounded on every side, and thou mayest as well keep me company to the golden shore when the time comes.

ALNASHAR: Why, what dost thou mean?

AZARIAS: Mean? What can I mean? Canst not see how badly beaten we are, not the least chance to escape? And it's all because Apollonius wouldn't listen to me.

ALNASHAR: Come, come. Don't try to lay the blame on anybody. It's neither thou, nor I, nor Apollonius, who is at fault. It's merely the strong arm of Judas Maccabæus and his brothers. My! But I never saw such action in all my days. They made us fly like chaff before the wind. I do assure thee that if I had had any idea of what fighters these Maccabees were, I would have stayed at home. But what's the use of worrying? It's all over and poor Apollonius! That gold-tipped sword of his, which seemed so thirsty for blood, has had its fill—but not of *Jewish* blood. Judas Maccabæus has been keeping it at work pretty busily with his powerful arm, and Apollonius ought to be glad he's no longer alive to see what a wreck his army has become. There's no use of worrying, I say. Come, brace up, Azarias. Thou seemest blue. All isn't lost yet. Look here. (*Holds out flask.*) Here's my last re-

sort—a good friend in need, I can tell thee. I'm just going to take a drop to cheer me up, and drown my sorrows. (*Drinks.*) Here (*offers it to Azarias.*) It's good stuff. Excellent wine of ten years' vintage.

AZARIAS (*ignoring the offer and holding his head down*): I told him, but he wouldn't heed my words. Thought he knew it all. When I told him that fool looked suspicious, he said he was harmless. And I have never seen a harmless man fight like that in all my life.

(*Alnashar, looking toward the left, suddenly gets scared, drops his flask, and quietly sneaks away, leaving Azarias alone, who continues without looking up*):

I tell thee, Alnashar, I have never liked the looks of that fool.

(*Enter fool running. He stops on seeing Azarias; quietly steals up behind him, and stands over him with drawn sword.*) O, if I could only fight the battle over again! If I only had my sword, I know what I'd do. This arm (*holding it out before him*) would do the work. There's only one man whom I'd wallop (*shaking his fist*) and I tell thee if I ever laid this on that fool (*looks up, and seeing the fool, falls off the rock with surprise and fright. Begins rolling about the ground.*) I—I—oh—I—please don't—I—I—didn't meant it—I was only——

FOOL: Silence, knave. Arise! (*Azarias arises.*) And so we have the traitor, at last. Come, Azarias, where is thy sword? Where is thy army? And Apollonius, my master? Ha! Ha! What has become of him? Speak, why art thou silent?

(*More soldiers arrive on the scene. Enter Judas, followed by soldiers.*)

DAVID: Yes, I found him sitting here all alone, telling himself a story. It was all about Azarias, too. Azarias was telling Azarias what Azarias would do, if Azarias could only fight the battle over again.

(*Enter Jewish soldier, crying*): "Here he is. Here is David." (*Seeing Azarias.*) "What? Azarias! Azarias, the traitor!"

JUDAS: David! We have been seeking thee, fearing that something had befallen. Whom have we here? Azarias! Ah, traitor! So it is thou, who hast required the attention of David. I fear he has been wasting time with thee. Better would he have done, had he slain thee at once, for death should be the punishment of one who raises his hand in strife against his own people.

(*Enter Eleazar and Jonathan, bringing in Alnashar bound.*) Pray, whom have we here, brothers?

JONATHAN: This, if thou remember, brother Judas, is the messenger, who dared to utter insolent words in our camp.

ELEAZAR: We found him running, for he knew of thy approach, and that is how we learned that you were all here.

JUDAS: Here is a fitting companion for him. Let them both be bound together and marched to our camp. And now, what news of the enemy in that direction?

ELEAZAR: There is no news, brother Judas, for there is no enemy. Besides a few carcasses of elephants, there are but the remains of the slain Syrian host scattered here and there.

JUDAS: Then our victory is complete. The Lord has been with us, and the cause of the Maccabees has triumphed again. (*Praying*): O Lord, Thou who hast smitten the enemies of Israel in Egypt, who hast delivered the army of the Philistines into the hands of Saul and David, who hast put down the enemies of thy people, Thou hast once more smitten the enemy with Thy right hand. Blessed art Thou, O Savior of Israel. Let all that know Thy name praise thee with thanksgiving and song.

Curtain.

ACT III.

[Alnashar and Azarias, bound together, sitting on the ground.]

ALNASHAR: Well, we're in a nice fix now, and I wonder how much longer this sort of thing is going to last.

AZARIAS: O, don't mention it. I'm sick and tired. Every time I think of it I get the blues. O, if I could only get loose. To be dragged around like this, day after day, week after week, and month after month, is enough to make anybody disgusted with life.

ALNASHAR: O, there's no kick coming from thee. Be glad thou'rt alive. Why, thou never didst expect to live another day!

AZARIAS: I didn't. It's true. But that's no reason why thou shouldst have run away and left me when thou sawest that fool coming. I tell thee, if I had only been sure that he was David of Modin, when he played the fool in the camp of poor Apollonius, he'd never have lived to stand over me

with sword in hand. I tell thee that.

ALNASHAR: Now, look here. Thou hast lost nothing, after all, by remaining and I didn't gain anything by running away. They caught me anyhow.

AZARIAS: So they did, and they attached thee to me.

ALNASHAR: Well, I don't like this partnership any more than thou, but as long as we're together we may as well be cheerful and make the best of it. Come, let's walk around a bit. I'm beginning to feel stiff in the limbs.

AZARIAS: No! Sit where you are. I'm tired.

ALNASHAR: There thou art again. Every time I want to walk, thou desirest to rest, and every time I want to sit down, thou gettest a notion to go strutting about. Now, please understand that half of these chains are mine, and I've got as much to say as thou hast. So there. (*Jumps up, dragging Az. with him.*)

AZARIAS: See here. Dost forget that the other half belong to me? As far as I'm concerned, thou canst have my share of the chains, too. But thou needest not have thy way *all* the time.

ALNASHAR: Come, now, Azarias. Let us not quarrel. We ought to sympathize with each other. Here we are left alone, while they are fighting on all sides of us. We're doomed to sit quietly and watch them cut our armies all to pieces. I wonder how to-day's battle will end. Perhaps Lysias will put an end to these Maccabees, and then we'll be free.

AZARIAS: Thou wonderest. Well, there's no more possibility of the Maccabees losing this battle than that

Apollonius will come to life again. Why, Lysias doesn't stand any more chance than a fly. See! There go his soldiers, scattering for dear life. Why, their own elephants are trampling them under foot. Another victory for Judas and his band.

ALNASHAR: Yes, and this time I'm afraid they'll get Jerusalem back. See! They're coming this way, marching triumphantly. Good-bye to all our hopes. Lysias is defeated. No liberty for us. We'll have to be their slaves, go with them to Jerusalem and do all the dirty work.

AZARIAS: Well, we won't be the only ones, that's certain. I can see that by the number of captives they're bringing with them.

(Cries of "Judas Maccabaeus! Long live the Maccabees!" Soldiers march in with captives. Judas and brothers, David. Cries of "Judas! Long live Judas Maccabaeus!")

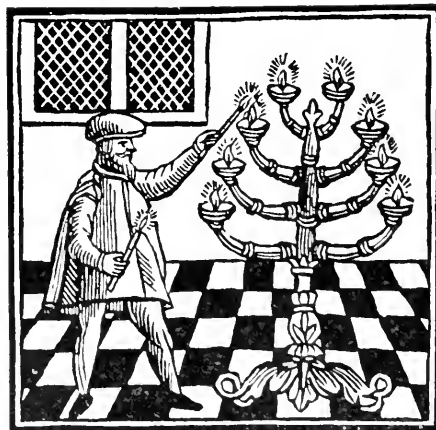
JUDAS: My friends, ye who have fought so nobly to-day, do me great honor, more than I deserve, I fear.

The God of Israel has been with us to-day, and has spread havoc among our enemies. This victory is due to you all, as well as to me. But let us not forget one who has done so much for us, and who has always been among the foremost in our battles. Let us ever remember that we owe much of our victory to that brave youth, DAVID OF MODIN.

(Cries of "Long live David! David of Modin!")

And now there remains but one thing more for us to do. Our enemies are driven before us. They, who have opposed the children of Israel, and have destroyed our Temple, fear us. The host of the tyrant Antiochus are no more. Let us complete the good work. Our Temple remains desecrated. The city of Jerusalem waits to receive us. The days when its enemies dwelt therein are gone. Let us now advance and build up the holy city once more. Let us march on to Jerusalem.

(Cries of "To Jerusalem! On to Jerusalem!")



KINDLING THE CHANUKAH LIGHTS.
(From a 17th Century illustration.)

Chanukah Evening*

BY RABBI ALEXANDER LYONS.

[Room with table set for supper. On a small stand to one side a candelabrum. Mother and two children, boy and girl. Mother in rocker, sewing. Children studying, the one with book, the other with slate.]

HYMAN: "Mother, this is a very hard lesson. I can't do this arithmetic and I won't try. Miss Smith, my teacher, is too mean, anyway."

MOTHER: "My dear little boy, are you not losing your patience too soon? I am sure that Miss Smith does not treat little boys meanly. If she seems mean to you, it may be that you are to blame. People often seem to us what we are to them. Try to please Miss Smith, and I am sure that she will please you. Don't lose patience over your lessons. If once or twice you don't succeed, try, try again."

FANNY (*going to mother with book*): "Mother, what is this word?"

MOTHER: "*Festival*. It is quite a big word for a little girl, isn't it? A festival is a happy time, such as our Chanukah is."

FANNY: "Oh! I wish that papa would come soon, so that he could light the candles!" (*Footsteps heard outside.*)

HYMAN: "Ah! there comes papa." (*He jumps up, runs to meet him, and comes in, holding him by the hand. Fanny goes to meet him. He enters and kisses her, then kisses mother, saying*): "Mamma, dear! were you worried?"

MOTHER: "Yes, papa, you are late to-night."

FATHER: "I could not get home sooner, my dear, but I am so much gladder to be here now."

MOTHER: "Supper has been waiting for you half an hour."

FATHER: "We shall soon have it now, but first let us do our duty to God and kindle the Chanukah lights."

CHILDREN: "O yes, O yes, do!"

FATHER (*wife and children gathered around him, kindles the light, saying the following benediction*): "Blessed be Thou, O Lord our God, Ruler of the world, who hast kept us alive to this day, who hast sanctified us with Thy commandments, and hast enabled us to kindle the Chanukah lights."

MOTHER: "And now let us have supper."

(*Father and children go to table. Mother goes out, but returns at once, bearing tray with coffee pot and dishes of food, places things on the table and takes her seat. At father's place is a loaf of bread.*)

HYMAN: "Gee, papa, but I'm hungry!"

FATHER: "I suppose so, but we must first make Motze (*prayer over the bread*)."
(*Says the following benediction, cuts the loaf of bread and gives each a piece.*) "We bless and praise Thee, O Lord our God, Ruler of the world, for Thou has enriched us with the products of the earth."

(*They begin to eat. On lifting up*

* Copyrighted.

their plates, Hyman and Fanny discover money. Both exclaim, holding up the coins): "Hello! what's this?"

FATHER: "That's *Chanukah-Geld*. This is a time when we must all be happy, and I know that some spending money will make my little boy and girl happy."

HYMAN: "I thank you, papa dear."
(Fanny runs up and kisses papa.)

MOTHER: "Papa, why were you late this evening?"

FATHER (smiling): "Such curiosity. Must you know everything? As if I were so important that every moment of my life is worth knowing about!"

MOTHER: "It is important to me, papa dear."

FATHER: "Well, if you *must* know, I will tell you, although it is one of those things which are better if not spoken about, but you must promise me not to scold."

MOTHER: "Very well. It is *Chanukah* to-night, and I suppose we'll have to be pleasant, whether we want to or not. Still, I hope it was nothing so very bad that kept you away."

FATHER: "Well, we'll see. When I left the shop, I went to take the car for home. The distance, you know, is great, and it was too late for me to walk. As I approached the corner where I was to board the car, I noticed an old woman trudging slowly along, carrying a heavy bundle. When I came up to her, she stopped me and said: 'Will you please tell me how far it is yet to Henry street.' I told her that it was a long distance. I noticed that she was aged, weary and poor. I told her that she had better

ride. She said that she wished she could, but she had come down town to buy a few things where she could get them a little cheaper, and after paying for them, found that she had no money left, and concluded to walk home. She soon found this to be beyond her little strength. I put my hand into my pocket and discovered to my surprise that I had only one nickel left. Some other little change that I had left with you this morning to be put under the children's plates at supper for *Chanukah-Geld*. What was I to do? I was late as it was. Still, I hadn't the heart to forsake that poor, feeble, unfortunate old woman. I thought, better that I should walk and be late than that *she* should, and I begged her to permit me to put her on the car. With a grateful look she consented, expressing the hope that God would bless me for my kindness to an old lady. I put her on the car and handed her fare to the conductor. I was penniless. The only thing that remained for me to do was to walk home. I did so, running part of the way for fear that you would be worried. And this is why I was late."

MOTHER (smiling): "And for this you thought that I would *scold* you? If you hadn't assisted the old lady, I *should* have scolded you. You know that our religion teaches loving kindness and charity, and that we are commanded in the Scriptures to respect the aged and help the poor. The *Chanukah* lights will always shine more brightly for us if we make the lives of others brighter and happier. And you, my children, let me ask you

always to remember as a *Chanukah* lesson that God makes those happy who gives happiness to others. The old lady hoped that God would bless papa. And so he did. Her prayer is already fulfilled. Are we not all happier for the kindness papa did?"

(*The children together*): "Yes, mamma dear."

FATHER: "And now I want to know how my little boy and girl got along to-day at school?"

HYMAN: "What do you think, papa, I was put at the head of the class!"

FATHER: "Really?"

FANNY: "Papa, you know that Hym.'s class has two heads. Ed. Jones was put at one head and Hyman at the other." (*All laugh except Hyman, who pouts.*)

MOTHER (*looking at the Chanukah lights*): "How beautifully those little lights shine. They look like little messengers of joy from on high."

FATHER: "They are, mother, to turn our thoughts toward heaven."

FANNY: "Papa, what does *Chanukah* mean, anyhow?"

FATHER: "Well, I shall tell you."

(*Fanny and Hyman jump up from table, eager to hear.*)

FATHER: "One minute, let us first say grace. After we have eaten and enjoyed God gifts, it is only proper that we should thank Him. Therefore our religion teaches: Thou shalt eat, satisfy thyself and thank God. So let us say a word of grace."

(*Fanny and Hyman sit down again.*)

FATHER (*all bow heads*): "We give thanks to Thee, O Lord, our God, Ruler of the world, for the bounties

we enjoy at this table. May we try to live so as to be worthy of Thy love. Blessed be Thou, O God, who feedest all Thy creatures. Amen!"

(*All leave table except mother, who remains seated. Father takes rocker. Children sit about him as he tells story of Chanukah.*)

FATHER: "And now, my children, I shall tell you of the wonderful story of *Chanukah*. *Chanukah* reminds us of something that took place over 2,000 years ago. The Jewish people then lived in a country called Palestine. There came a cruel king of Syria, Antiochus Epiphanes, to make war upon them. He desired to do away with the Jews. He hated them and their religion. He tried to prevent them from worshipping God. He spoiled their beautiful and sacred temple. Then arose an old Jewish man, Mattathias, in defense of his people. He and his five sons raised an army to oppose the Syrians. Soon Mattathias died. His bravest son, Judah the Maccabee, as he was later called, became leader of the people. For three years he and his armies fought against the greater armies of the Syrians. At last Judah Maccabee conquered. He drove the enemy out of Jerusalem and Palestine. He then purified and rededicated the temple. In the temple was found a little bottle of oil, which was just enough for one day, for the perpetual light which burns before the ark, wherein is kept the Torah. But when it was lighted, wonderful to tell, it burned eight days! We kindle our *Chanukah* lights for eight days to remind us of these wonderful events in the history of our people."

FANNY: "I don't understand, papa,

how Judah Maccabee and his small army could have overcome so many enemies."

FATHER: "He did, my children, because God was on his side. As long as God is with us we need not fear. No one can do us real harm. *Chanukah* is a proclamation of God's wondrous power to help his trusting children."

HYMAN: "Papa, don't you remember that last year we sang such a beautiful *Chanukah* song?"

FATHER: "Yes, my dear; shall we sing it now?"

CHILDREN: "Yes, do."

FATHER: "Very well, let us all sing it together."

(*They chant the Chanukah Hymn—Union Hymnal, page 117—the school joining in.*)

1. Rock of Ages, let our song
Praise Thy saving power;
Thou, amidst the raging foes,

Wast our Shelt'ring tower.
Furious they assailed us,
But Thine arm availed us,
And Thy word
Broke their sword
When our own strength failed us.

2. Kindling fresh the holy lamps,
Priests approved in suffering,
Purified the nation's shrine,
Brought to God their offering.
And His court surrounding
Hear, in joy abounding,
Happy throngs
Singing songs
With a mighty sounding.

3. Children of the Martyr-race,
Whether free or fettered,
Wake the echoes of the songs,
Where ye may be scattered.
Yours the message cheering
That the time is nearing
Which will see
All men free,
Tyrants disappearing.
(*Curtain.*)

Brooklyn, N. Y.



LIGHTING THE CHANUKAH TAPERS.

Jewish Life in Palestine

BY MARTIN A. MEYER

III. The Streets of Jerusalem

As one approaches Jerusalem from the neat modern railway station southwest of the town on the plain of Rephaim, there is little suggestion of an Oriental city in its appearance. The sheer stone wall, mellowed by sun and rain and the march of time, gleams soft in the evening light, for travellers usually arrive at sundown on the train from Jaffa. The height of the walls shuts off all view of the town itself with its typical, domed houses, and of its teeming streets, alive with color and costume. The turreted walls and the heavy, iron-studded gate, and the great frowning towers suggest the Middle Ages with mailed knights and liveried pages, fierce onslaughts and daring escalades, archers and primitive artillerymen, gaily bedecked horses and prancing steeds, turbaned Mussulmans and helmeted Christians, shrinking Jews with their badge of shame and impertinent servitors of the conquerors.

Nor do we know what Jerusalem life really is, as we drive along the Jaffa road to our hotel, for the rows of modern shops and dwellings, the whirring carriages and the throng of European Jews and tourists tell us nothing of the distinctive life for which the city is far-famed. Or, if perchance, we lodge at the hotel within the gates which is on the wall, and enter the great western gate at the evening hour, we are not regaled with sights and sounds from that far-off and strange world. The glaring sign of Cook's Agency for tourists, the few Occidentals who are still abroad, the shops with their inviting display of goods and curios, and their signs in all the seventy tongues of Babel,—

these are echoes from a world which is quite foreign to the Orient with its associations of sacred history, and with the tales of mediæval prowess



A GHETTO BOOK-LOVER.

and fancy. For unique as the Orient still is, it is nevertheless cosmopolitan. It is safe to say that if one takes his stand at the American Consulate in Jerusalem, which is on the market place near the Jaffa gate, it is only a matter of time till all the nations of the world will have passed in review. With the exception of the Chinese, there is no nation of the world, no race, no sect which is not represented in the city of David; and this fact alone lends charm to the life of the natives.

Whenever a dignitary comes to

town for a visit, whenever a festival in any of the innumerable churches is in progress, at all events of import, at deaths and weddings, births and confirmations, the crowd with its kaleidoscopic features and picturesque-ness is seen to best advantage. Naturally, the Arabs form the background for the picture. They are the least occupied with the business of the city and are always ready to gather on the slightest provocation. Patriarchal beards are so common as not to provoke comment, for no gentleman would appear shaven; and the fee for the barber is usually larger than the native cares to spend for the trimming of his beard. And, though the head is usually covered, a turban occasionally tumbles off and gives us a glimpse of the closely cropped hair. One lock adorns the forehead of all true believers, for by this tuft the angel Gabriel will lift all the Faithful into Paradise. The average Arab is glad of a long print robe which hardly reaches to his ankles, and which can be tucked into his girdle when occasion demands it. Over this he throws his *abbaye* of striped camel hair, or, if he be wealthy, of black cloth trimmed with silver braid. The feet are either bare, or thrust into slippers of red, pointed up at the toes, though an occasional dandy is seen with large trousers of dirty white, tucked into boots of red or yellow. All wear the *fez* of red, though each with a distinctively colored turban. Yellow is favored by the majority, white is reserved for the church officials, and green for the descendants of their prophet Mohammed. The *Kavasses*, or consular police, are gorgeous in their short jackets, their enormous trousers of cloth, both garments heavily braided, with pistols in their belts, and whips in their hands, or the silver-headed staff of office.

Townswomen are not numerous in public, though the simply clad peasant

woman with her baskets and her baby is a regular feature of the daily market at the Jaffa gate. When a city woman appears, she is always closely veiled, and completely enveloped in a robe of white, or if it be a gala occasion, of gayer color. The peasant woman rarely covers her face, which is generally tattooed with purple figures; her plain robe of indigo falls about her in ample folds, giving her a most graceful appearance. A long white cloth covers her head and falls over her shoulders to the rear. An occasional embroidered dress distinguishes the woman from Ramallah and the high cap, adorned with coins, the fair ones of Bethlehem.

The Oriental Jew is hardly to be told apart from his Arab neighbor, except by his love-locks. The wealthier and more modernized ones top off their robes with an European overcoat. His turban—a single fold of cloth—is a quiet black. His women continue the style of their Spanish forebears,—a plain skirt, a jacket of square cut, trimmed with fur, and a headdress that once graced the wives of the grandees of Granada. And those who are of Yemen, do not differ in outward appearance from the city women of their adopted home, though they affect the darker colors more.

The crowd is diversified with soldiers in their faded olive uniforms, and with fierce looking Bedouins of the desert. Monks of all kinds and descriptions flit about, monks in black and white and brown, barefooted or in sandals, or regularly shod, with caps and without, with hoods or with peculiar high hats; a few Europeans in modern dress, innumerable children, half naked or smothered with finery, Russian Jews with their fur caps and tawdry robes, Turkish officers, Moslem officials, bishops of the Church, patriarchs, priests, monks and nuns, in endless array. Geor-

gians, Armenians, Greeks, Italians, Spaniards, Russian pilgrims, tourists, dragomans, donkeys and their drivers, camels and dogs,—all crowd the open places of the city. The eye is bewildered, and the difficulty is rather in choosing *what* to see than in not seeing at all.



THE WALLS OF JERUSALEM.

As Jerusalem is built on hills, the streets are exceptionally steep. So difficult is their ascent that steps are necessary in most parts of the city. As wood is a luxury, the city is entirely built of stone, a veritable forest of stone. It is bewildering, its chilling, depressing monotony of stone. Stone everywhere, churches, synagogues, hospitals, home, floor, ceiling and walls, street and courtyard, all.

The cathedral of Oporto, Spain, is a very odd piece of architecture. Its decorations are of the hobgoblin order. Fierce griffins leer from almost every nook and cranny, and ugly-looking

all stone. It is the one thing the country yields without stint, and the very graves in which the dead lie seem to be fashioned out of stone. The best streets are filthy with refuse and offal. Sunlight cannot penetrate into those narrow, winding lanes, and air is an unknown thing. The balconies project so far overhead that they meet in midair, or the houses are built across the street itself. Compactness was a strategic point when this city was built. Cleanliness and fresh air are not desired according to Oriental standards, and the smells of the city are highly offensive to a western nose.

It is in the market where the din is the greatest, life the most intense. On either side of these narrow lanes open tiny shops, whose wares are all displayed to the passersby. Whatever one desires, he must seek in the street set aside for that commodity. Here is the market for coppersmiths, there the one for tailors, here the shop of the confectioners, there the one of the cooks. Here the gaudy display of Oriental saddlery holds the eye, there the brilliantly colored shoes and slippers form a gay contrast to their dingy background. Here is the market of the grain dealers, there a humble row of cobblers. The Jews monopolize the trade in tinware and the meat business. Their markets are dirty and uninviting and the least interesting. They are at their best—or at their worst—on Friday, when the crowd is greatest in anticipation of the morrow.

Endless indeed are the attractions of the streets and market places of the city, endless as are the desires and whims of men.

Albany, New York.

serpents are twined around the pillars. But within are wonderful blue tiles in front of the cloister containing pictorial illustrations from "Shir Hashirim," or the "Song of Solomon."

Analognes

BY LOUIS K. ANSPACHER



LOUIS K. ANSPACHER.

Never burns the sun such gold
As when the shadows lengthen ;

Never is the heart so bold
As when afflictions strengthen.

Never doth a joy so leap,
As when it seems to borrow
Of the wells the eye doth weep
In the mood of sorrow.

Never seems the night so dark
As when the morn is hasting ;
Lovely oftimes is the spark
That disease is wasting.

Never bears the year such tint
As when the summer closes ;
Evening fragrance gives the hint,
Death has dewed the roses.

No bird than the nightingale
Sadlier sweet^r can mourn ;
Yet while it sobs it doth impale
Its breast upon a thorn.

Never poet sings so sweet
As he whose joy is broken ;
Never words were half so meet
As those that die unspoken.
New York.

Noted American Jews

III. Emil Berliner

BY EUGENE H. LEHMAN

The things of real value in the world, the things that justify and compel wise men to desire only a natural death, come to us mainly from two nations—the Greeks and the Hebrews. The accuracy of this statement has been questioned by a professor of history in Yale University on the ground that science, being in reality a subject of modern thought only, has contributed much that makes life worth the living. The Yale professor is correct,

yet his criticism hardly weakens our first assertion, for the contribution of the Jew, unlike that of the Greek, is to modern as well as to ancient knowledge. Israel is still a living nation. It continues to award prizes to the students of life, prizes in science today, although prizes in religion and ethics yesterday.

To support this statement we have chosen to speak about a prominent scientist in American Jewry. The

career of Mr. Emil Berliner is such that the thoughtful man of to-day must marvel at the wisdom of Moses in so founding a nation that it has been able to produce great minds century after century, and to continue to produce them at this very moment, while the stamina of other nations has so often been soon exhausted.

Five years after the close of the Civil War, Mr. Berliner landed on our shores. Previous to that time his life had been spent in Hanover, Germany, the city of his birth, and also in Wolfenbüttel, where he was graduated from the Samson Schule in 1865, he then being 14 years old.

The four years' struggle was over. The bewitching smile of our undeveloped resources began to allure many a foreign lover to our shores. Not yet twenty years of age, Mr. Berliner crossed the waters, and was soon engaged in scientific undertakings.

Among the experiments that were attracting intense interest during the seventies was that of long-distance speaking. The rivalry of the inventors was as keen as the hopes of the public were high. Already had Prof. Alexander G. Bell lectured to an audience in Salem, Mass., during the course of which a voice from Boston, twenty miles away, could be heard with some distinctness in parts of Salem Hall. Already had the multitude, with eyes of unbelieving wonderment, gazed at the imperfect model of a telephone exhibited at the Centennial Exposition, held in Philadelphia in 1876. But the sound conveyed by the instrument was weak, and often so clatter-like, that some critics still doubted the commercial value of the invention. This doubt was cleared away by Mr. Berliner. Bell's telephone had both a magneto-receiver and a magneto-transmitter. It was Mr. Berliner who discovered that the indistinctness was due to this later device, and in its place he substituted the *microphone transmitter*, now

known as the Berliner, which produces much louder effects and without which the telephone would hardly be of great practical use. Mr. Berliner, therefore, ranks a close second to Mr. Bell as the originator of one of the most important inventions of all time.

In yet a different field has the original mind of this man placed him close to another of the world's great men, Thomas A. Edison. The gramophone of the former is almost as well known as the phonograph of the latter. The two instruments differ in this respect, that while the gramophone employs a horizontal disk as its record, the phonograph makes use of a cylinder. The cylinder has somewhat the preference in that it can be used directly for reproducing sound, while the gramophone requires a second disk of hard rubber to be etched from the first disk that received the original sound impressions.

The Latin poet Ovid tells us how Dædalus, with his ill-fated son Icarus, endeavored, by flight through mid-air, to escape from the labyrinth prison of King Minos. Long before and long after this ancient mishap, man has been essaying to claim the domain of the eagle as his own. Since the fatal collapse of Santos Dumont's airship, the experiments in aeronautics of no person have been more closely followed than those of Mr. Berliner. His son Edgar, unlike the disobedient Icarus, is deserving of much credit for the success thus far attained.

In his own words, the Berliner aeroplane "is like three large tubes cut in half and joined together open at the front end, the rear ends merging to a point, so that the air rushing in the front will be compressed and expelled against the tail by the force of the forward movement." The machine constructed of aluminum, and weighing only thirty-four pounds, is, while at rest, not greatly dissimilar to a low-racing automobile. The

wheels are set in motion by the exploding of two skyrockets, attached to the rear. For a short distance the aëroplane runs forward along the ground, and then, owing to the pressure of the compressed air against the tail, the machine rises gracefully and floats along at an even height of only about four feet. Mr. Berliner is still at work upon his invention with the hope that at the St. Louis Exposition, next year, people might navigate the air with the same ease and safety that the birds enjoy.

Thus, it appears, that the criticism made by the professor of history in Yale University itself requires revision. Although the work of the Greeks is ended, the Jews are contributing to modern as they did to ancient and mediæval learning. If science be one of the things that makes life worth living, the Hebrews have given and are giving to this branch of knowledge.

But the mind of Mr. Berliner espe-

cially reveals its Jewish origin in its aptitude for philosophy. While his writings on scientific subjects have been confined to magazine articles, his metaphysical thoughts have been published for private circulation in book form under the title of "Conclusions." In this work his conception of morality and ethics is unusual and in some respects hardly acceptable to most modern thinkers. Still, the boldness and vigor with which he states his convictions are evidence of a courageous mind and of an independent personality.

Being yet in the prime of life, Mr. Berliner's greatest work may still be unaccomplished, but even should he fail in his loftiest ambitions, his present contributions to science, added to those of many other Jews, make us feel sure of our opening statement, that the things of real value in the world come mainly from two nations—the Greeks and the Hebrews.

New York.

Gems from the Talmud and Midrash

The Father's Love

It was in the innermost chamber of the royal palace at Jerusalem. Joab, the captain of King David's body guard, entered softly, but he stopped short the moment he beheld David prostrate and wrapt in prayer. It was no surprise to Joab to find the king thus, for he knew that this was what the king would do whenever some trouble crossed his mind. He, therefore, stood aside and waited. He overheard the king saying, as he stood there: "As a father pitieth his children, pity Thou us, O Lord." This at once struck Joab as very strange. He knew that though the father loves his child as much as the mother, it is the mother that shows it the more, and he was, therefore, greatly puzzled why David should have said "As a *father*

pitieth, instead of "as a mother." Joab then made up his mind to find out whether it was true that a mother always shows more love than a father.

One day he happened to come across a poor wood-cutter, bent with age, who rose with the sun every morning to go to work, and came back in the evening with a loaf of bread, which he had bought with the coin earned during the day. Joab was curious to learn more about the man, and once went along with him when the latter was returning from his work. Joab no sooner entered the little hut than he met with a most strange and unexpected sight. Around a long, bare table sat a group of children, who made a noise that verily shook the house. Upon seeing the stranger, the

noise, which the mother had been trying in vain to put down, at once subsided into whispered guesses as to who that man could be. Joab ran his eyes over the scene before him and saw that there were twelve in number, the oldest a boy about eighteen. Obadiah, for that was the wood-cutter's name, unwrapped the loaf of bread and cut it into fourteen pieces, which he divided among his wife and children, retaining one piece for himself. This, with a thin broth in wooden bowls, made up the chief meal of the day, for this was all that Obadiah, the poor wood-cutter, could afford. When the meal was over, which could not take very long, the children got quietly together, out of respect for the stranger, into one corner of the room to play "at school," the most quiet game they knew. Naomi, the wife of Obadiah, went to visit a sick neighbor of hers, while Joab and Obadiah sat down to talk by themselves.

They spoke all about trees and woods, and Obadiah was telling Joab that some of the trees he had felled will be put aside for the Temple which a son of David was going to build.

"And this," added the old man, "gives me strength to work even while my back aches. You know I am not a young man any more." A sad smile played about his lips as he uttered the last words.

This was what Joab was waiting to hear. "I would like to ask you," Joab said, "how long you expect to keep on working so hard? Don't you think a man of your age ought to have some rest? If you listened to me, I would advise you to send one of your sons into the service of some nobleman. This would give you ample means wherewith to support yourself and your family without hard labor."

At this Obadiah grew indignant. He would not listen to the idea of giving up one of his children, and instead of making reply to Joab, he left him to

himself, and walked over to where the children were playing. As he watched them, each child grew doubly dear in his eyes. "Not for all the riches in the world," thought he, "would I have Reuben taken away from me, nor Joseph, nor Isaac." Joab, seeing it would be useless to talk any further about the matter with Obadiah, left the house.

But Joab pitied the poor old man and his family, and he wished to help him, if possible, despite himself. Next day, therefore, Joab came again. But this time he took care to come while the wood-cutter was at work, and at once broached the subject to Naomi, the wife of Obadiah.

"When I was here last night," Joab began, "I saw how poorly you fared. Your husband, who supports the whole of your family, is quite bent with toil and age. Don't you think there ought to be a change?"

"What can we do? Here are the children, God bless them, and if my husband will not work one day, they will have to go without food," answered Naomi.

"But there is your son, Joseph," he said. "Why not send him into the service of some nobleman? He will get you enough to place you in easy circumstances."

"You might mention it to Obadiah," said Naomi.

"You had better tell him of the plan," Joab replied, remembering the repulse he had met with the day before.

"But I am quite sure Obadiah will not listen to it," remarked Naomi.

"Then do it without asking him, since it is for his own good," said Joab.

"But Obadiah is not the man to be fooled with," answered Naomi. "The moment he misses Joseph, he will insist upon knowing his whereabouts, and I dread the worst in case he finds out that Joseph has been taken away from him."

Then let me tell you what to do," suggested Joab. "Send Joseph with me, and I will place him with Amasah, the well-known nobleman, and here is a bagful of golden denars, which will redeem you and your family from want, and will allow poor old Obadiah to give up his endless toil. But, if I find that Obadiah is relentless, and would have Joseph back at any cost, I will give him back to you and take the golden denars."

Though this seemed to quiet Naomi's fears, she was greatly perplexed. She loved Joseph dearly, and would have him near her all the time. On the other hand, there was poor old Obadiah, who had worked all his life, and whose strength must soon give way. After a long inward struggle, she told Joab that she was willing to abide by his advice, and soon Joseph was seen with Joab on the road that led to Jerusalem.

Soon after, Obadiah returned from his work, and, as usual, divided his loaf of bread into fourteen pieces, distributing them among his family. One piece remained in his hand, and he knew at once that there was some one missing. "Where is Joseph?" he quickly asked.

"He went to see Nathan, who has been ill for some time," Naomi answered readily.

"But he knows it is supper time, and should have been back. Benjamin," said he, turning to a seven-year-old lad, "go to Nathan's and tell Joseph papa wants him."

"You can send for him after supper," said Naomi. "He will eat at Nathan's."

"No," insisted Obadiah, "growing suspicious, "he must come at once."

Naomi, seeing it would be useless to hide the truth any longer, admitted that she had given Joseph over to the care of the man with whom Obadiah had spoken the night before. "And

here," said she, taking out from the empty cupboard a bag with golden denars, "is what he gave me, and what will enable us to live in comfort. I am sure that Joseph will be well cared for, because it was out of kindness for us that the man advised me to send Joseph with him."

Thereupon Obadiah waxed wroth, and made no answer, but passed the night without food or sleep, waiting impatiently for the morning to break. With the first glimmer of the dawn, he rose, and took the bag with the golden denars, and set out to find the man that carried off Joseph. Soon the sun was high up in skies, and its rays smote fiercely upon his head; still no sign of Joseph. Presently he beheld in the distance two men walking leisurely. Hope lent new strength to his tired limbs, and he was gaining on them. When he was within hearing of them, they happened to look around, and he called out at the top of his voice, being now certain that it was Joseph who was walking with Joab: "Take back your denars and give me back my boy!"

Joab waited till Obadiah came up to him, and he then said: "I have the right over him now. His mother gave him up to me, and I think his mother has as much right over him as you have."

Obadiah was not in a mood for argument, and, in a tone of voice Joab had never heard him use, he demanded: "Give Joseph back to me, or it will mean death to one of us!"

Joab, seeing the man was not to be trifled with any longer, allowed Joseph to go back with his father. As he looked back, and saw in the distance the slender form of Joseph alongside of old Obadiah, he recalled the words of David:

"As a FATHER pitieth his child."

IAC EDROM.

Heart to Heart Talks

III. The Voyage of Life

Thy rowers have brought thee into great waters; the east wind hath broken thee in the midst of the seas.—Ezekiel xxvii., 26.

In the chapter from which the text is taken, the pleasure loving city of Tyre is compared to a ship. At first, splendid, proud, gallant, and then dismantled, struggling, lost. "Broken by the seas in the depths of the waters." There follows the bitter wailing of those who have suffered loss or bereavement, and so the story ends.

We often meet in human life with similar shipwrecks. There are many young men who make a fair start upon their voyage, with every prospect of success. They have talent, energy, health and friends; apparently the winds are favorable, the sea smooth, no clouds fleck their horizon. But, as time passes, one sees them drifting from the shore, out into the deep, dark, troubled waters, where are the tempest, the whirlpool and destruction. The talents have been squandered, the advantages wasted, the career blasted, the soul all but wrecked.

It is a terrible contrast, but one that is not seldom seen.

In the text the wreck appears to have been the fault of "the rowers."

Who, then, are these rowers?

We may, in the first place, regard them as one's companions.

Our companions exercise a vast influence over us, unconscious though it be. Our nature is social: we form friendships, and then we are swayed by them. It is very difficult to stand out against the current and the tide.

A group of college boys together will engage in follies and sins, which no one of their number would think of committing *alone*. The cry is, "Be a man!" and the poor weakling, with blinded eyes and a false notion of manliness, plays "the fool."

One cunning knave among hard-worked clerks or poverty-stricken laborers will entangle them all in his mesh of dishonest schemes, clever hypocrisies and ruinous lies.

An idle set of young men can conceive crimes, lay plans, perform deeds, which not one of them could work out by himself, and which can wreck the lives of all concerned.

If you make companions of the depraved, you will end in being depraved. "Live with the wolves," says the Spanish proverb, "and you learn to howl."

Call not that man a friend who, while he takes his stand by your side, shoulder to shoulder, is tempting you to destruction. From such false friends may God Almighty save us all!

Again, these "rowers" may be regarded as a man's own appetites.

God has planted certain instincts and cravings within us. We must eat and drink, and enjoy, within bounds, all the pleasures of life. But God punishes excess: our desires and passions are to be kept under strict control. Nature has her laws, and when they are infringed she punishes without hesitation and without remorse.

Excess is sin. Excess is weakness. Excess is death. Cæsar sought happiness in dominion. Brutus in glory, Antony in love. The first found ingratitude, the second reproach, the last disgrace, and each destruction because each went to excess.

As the result of yielding to temptation, we may read, in every issue of the daily papers, a long list of crimes.

Possibly not one of the many persons gone wrong intended wrong: *the first step* ruined all of them; "the rowers" swept them on. When the weakened ship passes out into the deep sea the waves beat her, the wind tosses her, the floods open her crevices, the

waters rush in and the ship goes down. Then follows bitter lamentation.

Let me show you a picture. An infirm and broken-hearted woman sits to-day in her chamber alone. Mechanically she turns the leaves of an old, worn Bible. It has been in her family for generations, but of late years has not been much used. She tries to read, but the page is blurred and blotted. She holds the book close to her eyes—poor eyes, so dimmed with age and weeping; she pronounces the words aloud with slow precision: "The Lord is good to all and His mercy is over all His works." But she cannot comprehend the meaning;

the book falls from her grasp, while the hot tears pour down the ashen face.

Can you wonder why? It is her boy, who is accused of a terrible crime—her boy, so young and handsome and winning—her boy, who held a position of trust and honor. He is locked up like a common felon, and she knows not what the end may be. This is a picture not only of one, but of many mothers to-day.

The lesson is plain: Avoid evil associates, curb your appetites, keep them in subjection. The advice of Napoleon to his brother, King Joseph of Spain, is good. He said: "I have only one counsel for you. Be master."

"By My Spirit, Saith the Lord"

A Sketch of the Maccabean War

BY SULAMITH SILVERMAN



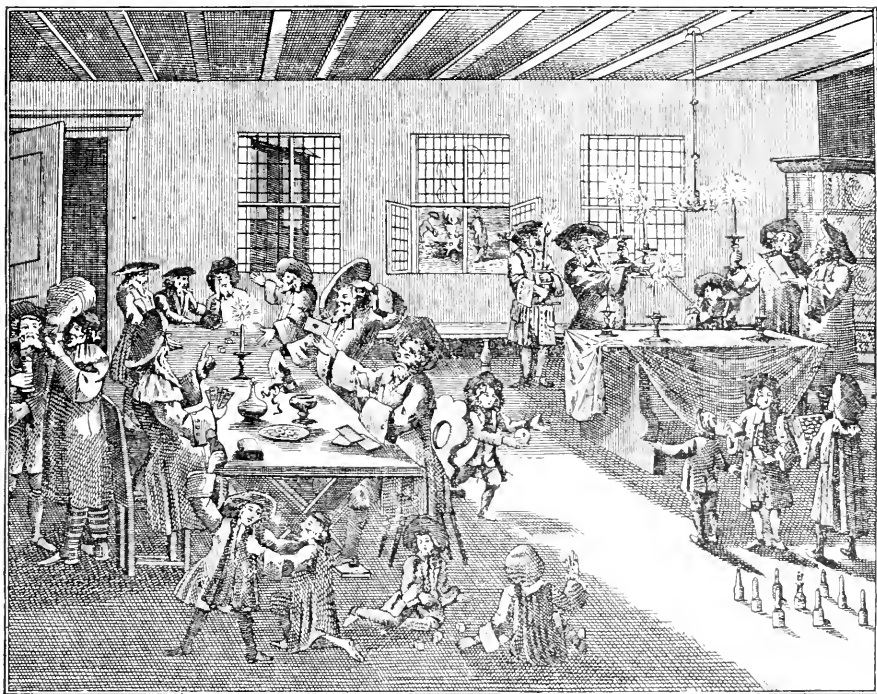
SULAMITH SILVERMAN.

man, as he stood apart from the handful of horsemen battling with a strong and powerful enemy. Only for a second was he away from his men. He was in the midst of them again, spurring the soldiers on to battle. They rushed on their opponents. There was a moment of darkness and the Syrians fell back in a shapeless mass, while the Hebrews triumphantly waved their banners. The army of Antiochus was, however, not to be disheartened, but went on fighting bravely. The battle was uncertain. Now the Jews were winning and now the Syrians had the ascendancy. Towards evening there was a loud cry of "Down with the Hebrews—down with the unbelievers," and the banner of Judas Maccabeus was slowly falling backward.

In a remote corner of the field were two soldiers conversing in a low tone. By their dress and manner they are recognized as Israelites.

"I tell thee, Simon, 'tis no use fight-

"God be with me in this struggle," was the muttered prayer of a young



PLAYING GAMES ON CHANUKAH EVE IN OLIVEN DAYS.

ing. Judas has lost the day. Come with me to the city and have a glass of spirits at Epiphanus' Inn."

"No, I will not."

"Coward, wouldst thou forsake thy God and thy cause?"

"Ay, ay, would I? Art thou a fool, man, to stay here and be taken prisoner? I shall flee."

"I always knew thee as a coward and a traitor, David; thy fathers were before thee. Farewell. I shall return and stand by my chief."

So saying, he leaped to his saddle and rode away. David remained looking after him, irresolute, but with a careless shrug of his shoulders he said: "Because he is a fool, shall I be one? No, I shall enjoy life while I may, it's too short to waste in such folly. Probably, if I had a sword like the chief's, I could fight as he does. Brave Judas,

I wish thee luck." With these words he broke his sword, and turning on his heel was lost in the thicket.

He had no sooner left the place when Judas, with the aid of a companion, the one who had been with David, came up to that very spot. He had lost his sword, was badly wounded, and had given up hope. Leaning against a tree, he turned to the soldier by his side and said: "Simon, thou hast ever been a brave and true knight of Israel, thou wilt not now forsake thy people, when they are in the grasp of the tyrant."

"I will not, my friend," replied Simon.

Judas was about to speak when he saw something glittering on the ground. Slowly making his way toward it, he picked up a part of the sword of the coward, David.

"Israel has not yet lost; help me to my saddle, Simon," he cried. "Indeed, my friend, thou canst not fight now. Thou art too grievously wounded," replied his staunch companion.

"I will, Simon, I will. Help me, I tell thee, or I will fight on foot."

Much against his inclination, Simon helped the Maccabee to his saddle. Buoyed up by the hope of success, he forgot his wounds, and again called his men around him. He was surrounded on all sides by foes, with Antiochus in front, but after a desperate struggle, which lasted half the night, he won the battle by the aid of David's broken sword—the sword with which the coward could not fight.

Victory is not in the sword, but in the brave hand that wields it. "Not by power, not by might, but by my spirit, saith the Lord."

New York.

November

An Acrostic

BY HORACE A. BERNSTEIN

Now ere yet Winter can extend his
sway,
O'er all the land, Dame Nature, good
and kind,
Vouchsafes us one last taste of former
joys,
Ere we are fettered 'neath the Ice-
King's boards.
Mild, soft and warm these Indian
Summer days,
Bearing a whiff of pungent forest
smoke,
Evoke the spirit of the past, and
sweet
Remembrances of glory that is gone.

The Passing of a Great Man

Marcus M. Jastrow

BY CHARLES I. HOFFMAN

With the dawn of the last Festival of Conclusion (Shemini Atzereth) there passed away in the city of Philadelphia a great sage and teacher in Israel. The greater part of his life was spent in this country, although he was born in distant Prussia 74 years ago. It is here also that the greatest part of his work was done, both as teacher and as writer. It may seem strange that a Rabbi, such as Doctor Marcus M. Jastrow was, devoted to Jewish learning and to the teaching of God's law, should at any time have been concerned in politics. Yet there is one interesting event in Doctor Jastrow's early life which brought him into conflict with the Russian Government, and resulted in his imprisonment for three months. He was appointed Rabbi of the Jewish

Congregation in Warsaw. The people of that great city originally belonged to the Polish nation, and though conquered by Russia, still desired to preserve some elements of their own nationality. Doctor Jastrow sympathized with this feeling, and delivered sermons in the Polish language. He otherwise expressed himself favorably to the popular movement. It was this that drew upon him the enmity of the Government. To suffer in such a cause, is in itself a great honor. In the autumn of 1866 Doctor Jastrow arrived in this country, having been elected Rabbi of the Rodeph Sholom Congregation in Philadelphia, in connection with which congregation he remained until his death. It is impossible to narrate the manifold activities of this great man. He was a

splendid teacher, as well as an eloquent preacher, but he never ceased to be a student as well. He took a great interest in all public movements, especially those that had for their purpose the development of the Jewish people. He strongly believed that their best welfare could be secured not by giving up the customs and commandments contained in the Bible and practiced for so many centuries by Jews, but rather by understanding and observing them. He took a great interest in the Jewish immigrants to this country from eastern Europe, and never ceased to labor in their behalf. It was, however, as a writer and as a great Jewish scholar that Doctor Jastrow was most widely known. In the early years of his ministry he wrote a book entitled, "Four Centuries of Jewish History". It began with Jeremiah and ended with Judas Maccabæus. Later on, he issued in conjunction with Doctors Szold and Hocheimer, of Baltimore, a prayer-book that has been widely used among the Jews of this country. His greatest work, however, and one on which he labored for about

a quarter of a century, was a Dictionary of the Talmud, the very last pages of which were received just before he died.

One interesting feature connected with his later life was his interest in the little orphan children in the Jewish Foster Home, of Philadelphia. Quite frequently, on Sabbath mornings, he would attend their services and preach to them.

No account has here been given of his connection with the Maimonides College that trained Jewish ministers in Philadelphia for a number of years, nor of his connection with the Jewish Publication Society, which, under his general direction, began a new translation of the Bible. To these and many other important works, Dr. Jastrow devoted himself with earnestness and success. Though at times broken in health, he still was able to do great work for the Jewish people. His life itself was an honor and an example to them, for which they should be grateful, and which they should ever remember and emulate.

New York.

Bible Lesson for the Month

BY RUDOLPH I. COFFEE

Superintendent of the Hebrew Orphan Asylum, New York City.

THE BLESSING AND CURSE

In the last chapters of Deuteronomy Moses speaks of the dreadful calamities which will fall upon Israel if they fall back from the standard of God. A remarkable feeling comes over us when we read these chapters. We notice extreme penalties were to be inflicted upon Israel for the violation of God's laws. But a corresponding reward for adhering to His commandments is nowhere to be found. And the question naturally arises, is it fair to punish sin and not to reward virtue?

The rabbis have answered this with the following parable: A king and a beggar both addressed their sons the same day. The beggar offered his son every possible inducement to enter the path of righteousness and merely added that if he fail, he would not rise in life. The king, in his turn, pictured to his son the evil consequence of wrong-doing. As heir-apparent to the throne, there was no higher position to which he could aspire, save to succeed his father. The reward for good conduct on his part would simply be the ability to rule his people later.

If he disobeyed the laws, he would suffer every manner of punishment. In this simile the non-Jew was compared to the son of this beggar, who had everything to gain and nothing to lose in this world. Israel is the son of the king, with everything to lose by improper conduct, and but little chance of advancement, though leading a blameless life.

Under the leadership of Moses, the people had risen to the highest pinnacle of civilization then known. What they could learn from other nations would only be inferior knowledge, and any deviation from the path before them could but entail suffering and sorrow. The centuries have rolled on, but the conditions have not changed. There are still two standards of conduct in the world. A non-Jew may transgress the law, and he, but no one else, is punished. Should a Jew be guilty of the same offence, not he, but all his coreligionists are weighed in the balance and found equally guilty. The blessing and the curse are still placed before us. For doing good the reward is slight, but a transgression of any commandment is sure to bring severe consequences. Let us always bear in mind that "every Israelite is responsible for the deeds of his brother." One evil man may put us all to shame, while a righteous one may uplift the entire Jewish community.

II.

AMALEK—THE FIRST ANTI-SEMITES.

The twenty-fifth chapter of Deuteronomy closes with the most appalling denunciation of Amalek, and one seems quite unable to understand why God, so kind to animals, and so just to men, should be so severe against this man Amalek, whose very memory we are commanded to blot out absolutely.

To find the explanation we must

turn to the historical incident of which Amalek is the centre. There we find that he fell upon the Israelites as they were coming forth out of the land of Egypt. He did not attack them openly and on equal terms, but, like a robber, he fell upon the rear guard, composed of women and children. He did not fight to gain possession of land, for this new nation was to march forty years in the wilderness ere it could enter the Promised Land. The battle could not be waged over some matter of law or commerce, because Amalek had never before known the Israelites. In short, the more we search for the reason of this attack on Israel, the more we shall be baffled. There *was* no reason. Amalek had no cause to fight Israel, save to satisfy the lowest impulses of his nature. No wonder, then, that we find such stirring words against his memory. This is the first mention in history of a conflict merely for the sake of strife, waged without any legitimate cause. This was Israel's first struggle, and Amalek, who attacked him for no reason whatsoever, is stamped in history as the first anti-Semite. He is the ancestor of a long line of cruel persecutors throughout all generations. As such then, the duty imposed upon us, to blot out the name of Amalek, is not a command against one man; it becomes an imperative order against a class of people who typify that for which, in his day, Amalek stood. In every generation we are compelled to fight Amalek and his imitators. The day for the Jew to sit down in supine idleness and bemoan his fate is past. We must blot out the memory of Amalek, not by the use of weapons, but by every Israelite so perfecting himself in his chosen profession that the shafts of Amalek will be unable to penetrate his armor. Living blameless lives is the only way that we can put an end to the warfare that has continued against us till now.

III.

THE INEVITABLE.

Chapter thirty-three of Deuteronomy contains the swan song of Moses. As the first verse tells us, he spoke these words just "before his death." But the *Midrash* contains the very happy suggestion of our rabbis that Moses spoke this not "*before* his death," but in the very *presence* of Death. The inevitable Angel of Death was then to end his career, but Moses refused to depart from this earth until he had spoken his farewell words to the people over whom he had been leader for forty years. Looking at this in a practical way, the refusal is not so very strange. We read quite often of people who are able, by a very determined effort, to avert, for the time being, certain ills that threaten to overtake them. A person may be urged by the physician to remain in bed for a short time, but through sheer force of will he determines to tide over the crisis, and continues his work without giving in. Most of us will remember some one who has recovered from a severe operation by reason of the patient's iron will.

This power to overcome the apparently inevitable is at the command of the very few only. And yet every one has the power to build his own path. In mapping out our life-course there is no inevitable. We are forced into no occupation, into no sphere of life. It is only in foreign countries that families have persevered in the same profession and trade for years, and even centuries. No such arbitrary custom prevails here. No person can say he was compelled to do a certain thing because it was *inevitable*. Such a remark will not stand the test of truth with us. True, it requires strength and force of character to resist, but if only we are willing to endure the

struggle, we can rise to any height. This country offers unlimited opportunities, and there is no such thing as the *inevitable*. There never should be. Moses pushed his inevitable aside, and so can we.

IV.

THE DEATH OF MOSES.

The final chapter in the Book of Deuteronomy has the death of Moses as its central theme. Most people, in thinking of the passing away of our great leader, connect with it the idea of disappointment and unsatisfied ambition, because Moses was not permitted to enter the Promised Land. There is another and loftier point of view, however. Think what Moses, in the short span of one lifetime had been able to accomplish! When the voice of God first called him in the desert, how could he have ever dared to imagine that his apparently frail strength could accomplish so much? His own people were slaves, the most abject of creatures, ruled by the mighty tyrant Pharaoh. Moses was enjoined not only to remove them from their servitude, but, what is far more, to place them, as a law-abiding nation, upon a firm footing. When Moses was about to die this must have been his crowning pleasure, that he had accomplished much of what he set out to do. When in Midian, he had been ordered to execute what must have seemed an insuperable task. Despite the fact that his work appeared superhuman, and beyond the strength of any man, Moses *did* undertake what he had been commanded.

The closing scene of his life must have been a happy one, because he had not shirked the obligation placed upon him, onerous though it was. This thought should be brought home to us. Now that we are on the threshold of another winter of earnest and serious work, certain tasks will be given us to do, which may seem impossible.

Obligations may be entrusted to us which will overawe us, because we see no way to fulfill them. Let us heed this last lesson from the life of Moses. It is poor policy to refuse to undertake a work because we do not feel competent to complete it. Our rabbis have, long ago, remarked that "it is not necessary to *complete* the work." The duty of each person is to do the utmost in his or her power, without regard to the ultimate fate of his undertaking. It is ruinous to healthy am-

bition to pause to consider whether we can finish what we begin. It stultifies our best powers when we hesitate because we do not, at the very outset, see the final goal. Let the example of Moses be our incentive. May we take upon ourselves *the work that is ours*, and try our utmost to carry it to its farthest limit. Let us not hesitate because we may not succeed, but let us rather strive to advance as far as possible, regardless of all that is in store.

A Child's Thanksgiving

BY KATE WHITING PATCH

I thank thee, Father in the skies,
For this dear home so warm and
bright;

I thank thee for the sunny day
And for the sleepy, starry night.

I thank thee for my father's arms,
So big and strong to hold me near;
I thank thee for my mother's face;
I thank thee for my dolly dear.

I thank thee for the little birds
That eat my crumbs upon the sill;
I thank thee for the pretty snow
That's coming down so soft and still.

O Father, up there in the skies,
Hear me on this Thanksgiving Day,
And please read in my little heart
The "thank you's" I forget to say.

Our Thanksgiving Day

BY HOPE DAVISON

Once upon a time my grandpapa and grandmamma lived on a farm in the country, and they used to love to have us come to visit them, so we always went whenever we had the chance.

Well, one day, my little brother and I were promised a visit to grandma's very soon. What do you think was coming soon? Why, Thanksgiving Day, of course. I tell you, we just clapped our hands and jumped up and down when we heard it; we were so glad. I asked David, my little brother, if he knew what Thanksgiving Day meant. He went to kindergarten, so that he did know something about it, and said, "A day to thank God." "Yes," I said, "so let us think of all

the nice things we can to thank God for, and thank everything and everybody who helps to make us happy." This seemed to please David very much, and you shall see how we carried out our plan.

The day before Thanksgiving we were bundled up in our coats and caps and taken to the railroad station with papa and mamma, a big trunk and the valise.

While we were on the cars I saw some bright leaves on the trees, and David saw some cows going along a road, but we went by so fast he couldn't count them.

Uncle Sam met us at the station with the wagon and good old Betto and Toby, the big gray horses, to

draw it. "How glad I am to see you," he said, as we ran into his arms, and were bundled into the wagon, where there were heavy robes and blankets, for the air was frosty; and how we did enjoy the ride of five miles after the noisy railroad journey!

"I'm going to thank Betto and Toby when we get to Grandma's," said David; and he did not forget his promise. We crossed the river, which was very cold-looking now, for it went dashing through the woods, where the wind made the oak leaves rustle loudly, and there were patches of snow upon the hills. "It looks like snow," said uncle, as we spoke of the clouds which were getting thicker and thicker. "I think we shall have sleighing before long."

There was a turn in the road just before we got to grandma's house, so we were all on the watch to see who would spy her first. David had bright eyes this time and shouted out: "There's grandma! How do you do, dear grandma? Here we all are, and wish you a very happy Thanksgiving!"

Now we could all see grandma's cap bobbing up and down on the front porch. "I am going to begin by thanking grandma for asking us to her lovely big house," I said, while grandpa was helping Uncle Sam unload the wagon.

First we all went into the house to get warm; but Dave and I soon slipped away and went out to the barn, where we knew we should find the horses, cows, pigeons, hens and chickens.

Dave went up to Betto's nose while Silas was unharnessing her and kissed her, which made us all laugh. That was his way, he said, of thanking good old Betto for bringing us all the way from the station so safely and quickly. When Silas went into the stable with the horses we went in, too; he gave us some corn to scatter for the hens, and they ate it up very fast.

Soon somebody came out to find us, for supper was ready and there were no little boys to eat it. We were very hungry indeed, and how good the bread and milk tasted! It was bedtime before I had a chance to say I was sleepy; and then,—well, I guess nothing happened till next morning, when the merry sunshine came peeping through the window.

Grandpa took us out to see the horses have their breakfast, and let us put some corn into their mangers, for horses like corn, too. After breakfast we played about indoors until papa was ready to take us for a walk. While we were walking along he told us about the first Thanksgiving Day. It was very interesting, and we tried to remember it all.

We took what we called a "Thank-you-basket" to some poor old women, whom grandma told us about, who couldn't have a turkey and lots of pies. Grandma put a chicken and some cranberries in the basket, besides some sweet potatoes, some celery, some big pears, and rosy apples and a mince-pie for a great surprise.

We had a splendid dinner after our walk, and enjoyed it all the more because we had helped somebody else to have a good dinner. After dinner we played games. Grandma made us all laugh when she went into the ring and chose to play "Blind-man's Buff." As soon as it grew dark, Silas took us out to the barn, where we all enjoyed looking at the funny Jack o'lantern which he had made out of a pumpkin and lighted for us. After that it was time for us to go to bed, so that we could get up early in the morning; for papa wanted to get to work by nine o'clock the next day.

So that was the end of our happy Thanksgiving. What a thankful day it had been! When we got home Dave and I had great fun telling our playmates all about what we had seen and done.

The Story of a Little Girl

BY MAMIE ROBINS

It was a very warm day in September. The birds were singing merrily on the roof of a rickety, two-story building, the attic of which was occupied by a very poor family. Near the window stood a bed. The sunbeams, struggling through the panes, touched the soft brown hair of the widow, who lay there moaning gently. In a corner of the room, huddled together, stood two children, who regarded their mother sadly, but did not go near her, for fear they would burst out crying, and Ruth, their elder sister, had strictly forbidden them to cry in their mother's presence.

Ruth Levin, a fair, bright girl of ten summers, was out selling newspapers for the support of the family. When she was well Mrs. Levin used to go out washing, but being a weak woman she broke down utterly, and now the burden descended upon Ruth's young shoulders. At half-past six in the evening a quick step was heard on the stairs, and in another moment Ruth was at her mother's bedside, smoothing her tumbled pillow and stroking her brow, and trying to soothe her pain. Then Ruth proceeded to get the evening meal, and after giving her mother a bowl of broth, she and her little sister and brother had their supper. After supper Henry and Tillie would say their prayers and go to bed; but Ruth would continue to sit on the edge of her mother's bed, whispering words of comfort, and occasionally moistening her mother's parched lips. Satisfied that her mother is, at last, asleep, Ruth would then retire, but not to sleep well, because every once in a while she would start up to see if her mother were awake and in want of anything.

Generally, at six o'clock, Ruth rises,

and after attending to her mother, she runs down to get something for breakfast. By this time the little ones are awake and dressed. After breakfast little Tillie and Ruth tidy up the room, while Henry washes the dishes. Soon all is ready, Ruth and Henry repair to school, and Tillie stays with mother, while Ruth gives the child all sorts of injunctions before leaving.

After school Henry stays with mother, giving Tillie a chance to go out for a few minutes to get some fresh air. All this while Ruth is selling papers. This is the daily routine of the Levin household. Occasionally one of the neighbors drops in to lend a helping hand, by bringing Mrs. Levin some broth or doing some mending, which Ruth has no time to do.

One day, on her return home, Ruth was startled to see the children crying bitterly. She was told that her mother had fainted. Ruth quickly went to the bed. One glance at her mother told her that all would soon be over. No doctor could help her now; she was beyond all medical aid. The thought that Ruth was so soon to lose her mother nearly choked the little girl with sobs.

Silent and tearful was the little group that stood around the dying mother's bed. Lower and fainter grew the labored breathing; a deathly pallor overspread her face, one gasp for breath, one faint murmur, "My children," and from its earthly dwelling the tired spirit took its flight to return to the Great Maker Who had placed it there. The next day three lone orphans followed their mother to her final resting place.

In vain did Ruth's customers watch for the poorly-clad, bright-eyed newspaper girl. A week after the burial,

however, Ruth was again at her post, selling newspapers. Mrs. Jordan, the owner of the house in front of which Ruth always stood, sadly missed the sweet smile of Ruth that week.

Imagine her pleasure when she met Ruth again! But Ruth could not smile, as usual; her tear-stained face and red eyes brought tears to Mrs. Jordan's own. Drawing the girl toward her, she kissed her and said, "Come, my child, tell me why you were not here all last week." Sobbing, Ruth told story, and when she had finished, Mrs. Jordan said in a husky voice, "Never, so long as I have a home, need you or your brother and sister be homeless."

Accordingly, Mrs. Jordan went to Ruth's home, and brought the children

to her home and cared for them like a mother. Ruth's gratitude knew no bounds. She was never better pleased than when doing a thousand and one little things for her benefactress. She helped to make her home pleasant and beautiful, and their mutual love increased day by day. Ruth grew up to be a lovely and intelligent girl. She was greatly gifted in writing stories. One day she surprised Mrs. Jordan with a book, the writing of which had occupied all of Ruth's spare time. On the title page was printed:

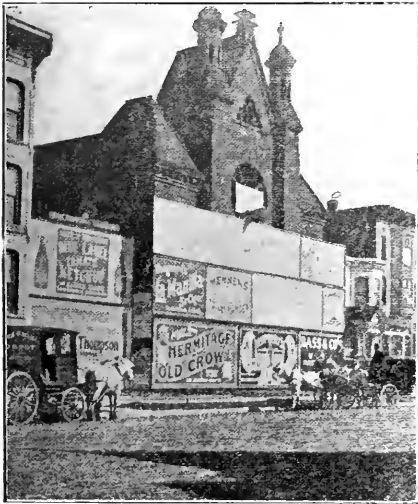
"Dedicated to my dear Friend and
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Mrs. Edna Jordan."

And now this little Ruth is one of the leading authors of the day.

The Old Curiosity Shop

A Corner in Oddities

BY JOSEPH B. ABRAHAMS



THE MARCH OF PROGRESS.

It is remarkable to how many changes a house of worship is sub-

jected. Synagogues are sometimes converted into churches, and churches are often remodelled for Jewish worship. A few years ago one of the synagogues uptown was sold to the Baptists, who worshiped in it for some time; then it became the property of a Presbyterian parish; next it was used as the headquarters of the Salvation Army; and then it became a political meeting-house. Finally, in the course of events, it was converted into a saloon. The accompanying illustration shows to what an extent a Jewish Temple in Chicago has been neglected. It has been rented for advertising privileges by its present owner, and not content with having the entrance closed up by a signboard, he has constructed a "three-decker" affair, which merely leaves the turrets and spires of the Temple visible. Surely, this is not a very encouraging sign of the times!

JEWISH FEASTS.

The ancient Jews did not, as we do to-day, use but one table at their festivals. On their solemn feasts and at sacrifices they had generally two: one was used exclusively for the service of animal food, which was afterwards removed, and another introduced with fruits. At this table they sang and poured out their libations. This example was also followed by the Greeks and Romans and other Eastern nations.



"SPARE NOT THE ROD."

Our forefathers, in the good old days, believed in correcting their children by the rod. In the Book of Proverbs, Chapter XIX., verse 18, we read: "Chasten thy son while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying." This advice was evidently followed by the majority of our people, and it is curious to find on the title-page of an edition of the Book of Proverbs, published in Fuerth, Bavaria, in the year 5565 of the Jewish Era, that is to say, exactly ninety-nine years ago, an illustration of that

maxim. It is an interesting engraving, representing the father chastising his hopeful son and heir with a stout switch, whilst the baby, in its mother's arms, is bawling with sympathy.

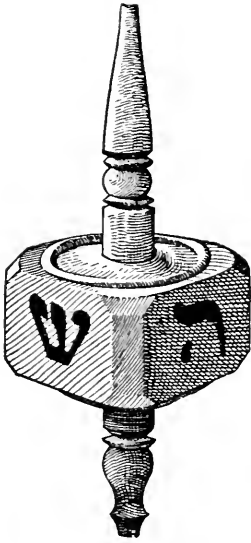
The name of the artist is Joseph Herz.

DE SOTO A JEW?

Among the many names connected with the discovery of America, none is more familiar than that of Ferdinand De Soto, who discovered the Mississippi River. This fact is well-known to every boy and girl in the United States. But it is not generally known that the undaunted Spaniard was reputed to be a Jew. His descendants, who still adhere to the Mosaic faith, live in one of the cities in the south of Spain, in the Synagogue of which city the name of Ferdinand De Soto is annually mentioned, on *Kol Nidre* eve, with those of the other Jews of that place who have passed into the "dark valley of the shadow of death."

PAWNBROKERS' THREE BALLS.

Last month we said something about the Lombards, who were the Jewish pioneer bankers. They were also the first to open loan-shops in England for the relief of temporary distress. From them came the curious sign of the pawnbrokers' three balls, and it may be interesting to learn how this symbol originated. The greatest of the Lombards were of the princely house of the Medici of Florence, Italy. They bore pills on their shield (and those pills, as usual then, were gilded), in allusion to the profession from which they had derived the name of *Medici*. Their agents in England and other countries placed their armorial bearings over their doors, and others later adopted this sign.



A CHANUKAH "TRENDERL."

PUZZLES

I.—WORD SQUARE: 1. To estimate. 2. In bed. 3. To watch. 4. A book in Norse mythology.

II.—TRIANGLE: *Down*: 1. A consonant. 2. A preposition. 3. An evergreen. 4. A house. 5. An insect. 6. Part of a point. 7. A consonant. *Across*: 1. A consonant. 2. To cheat. 3. Pointed. 4. Roads.

III.—BEHEADINGS: 1. Behead a dress and get to possess. 2. Behead to eat grass and get to cut down. 3. Behead vapor and get noisy.

IV.—CURTAILINGS: 1. Curtail a color and get the forehead. 2. Curtail a surface and get a verb. 3. Curtail a Greek poet and get a house.

V.—TRANSPOSITIONS: 1. Transpose a stone and get bark of a tree. 2. Transpose to publish and get time. 3. Transpose a small opening and get a string.

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II.—CURTAILINGS.

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B A R D—B A R
F A N G—F A N

III.—DIAMOND.

E
F A R
E A S E L
R E D
L

IV.—TRANSPOSITIONS.

B O L S T E R—L O B S T E R
C A R E—R A C E
S I R E N—R E I N S

V.—HALF SQUARE.

S T E A M
T O W N
E W E
A N
M

The prize for the October puzzles is awarded to Samuel Bernstein, of the Hebrew Orphan Asylum, New York.

ANTIQUITY OF PERFUMES.

Several passages in Exodus prove the use of perfumes at a very early period among the Hebrews. Mention is made of "sweet spices, stacte, onycha, and galbanum, with pure frankincense"; and the "bdellium" in Genesis is a perfuming gum resembling frankincense, if not identical with it. Perfumes are said to have been also mixed with the oil and wax for the lamps and lights commanded to be burned in the house of the Lord. The manufacture of soap is likewise very ancient, and is traced to the Bible. Indeed, Jeremiah figuratively uses it: "For though thou wash thee with nitre, and take thee much soap, yet thine iniquity is marked before me." (Jer. II., 22.)

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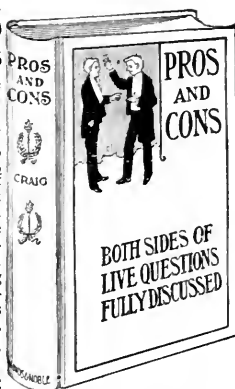
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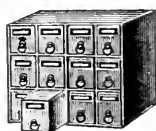


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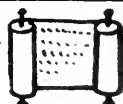
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VOL.
X

DECEMBER, 1903

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GEORGE ALEXANDER KOHUT, Editor

Vol. X

December, 1903

No. 4

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CYRUS ADLER

(See Page 145.)

The Jewish Home

VOL. X.

DECEMBER, 1903

NO 4

EDITORIAL

Calendar for the Month.

Dec. 14 (Monday), *First Day of Chanukah*
(FEAST OF DEDICATION), Kislev 25.

Dec. 19 (Saturday), *New Moon*, Kislev 30.

Dec. 21 (Monday), *Eighth Day of Chanukah*, Tebet 2.

Dec. 29 (Tuesday), *Fast of Tebet*, Tebet 10.

Need of Missionary Work From time to time one reads in the Jewish and secular press of our city of the baneful activity of a band of missionaries among our Jewish brethren in the lower East Side of New York. Now and then a word of protest and indignation is heard in certain quarters; a hue and cry is raised, but soon it subsides, and all is the same again, as before. Concerning the well-known methods of these hunters of Jewish souls we need not say more than to express our horror and wonderment that men, zealous for the honor and glory of the Christian name, should stoop to bribing innocent children with pictures and sweetmeats, and, under cover of religion, secretly baptize them.

This sort of thing has gone on long enough unchecked. It is now just about time for the Jews of this city to take matters in their own hands, and,

instead of storming against such dishonest schemes, to help abolish abuses that have been rampant these many years. *This is the time for action, not for idle speech.* Do something! There is not a reader of this paper but what he can do his share toward aiding in a campaign of rescue. Not with the flare of trumpets, nor with the flying of colors shall the work proceed. Quietly, shunning all display, zealous and eager in our righteous cause, as they are zealous and eager in their unrighteous labors, shall we follow the way that we should go.

WE WISH TO ORGANIZE A JUNIOR SETTLEMENT LEAGUE AMONG OUR READERS, WHOSE AIM SHALL BE TO HELP MAINTAIN CLASSES FOR JEWISH CHILDREN IN THOSE PLACES OF OUR OVERCROWDED CITY WHERE THEY, BY REASON OF THEIR NUMBERS, ARE NEGLECTED AND UNCARED FOR.

WHO WILL TAKE THE LEAD? WHO WILL COME FORWARD AND ORGANIZE THE LITTLE BAND OF EARNEST BOYS AND GIRLS WHO ARE EAGER TO DO GOOD WHERE IT IS MOST NEEDED?

WE SHALL SEE!

Our Contributors THE JEWISH HOME will reach our readers during *Chanukah* week. That being the case, some more holiday articles are included in this issue. Rev. Dr. Maurice H. Harris, Rabbi of Tem-

ple Israel in Harlem, tells us why Jewish children should not celebrate Christmas. Miss Annette Kohn, in whom we greet an old friend, describes how a Jewish boy *did* celebrate our own *Feast of Lights*, in spite of the heathen gypsies. Another dear friend of the paper, Miss Annie Josephine Levi, shows us again how she can touch the hearts of children with an artless tale.

The splendid drama of Joseph is written by a new star, Miss Sophie B. Ebb, whom we welcome with open arms. Miss Millie Cowen sends us a sonnet from far-off Chicago, and we are glad she did. From Zanesville, Ohio, Miss Jeanette Starr speaks to us of the trees that were humbled and rebuked. Mr. Horace A. Bernstein has a word to say in prose and verse, one as good as the other, and Mr. Eugene H. Lehman, the Rhodes Scholar, gives us a fine pen-portrait of Dr. Cyrus Adler, one of the most remarkable men in American Jewry. And last, but not least, Martin A. Meyer, the scholarly Rabbi of Albany, N. Y., tells of his experiences in good old Palestine.

He who strives to aggrandize his name loses his reputation; he who doth not increase his store of knowledge lessens it; he who will not teach others is unworthy of life; and he who would employ his knowledge as a crown for self-adornment passeth away.

Be thou of the disciples of Aaron, loving peace and pursuing peace; loving mankind and bringing them to the study of the law.

Altogether we may hope that this number will be found instructive and entertaining.

Echoes Mr. Michael Davitt, the of Irish patriot, known as a **Kishineff** gifted author and an eloquent champion of the oppressed, has just published his official account of the terrible uprising in that little Russian town, whose name is destined to be long remembered in the heart of the race and nation. The protest and petition of the American people, signed by thousands of noble-hearted Christian men of note, was not received by the Czar of all the Russias. It is now filed as a precious state document for all the ages to read and admire; so will Mr. Davitt's splendid defense of the Jew. *Within the Pale* (A. S. Barnes & Co., N. Y., 1903) bears splendid testimony for righteousness. It is America's tribute of sympathy for a people martyred in the holiest of causes, in the cause of religion and human brotherhood. God be praised for such men of might, and let all Israel say Amen!

The world's existence is indebted to three things: The law, divine worship and charitable deeds.

Let thy house be ever hospitably open, and let the poor be familiarly received therein.

Procure thyself an instructor, and acquire thee an associate, and judge all mankind favorably.

Procure thyself a teacher, that thou remainest not in doubt.

[Copyrighted.]

JOSEPH

A Biblical Play

BY SOPHIE B. EBB.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Jacob
Joseph
Reuben
Judah
Simeon
Levi

Zebulun
Issachar
Dan
Naphtali
Gad
Asher

Benjamin
Pharaoh
Butler
Baker
Servants
Courtiers

COSTUMES: Loose, flowing robes, with colored girdles; sandals, also brass and copper ornaments. Joseph wears, in first act, the same attire as the rest of his brothers; in the last act he wears a white robe, scarlet mantle, gilded sandals, gilded girdle, and gold circlet on his head. Pharaoh wears scarlet mantle, yellow robe; copper and brass ornaments on his arms and neck, etc.

Blue and dark grey are preferable for the costumes of the others.

This play is for children of fourteen years and upward. Younger children, when presenting this play, might omit some of the long monologues. It can be presented by male as well as female characters.

ACT I. SCENE I.

(A tent in the field. Jacob sitting in front of tent. Benjamin and Joseph trying a bow and arrow at a little distance.)

Jacob: Draw nearer unto me, my most beloved sons. *(They approach. He strokes Joseph's head.)* Thou, my child, art come upon this earth for great deeds. Thou art, in sooth, a lad of goodly mien; I like to feast mine eyes upon thy countenance, for thou art kind and true. And thou, too, Benjamin. My heart doth cling to you, my two last-born lads; come, draw nearer unto me, that I may lay my hands upon you both and bless you. *(He blesses them. Enter the other brothers.)*

Judah: See you, brothers mine, how he loves and fondles these two, so hateful to us? Behold, he blesses them; they are his cherished ones, not we.

Reuben: Verily, he does; his heart goes out to them in love.

Simeon: I hate this Joseph ever more and more, for does he not engage our aged father's affections?

Jacob *(seeing them crowding around him):* Verily my sight grows dim. I did not see you lads approach, neither did I hear you. Come, sit near me, and recite the deeds of valor that you have done in the course of the day.

Simcon: Father, today I slew a she-bear that molested us and the flocks. Behold! I have brought you the skin.

Joseph: Thou art a good shot and skilled with the arrow.

Levi: And I, dear father, have slain three Philistines this day.

Joseph: Wast thou justified in the shedding of human blood?

Levi: Who set thee to judge my deeds, thou rash youth?

Benjamin: Meseems that the deed was cruel, too.

Zebulun: Here, lads, keep your lips from words of folly, lest ye provoke my anger.

Jacob: Peace, my children, peace. Now, my two youngest born, what news do you bring? Well, Joseph?

Joseph: I, my father, am little apt to do such deeds of valor as my brothers boast. I am yet young, and what can I tell you aught but dreams? (*Looks away in an abstracted manner.*)

Jacob: Then, pray, tell us thy dreams.

Joseph: I dreamt that I was in the field at night. Lo, it was a goodly night. Alone I stood and gazed afar, when behold, eleven stars, the moon and sun to me did come and bowed. Strange is this dream, father, is it not?

Jacob: Yes, in sooth, it is strange, and yet it may, in time, come true. Its meaning is that I, thy father, and thy mother, and thy eleven brothers, shall come and bow unto thee. This dream is strange indeed.

Asher: Listen, listen, we are all to bow to him! Thou, Reuben, too, dost thou hear?

Reuben: Aye, aye; he told me his dream yesternight, which was, in part, even as the one he told us now. He stood in the field binding sheaves. We, too, were there. And lo, his one sheaf stood aloft, and all our sheaves bowed down to his.

Zebulun: This youth doth take a deal upon himself, and shows his vanity even in his dreams.

Jacob: Peace, peace, my sons. May my father's God be with you all, and may his kindness know no bounds when he bestows a blessing upon the children of Israel. Come, let us partake of the evening meal. (*Curtain.*)

SCENE 2.

(*Joseph's brothers scattered over the field. Some have staffs on their shoulders, some have them in their hands.*)

Reuben: I say, Judah, this Joseph will rob us of all our father's good-will and affection; we are only second in it all.

Judah: He will, in sooth. He has a coat of many colors, he has of food and drink the best, and him do all the shepherds, flocks and beasts adore.

Issachar: Neither is his life composed of hardships in the field, nor doth he mind the flocks, but he goes to our father and tells him of all our doings and thus he wins favor.

Gad: Yonder comes the dreamer; see him approach, brethren.

Asher: Here, on my word, is a good chance for us to avenge our wrongs on this vain and reckless youth.

Reuben: What is thy meaning, lad?

Asher: It is plain, brother, very plain; let us slay him now, and thus rid the world of one who is vain and wrong.

Judah: Peace, peace; he cometh hither.

Joseph: The morn is fresh; the sun shines brightly and my spirit is glad on such a day as this. How do my brothers fare?

Reuben (sternly): Say no more; whence comest thou?

Joseph: I am come from our tent, dear brother, and bring ye all greetings from our father; to him I am to carry tidings of you and the flocks.

Zebulun (aside to Gad): Let us slay him now; here's our chance; we shall not bow before this idler; no, we shall not.

Reuben (approaching them): Nay, speak not thus, we must not kill him. What will our aged father do? We must not grieve him thus.

Gad: What, Reuben, wilt thou yet take the part of this idle lad of wild fancies?

Judah: But the lad is innocent and he is also young.

Reuben: Listen, brethren, to the counsel of the oldest one among you; let us not shed his blood, but throw him into a pit, else the life-blood of this, our father's child, be on our heads. (*Aside:* If they cast him into the pit, I shall free the lad, and make him flee for his life.)

All: Then be it so, we'll throw him into a pit.

Levi (approaches Joseph): Come, lad, come yonder.

Joseph: Hear, dear brothers, I dreamt that I . . .

(*Zebulun puts a sack over Joseph's head to prevent an outcry.*)

Issachar: Thou shalt dream no more, poor lad, or perchance, thou wilt now dream on forever. (*They lead him away, the brothers following in silence.*) *Curtain.*

SCENE 3.

(*Jacob's tent. Jacob outside of tent, praying. Enter sons.*)

Reuben: Father, father!

Jacob: Welcome, welcome, my sons. How fare ye all, and is my lamb, my Joseph, here?

Reuben: Oh, father, it grieves me greatly to be the messenger of tidings grave and sad. I cannot say it, but look upon this garment, and

thou wilt know the rest. (*Hands him Joseph's coat of many colors, which is dripping in blood.*)

Jacob: What sayest thou, my son, sad news? Whence comes sad news? And this is what? (*Looks at coat.*) This garment? What say you? (*Snatches coat hastily.*) In sooth, this is the coat of my son, Joseph. Whence did it come; whence come ye all? Where is the boy? Why doth not my Joseph bring this coat to me upon his shoulders? Speak!

Reuben: I cannot, I cannot. It grieves me so to see this done.

Judah: Look, father, look upon it well, and the tale of grief will speak for itself.

Jacob: Stay! There is blood on this raiment, blood; whence comes it here? Is my child wounded? Speak, all of you, I command it.

Issachar: Father, here are all thy sons to bear me witness. We found this coat by the wayside, with these stains of blood upon it; and as the wild tigers and the she-bears ravage in these parts and prey upon our very flocks, it is, alas, too plain, that—that—that—it grieves me greatly to say it all.

Zebulun: Hence, father, we conclude that our beloved brother fell a prey to some wild beast.

Asher: Yes, father, the token of a wild beast's prey is this.

Jacob (*running to and fro, wringing his hands and tearing his mantle*): Nay, nay, speak not thus; he is not dead, my Joseph is not dead, he cannot and he must not leave me thus. He must live, the light of my eyes is he, the staff of my old age; my joy, the pride of my hoary head. O, woe is me! Bring forth the sackcloth that I may mourn for him and fast. Can it be, o God, can it be true? O, Joseph, my best beloved, my child, my flesh and blood! Ye have this day torn away a part of my very self. Go ye and seek him; bring hither his sad remains, that I may pour out my grief over them. Go ye hence, and leave me alone in my sorrow. (*Curtain.*)

ACT II. SCENE I.

(*Five years elapse between Act I and Act II. Scene: a prison. Joseph walks up and down, with his hands clasped on his breast.*)

Joseph: Thus have I come to these sad walls, an outcast. But is it not as well to stay in this dark dungeon, as to face the world, full of cruel beings? (*Pauses at window.*) Yes, the day is bright; wherefore, then, doth my soul lament? Is it because justice never favored me? Is justice then so rare? Alas! sad was my strife with fate's hard battles. My cruel brothers had fed me with hatred first; then into a pit did cast me; later wished to slay me, and finally, seized with pity, they sold me

into bondage. Fortune brought me to Pharaoh. Yet even there no anchor could I cast, for, instead of chains, they fastened me with guilt and thus have I come to this unseemly place. (*Pauses.*) Perchance, my days are numbered here, and I shall wax gray with age. But nay, God is just; He will not see such evil done; He will have pity on my woes and save me from the dungeon. (*Enter Baker and Butler.*)

Butler: See, here is this noble youth of Hebrew birth.

Joseph: Ah, friends, may God's blessing go with you; how doth the sun shine up above?

Baker: Alas! friend, the sun shines brightly enough; to us it brings but apprehensions. In yet another day, it will no longer glow upon our heads.

Joseph: Wherefore these somber thoughts?

Butler: We have good reason, friend.

Joseph: I pray thee tell me what.

Baker: A dream, dear friend, we have dreamt. A dream whose meaning is strange, very strange. It is a dream not like all other dreams, but yet, methinks, it means more than it seems.

Butler: Would that we knew their meaning!

Joseph: Interpretations all belong to God. But let me, I pray you, hearken to your dreams; I may perchance, with the help of God, their meaning tell, and thus ease your weary hearts of sorrow.

Butler: I, in my dreams, beheld a vine. It stood in buds before me, and in its huge clusters the grapes, behold, got ripe. I quickly pressed those grapes into my cup, and then I gave the wine to Pharaoh. Of branches, now I think, there were but three.

Joseph: And this is what it means. The branches three, are just as many days. Within that space of time will Pharaoh restore thee to all his former favors. Therefore, I beseech thee, when to favor thou art come again, think well of me, thy servant.

Baker: My dream has brought me this, and now advise. I had a load of baskets, three complete, and bread of very fine degree these baskets held; when lo, the birds flocked hither, and the crumbs from out those baskets ate.

Joseph: This dream, my friend, is grave, and yet for mercy hope. Thy baskets three, foretell the three long days, within whose space thy head shall be released from off thy shoulders, and then the birds shall pick thine eyes.

Baker: I trust thee not; thou art a prophet base and false.

Butler: Thou art endowed with wisdom, Joseph. I thank thee now, and shall, in favor, speak of thee to Pharaoh. (*Curtain.*)

SCENE 2.

(*Pharaoh's palace. Servants fan him, as he reclines on his throne. A number of others are present.*)

Pharaoh: I shall drive these fools, that cannot tell my dreams, from out the land of Egypt. They are not even fit to bear my fan.

Butler: Great Pharaoh, if thou wilt deign to lend thy gracious ear, methinks there's one who can interpret dreams. It is a Hebrew youth in prison. . . .

Pharaoh: Come, idler, waste not thy breath with words; what knows this youth of dreams?

Butler: Thou art great, my lord, and hence thy dreams are also of great meaning; but this lad will tell them all. In days bygone, he told me of my fate.

Pharaoh: Then call him hither quickly. The ruler of the mighty Nile, the sire of Egypt, bids him come at once.

(*Enter Butler with Joseph, who makes low obeisance to Pharaoh.*)

Pharaoh: Approach thou nearer, lad.

Joseph: May it please thee, sire, to look with favor on thy servant. What is the cause of clouds upon thy sunny brow?

Pharaoh: A dream I dreamt; and, if this dream thou interpret me aright, I swear by my land's riches that I shall spare no pains to make thee mighty, strong and feared. But if thou, as the rest, with tales of nonsense mock me, I also swear, that thou shalt be the last of that false crew.

Joseph: With the help of Him, Who all the secrets of the great doth know, I'll tell thee naught but only truth. Relate these troubled dreams.

Pharaoh: I stood by night beside the mighty river Nile. And lo! mine eyes beheld a herd of seven cows. Those goodly cows came from pastures green and looked well fed. But soon appeared another seven cows, who miserably looked and lean, and to my amazement keen, these seven leaner cows devoured the seven fat ones, retaining all their leanness still. And yet another dream had I: I saw a field, and nothing but one stalk of corn it grew, that one stalk having seven ears of corn. The corn was good and ripe, but as I looked, there came up seven other ears, and they were very poor to view; lean and blasted by the eastern wind. And lo! these meagre ears of corn devoured quickly those of goodly size. Such are my dreams; tell now their meaning.

Joseph: Both dreams of that one night, great Pharaoh, mean the same. The Lord hath chosen thee His holy will to do, and the message of thy dream is this: There are to come first seven years of plenty, then shall seven years of hunger come. The seven fat cows and goodly stalks denote the seven prosperous years; whilst the seven lean and meager cows

and seven blasted ears of corn, forbode, my master, famine dire to last for seven years. Therefore, beware, prepare thy stores, and garner in the corn while there is time; the seven years of plenty shall not stay.

Pharaoh: Wisely hast thou spoken, youth, and honors I shall spare thee not. Bring forth a chain of gold, ye knaves. Know all, forthwith, that this brave lad is honored by great Pharaoh. Give him a store of scarlet cloth; of wine, of silver and of honey, whatever he desire.

(Enter servant with golden chain; Pharaoh puts it on Joseph's neck.)

Joseph: I thank thee, truly, mighty Pharaoh. Proceed to get an overseer, without delay, to gather in the grain. Every man shall give up his portion, one-fifth of his entire crop to set apart for those dull years of famine, which shall consume the plenty of these former times. This overseer must be of high degree, a man discreet and wise, and stern withal.

Pharaoh: Verily, this thing finds favor in my sight, and now *(to his courtiers)*, tell me and say, is there another such among ye, to speak with such precision and advice? Is he not fit for favors great and high; can he not himself become this overseer?

Butler: There is, in sooth, no other qualified.

Pharaoh: Thou art our overseer, wise sir; our mighty land is henceforth ruled by thee; do whatsoever seemeth good in thy sight. Let all the trumpets flare. *(Joseph bows to Pharaoh and all bow to Joseph.)* *(Curtain.)*

ACT III. SCENE I.

(Jacob's tent, Jacob seated. Sons surround him, some sitting, some standing, or lounging about.)

Jacob: Lo! the Lord God hath punished us for sins unknown; where shall we now obtain our daily bread?

Dan: We have but little left for us and all our flocks.

Jacob: Then, wherefore look ye one upon the other? Meseems I heard that there is bread in Egypt, a land not far from here; go ye hence, therefore, buy us all some food, lest we all perish for the lack of bread.

Naphtali: And how many of us, father, shall go?

Jacob: Go ye all but Benjamin, my last born, lest some evil befall him also, as befell my Joseph, of old. Where is he, that was the light of my eyes? Oh, woe, woe, is me in mine old age. I shall carry my grief into the grave. *(Reuben approaches him and kisses his forehead. He lingers and motions the others to withdraw. Then he goes out softly, while Jacob puts his hands to his forehead and laments. Benjamin approaches him.)*

Benjamin: Tell me, father dear, I pray thee, where is my brother, Joseph, now? Is he dead, dear father, dead?

Jacob: Yes, my child, yes, dead. That loving youth was torn by wild beasts. He was the comfort of my old age; he was so noble, kind and brave. Would that death had come to me instead, ere Joseph, my beloved, left me.

Benjamin: Ah, father, call not this deed unkind. Is God not good and kind; doth He not bestow upon us His loving care? Is it not wrong to wish back what He hath taken to Himself?

Jacob: Verily, verily, my child, thou art quite right. I must not grieve him thus. I will thank the Lord for the brief joy which Joseph hath given me. (*Dries his tears and Benjamin embraces him.*) Come, my child, thou, my comforter, let us repair to the fields, and watch for the evening star, and then let us turn our faces to God in prayer. (*Exit Jacob and Benjamin. Enter brothers.*)

Reuben: Didst thou hear, Judah, how deeply our father grieves for that lad, Joseph? Alas! we have done wrong to sell him. Who knows but that he hath perished!

Judah: Aye, he will never be comforted. His thoughts are always with the lad, and I, for one, regret the wicked deed, which made him so desolate.

Gad: And I regret it, too.

Levi: Methinks, I still can see his pleading gaze. He cried to us for mercy from that pit; he begged us to spare him, and then, seeing us unmoved, there was but one look of mild reproach upon his face.

Simcon: Many a night his plaintive cry for mercy rings through my soul.

Naphtali: O, how I wish we could recall that hateful deed.

Issachar: It is in vain; the dead do not arise from their graves.

Asher: Perchance he is now a slave in bondage.

Dan: Brothers, we cannot atone for the past by useless lamentations.

Reubené: Wherefore, o wherefore, have we behaved thus wickedly to our own flesh and blood!

Zebulun: Come, let us speed hence on our errand. The past is dead, and useless are now remorse and sore regrets. Here, take each of you a sack. (*He hands them each a sack; they swing them over their shoulders, and exit with bowed heads.*) (*Curtain.*)

SCENE 2.

(*Joseph's palace. Joseph seated in a chair, with attendants about him. Enter servant.*)

Servant: May it please thee, o master, to hearken unto me. There are, without, some men, who have come from the land of Canaan for bread.

They each have brought their sack; now, shall we sell them bread? They each have ample silver, too, to pay for corn.

Joseph: Bid them come hither. (*Enter brothers, bowing low.*)

Joseph (roughly): Whence come ye?

Reuben: From the land of Canaan, my lord!

Joseph (aside): Great God! they are my brothers, one and all.

(*Turning to them*): So ye have come to spy out this land?

Judah: No, my lord; thy servants are in quest of bread.

Joseph: Ah, tell me not; ye are all spies, come to see the nakedness of our land.

Levi: No, my lord, no; we are all honest men, and are the children of one old father. We are all honest men, thy servants, and spies have we never been.

Joseph: No, but to see the nakedness of this land are ye come.

Simeon: We, thy servants, are twelve brothers, our aged father dwelling in Canaan. Ten are here, and one, the youngest, lingers with our father. One other, alas! is here no more.

Joseph: It is as I have spoken, ye are all spies, and hereby shall I prove my charge. Let your younger brother repair hither, lest, if he fail to appear, ye shall be held as the commonest of spies.

Asher (to Simeon): Truly, this is the punishment come upon us for our sin against Joseph. Had we but listened to the anguish of his soul, this would not have befallen us.

Reuben: I warned ye, I warned ye, but none would hearken.

Joseph (aside): Truly, they are grieved for all the wrong they did me. I know them all, and yet they know not me; the sight of them is balm to my lonely heart. (*Wipes his eyes; then to servants*): Fill their sacks with corn.

Zebulun: Thou art kind, my lord, very kind, and we, thy servants, shall ever remain faithful. (*Brothers all exit, bowing.*)

Joseph: Thus is all sin best punished; with kindness and forgiveness shall I requite their evil-doings. Yes, I love them all, and hardly could my brother-love restrain. But yet I'll treat them sternly for awhile. (*Curtain.*)

SCENE 3.

(*Same as before. Enter first servant.*)

Servant: These men of Canaan are here again, my lord.

Joseph: Lead them forth; and hast thou obeyed my orders about the money?

Servant: All, my lord. (*Exit servant, enter brothers.*)

Judah: My lord, may this not anger thee, but here is money dis-

covered in our sacks, placed among the corn by mistake. Our aged father sends his greetings, and with them, too, a gift for thee (*hands him scarlet cloth*).

Joseph: I give my due respects to this good man; how doth he fare?

Judah: He, now, my lord, is old, but yet his health is good. This is the youngest lad, our Benjamin, and great was the distress of our aged father, thus to part with him.

Joseph: Be of good cheer, no evil shall befall him. And now, partake of my bread and salt, and then, when all your sacks with bread are filled, ye may depart in peace to your own land.

Issachar: We thank thee greatly, sire. (*Exit brothers, bowing.*)

Joseph: Now shall I have them tried. (*Summons servants.*) Here, come thou hither, see that these men are all well treated and well fed, then, ere they depart, place thou my silver drinking-cup into the sack of the youngest, him they call Benjamin. When they are but little distance hence, pursue them hastily, and say that one of them hath stolen my cup. Bid them all untie their sacks and search, saying that he, who hath thus foully dealt with me in return for all my kindness, shall henceforth be my slave and cup-bearer.

Servant: Yes, my lord, I shall obey thy every word. (*Exit.*)

Joseph: Thus shall I try their hearts, and yet for them mine own is overflowing with love. (*Curtain.*)

SCENE 4.

(*Same as before. Enter brothers.*)

Joseph: And thus have ye treated me, ye men of strange habits? I have given you welcome and kindness, and you purloin my silver. But, wherefore do you all come hither? I only want the guilty.

Judah: Forgive, my lord, and unto me, thy servant, give counsel. We are, I swear, all honest men; there is *no* thief amongst us; we have *not* robbed you of your silver cup, and truly know not how it came into our brother's sack. Believe me, he is blameless.

Joseph: This is no answer to my charge, and hence I hold him guilty.

Judah: Thou wast pleased to ask us whether our father still lived. We told thee, my lord, that he dwelleth in Canaan, old and grief-stricken and lonely, and that he awaits our return. He would not let this lad go with us, till I myself did swear, that evil shall rather come upon me than upon this child of his old age. They parted, both in tears, and now, my lord, take me and bind me as thy slave and servant, but let this lad go free at once. Have pity on an old man's grief!

Joseph: But, pray explain, how hath this happened?

Judah: Let thy anger, cool my lord, and judge us not harshly. I

pray thee, let him go, or else we shall bring the gray hairs of our father with sorrow to the grave.

Joseph: Let all others, save these Hebrews, depart hence. Let none come till I call. (*Exit servants.*) Now look upon me, Judah, and say if thou knowest these features.

Judah: Aye, there is a familiar ring in thy voice, and yet, my lord, I know thee not.

Joseph: Look yet again, and try to call to mind some things remote.

Reuben: Now, let me think. Hold! it cannot be; the face and features and the voice remind me of Joseph: yet how can I dare to think of him?

Gad: In sooth, to him he bears resemblance.

Benjamin: Art thou then, Joseph, my good and dear brother?

Joseph (wipes his eyes): Yes, beloved, I am he. (*They embrace. The brothers lower their heads, asking his forgiveness. Reuben and Judah kiss the hem of his garment and weep. Joseph kisses them and tries to lift them from the ground.*)

Reuben: O, beloved brother, how great and good art thou.

Servant (enters): There is, my lord, a man of age without.

Joseph: Lead him hither, and let the world behold my joy.

(*Enter Jacob; Reuben hastily approaches him and whispers in his ear. He staggers, takes a few steps, and staggers again. Joseph, meanwhile, runs up to him and embraces him.*)

Joseph: O joy, my blessed old father, how I have thought of thee, these long and weary years. I am, indeed, thy Joseph, thy long-lost child, thy Joseph.

Jacob: O blessed is the Lord God, who hath vouchsafed me grace to behold thee again, my loving child, face to face. But is this true, is not this one of those dreams, wherein thou always dost appear? But no, o no, this is too good. God be praised, I shall now die in peace, and have thy loving hands close my aged eyes. Draw nearer unto me, my sons; let us all share this wondrous joy together.

Reuben: Father, blame us, for we have caused the wrong. We deceived thee; Joseph did not die: in envy and with hate, which we now repent, we cast him in a pit and sold him into slavery. O, judge us not too harshly, we pray thee.

Joseph: Yes, father, judge them not, but forgive them. I, too, forgive them all and love them still, forgetting all the past.

Jacob: Ye are forgiven all, for is not God's mercy boundless, too? Praised and honored be His holy name. Come unto me, my sons, I bless you with my love. (*They all bow their heads.*) (*Curtain.*)

Jewish Life in Palestine

BY MARTIN A. MEYER.

IV. As Seen in a Jewish Hostelry

The casual visitor to Jerusalem need trouble little about the place of his temporary abode in the city. He takes his Baedeker, notes which hotels are marked with a star, and leaves it to chance and Cook's dragoman as to which he will patronize. Of course, he has been warned that he is not to expect Waldorf-Astoria accommodations in the city of the Patriarchs, and in accordance with the warning, he proceeds to criticize and belabor everything that is served at the table; the servants, the rooms, and all the thousand and one accessories of hotel life. I had to consult two important factors before deciding where I should reside for my extended sojourn. I had to consider that a student's pocket-book does not permit of the luxuries of a Cook's caravansary; and, above all, I had to discover where I should best be able to learn about the native life, and more particularly about the life of the native Jews.

Chance cast the die for me, for on my arrival at Jerusalem, I was greeted by a friendly, "This is Mr. M., I believe. I am from the Kaminitz Hotel." It seems that, as I had employed my leisure in Jaffa in inquiring at the different hotels as regards quarters at Jerusalem, that these enterprising fellows had telegraphed to J., and thus my reception was accounted for. The sound of English, even poorly spoken, was like music to my ears, and it was the work of a moment to decide to put myself in the charge of my turbaned friend, Marcus. Marcus proved himself very valuable to me throughout my stay. He knew everybody and everybody's business. The gossips of the town were his confidants, and it never took me long to discover the

latest developments in Jerusalem society and politics. The Kaminitzes are Jews, and conduct a hotel on Kosher lines, which is patronized by all the Jews of the city, the Colonies, the officials, and many of the Jewish dignitaries. It is the center of the best Jewish society, and an ideal place from which to survey the field.



THE HOTEL.

I was soon installed in a carriage, whirled at a rapid rate along the dusty road, past the Jaffa gate, to a place a half-mile beyond, where the modest little hotel crowned the hill. The view was excellent. From my bedroom I could command a prospect of the city, the hills of Moab, far to the east, and of the whole establishment of the hotel. A modern house of stone was the chief building, and was surrounded by a garden of olives and almonds. Several flower beds added to the attractiveness of the spot. Many were the evenings in the spring that I sat upon the veranda of the house, glory-

ing in the "moonlight calm," and revelling in the richness of the perfumes that arose from the almonds and the flowers.

Arrived at the hotel, I made the acquaintance of that invaluable factotum, Quassim. All the languages of Babel were his; all the lore of the Jews, the Christians and the Moslems were his; all the tricks of the servant, the valet, the chambermaid, the dragoman, the varlet, the aristocrat, and the pauper were his. He was a true cosmopolitan, for the shoes of America, the cast-off fez, the trousers of London, and the linens of Paris were alike welcome additions to his wardrobe. He was a short, spare Arab, who had served the Kaminitzes for almost twenty-five years. He knew the history of every one who had ever stopped at the hotel, all their foibles and their follies, all their habits, tongues, tips and tipplings. He lived—at least his two wives lived there—at the nearby village of Lifta, whose denizens are renowned for their dishonesty. Hither he repaired each week with his earnings and his bundles of pick-ups to supervise his estate, his household and his wives. Allah had not permitted any of his numerous offspring to live, to the great grief of the old man. His favorite trick was to place himself on a dark landing of the staircase, at evening, and there bob up and down at his prayers to the great discomfort to the unwary who came that way. But so faithful a servant was he, that all was forgiven and even enjoyed, that he perpetrated upon the unsuspecting from time to time.

Old Mr. Kaminitz was really patriarchal in appearance and in life. Though a cripple, he managed to superintend the affairs of his establishment in a most satisfactory manner. His kind face, his long, grey beard, his robes, his whole aspect and mien, were calculated to inspire respect, if not reverence. His family and his

sons' families, besides a number of widowed and orphaned relatives, dwelt with him, in the low row of buildings which surrounded the courtyard, over all of which he was undisputed monarch. His tiny chapel, the delight of his heart and life, occupied a neat room in the corner, where each day services were held, and the Torah studied for the glory of God, and for the support of the *minyan** of old, feeble Rabbanim. Such must have been the life of the Fathers of old, whose sons and sons' sons dwelt in the same tent with the head of the family, with a retinue of servants and dependants, a shrine for private devotions and some men of God as the constant attendants of his house.

To my great delight, I found that the dining room had been temporarily transferred to the *Sukkah*,—for I arrived in the midst of the feast of Tabernacles,—and there, for the remainder of the eight days, we dined in a bower of leaves and banners. The first rain of the season dispossessed us, one evening, as we sat at dinner, but a hasty retreat saved the meal, except the first course.

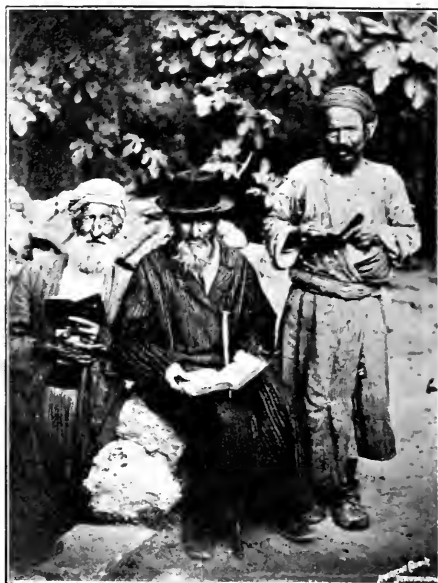
My table companions were an English gentleman, who was in J., in charge of some non-proselytizing work for Jews; the director of one of the Jewish Schools in Jerusalem for Boys. This latter was a man with an European education, who had returned to his native place to devote his life to the uplifting and educating of his unhappy brethren, who found themselves there in J. without any hope or prospects. Through the offices of the director, I became acquainted with the literary circle of Jerusalem Jewry, a number of men whose souls are filled with the love of all that savors of Judaism and the Jew. They have all done more or

*Quorum often required for religious service.

less work in literature, and though men of small means, are the important men of the community. Besides I found several merchants at the hotel and two teachers from the Alliance school. It was a polyglot assemblage at the table. English, German, Russian, Arabic, Turkish, and French were constantly heard, and if the confusion caused at Babel were greater, it was surely intolerable. Occasionally, when one of the *litterateurs* dined at the hotel, we were regaled with some elegant Hebrew, which, though modernized, tried hard to preserve some of the characteristics of the Biblical style.

Colonists came back and forth on business or pleasure bent. They showed the effect of their new mode of life. With few exceptions they were sturdy looking men, of magnificent physique; they had a different air and bearing than their unfortunate Ghetto brethren. There was a light in their eyes, a cheerfulness in their voices;—there was something hopeful and promising about them even when they were telling of their reverses and bad fortune. Their free life in the field, their labor, and its refreshing and encouraging surrounding, had given them new hope, and it was a delight to listen to the men who, twenty years before, had known only their *Talmud* and their *Shulchan Aruch* (code of the Law), talk entertainingly, intelligently and enthusiastically of their work, the problems of agriculture and particularly of their lives in the new colonies in the Plain.

Now and then a *Hakam* (the name by which the Spanish Jews address their rabbis) would drop into the hotel, dining room, or reading room. They are a fine looking set of men. Their faces still show the traces of the refinement and culture for which their fathers were famous. Their manners are beyond reproach, their robes are always in first class condi-



"THE STUDY OF THE LAW IS GREATER THAN ALL OF THEM."

tion, and they are excellent companions and conversationalists. But I was told that intellectually they do not rank as well as do their German and Russian Jewish brethren. They are more concerned with the niceties of life than with its subtleties, and have none of that keenness of wit which so distinguishes the Rabbis of the other congregation. On still more rare occasions, a Christian lay brother of the Greek church would drop into the reading room to glance over the newspapers, and to indulge in a glass of liqueur of some sort. Though forbidden, they could not resist the temptation of the cup, and many a penny was diverted from the pockets of charity to the coffers of the hotelier. We did not lack for variety and company during the whole time of my sojourn at the hotel, and as the servants and proprietors wished to make my stay as pleasant as possible, there was little that I missed.

Albany, N. Y.

The Poet's Hour

BY MILLIE COWEN.

The soft, low voice of deepened night
is still,
And all the world, in restful slumber
cast,
Seems sky, and moon, and stars, and
silence vast,
Seems peaceful, pure. Gone the Day's
Voices shrill
Of toil and care. Strange thoughts
and fancies thrill
The mind, like memories of joys that
passed,
Like lofty hopes and visions that shall
last

Till God the longings of the heart fulfil.
The vocal silence, and the smiling
stars
His glory to the listening singer tell,
The sweet singer, who stained amid
the throng
Of lesser men, bursts now the earthly
bars,
Hears now some hidden music softly
swell,
And feels within his soul an unborn
song.
Chicago, Ill.

Gems from the Talmud and Midrash

How the Rabbi was Rebuked

"Be kind and courteous at all times; guarded in thy going out and coming in; do little traffic, and engage in the Study of the Law." So say the Sages.

Rabbi Simeon ben Eleasar was returning from the Academy of his master in Migdal Ezer, joyous and serene in the knowledge of having got much wisdom. The world seemed glad, the sun shone brightly, the skies showed not a fleck of white, the birds were carolling gayly, and all Nature seemed to cheer him as he rode along the seashore on his mule. He thought of the many who waited for his coming. He pictured the face of his father, the old man with the great white beard, who would smile and look proud, and embrace him in the presence of a throng. His heart was in his throat at the thought. The blood rushed through his veins, and the fresh cold spray from the ocean made him still more buoyant than before. For many long years he had been studying far away from home, at a college where taught the disciples of the wise. He sat at their feet, and had become one of them. Now he was journeying home. The beast he

rode, as if mindful of its errand, was traveling faster than ever before, and its loud braying betokened its own joy at the prospect before him. Indeed, so engrossed were man and beast, as they sped over the ground, that they failed to notice the figure of an ill-favored, misshapen little man, who suddenly loomed up in the road before them. They were almost upon him, when the dwarf greeted the rider with the words: "Peace be with thee, Rabbi."

The Rabbi checked his mule, and a dark look crept into his face, where, but a moment before, the brightest gladness shone. Surveying him from head to foot with a look that spoke contempt, he cried out angrily, "Hello, thou Empty-Head! On my soul, the children of our Father Abraham are a homely lot!" The cripple flushed, and then turned pale and, lifting up a glancing pair of eyes, in which were pity and sternness both, he said: "Why blame me? Go, tell the Master, who fashioned me; He built me as I am; reproach Him for His handiwork."

Thereupon Rabbi Simeon ben Elea-

sar dismounted from his mule, threw himself before him in the dust, and with tears streaming down his pallid face, began: "I am humbled before thee, friend; forgive me! I spake but in jest, and know that it has hurt thee deeply. Take my contrition as a penance for my sin."

But the cripple, sorely wounded, turned away his face. "I forgive thee not, O Rabbi, until thou shalt have sued Him for grace, Who made me. Tell *Him*, the Creator, 'How ugly is the vessel which Thou hast fashioned out of clay!'"

Rabbi Simeon hung his head, and leading his mule by the bridle, walked behind the little man for the space of a mile.

When the people of his city heard of the coming of the noted Rabbi, who had become one of the great lights of Israel, they formed an escort of honor, and met him on the outskirts of the town to welcome him home. They saw him approach, and rushed upon him with the cry: "Peace be with thee, Rabbi."

Then spake the man, who was puny and weak, and whom he dared to

mock: "Whom do ye call Rabbi?" "Why, him who walks behind thee." "If he be a Rabbi," said he bitterly, "then, o may there be *not* many such in Israel."

Then pleaded his friends, who have come to bring him home: "Give grace, we pray, what hath he committed?" The cripple told how he had been offended, the look of pain deepening in his eyes. But still they plead with him, speaking of his rashness and his youth, until the little man relented.

"Behold, I forgive him: but let him have a care how he blasphemes in the future; for he, who makes sport of the work of the Eternal, is not a fit leader of His people!"

Upon the same day, Rabbi Simeon ben Eleasar preached a sermon, within the hearing of many, and his text was: "Be yielding as the reed, and not unbending as the cedar; for what were the value of much learning, if gentleness and mercy did not adorn it!"

And the people heard, and wondered how the Rabbi had become so tender, forbearing, and good.

The Trees and the Storm

BY JEANETTE STARR

When the world was young, there arose a great argument between the trees as to which of them was strongest. A hoary oak spoke first. "I am king of the trees," said he, "a fighter against the storms."

"Nonsense," answered a tall palm; "I am greater than you. The sun pours his strongest rays upon my head and yet I am not scorched." First one spoke and then the other, each tree sure that he was master of Treeland. The little willow alone was silent. He knew that he would be laughed to scorn if he boasted of strength. At last they grew so angry that the noise of their quarrel reached

the Storm King, who decided to test them.

So he called up a great wind from the east, and shouted to the Keeper of the Clouds to send rain and hail upon the earth. Oh, there was such a tumult! The winds swept over the earth and the waters dashed high from the ocean, lake and river. All the world was one great whirl. The storm raged for five days and five nights, and then the Storm King called back the winds, and the Keeper of the Clouds blew her trumpet and commanded the rain and hail to stop falling. And the earth, how barren it looked,—and the poor trees! Many

were shorn of their leaves, their branches broken, and their trunks battered. All except the little willow, who had not tried to fight the storm, but had bent patiently under it. Now, all the trees were humble, and not one boasted any longer.

Then the Storm King saw that the trees had been shorn of their pride. So he came and stood before them, and spoke to them. He was not angry, only solemn and earnest. "You see, now, o trees," he said, "how great you are? Not one of you has withstood the storm; there is not one of you who is not crushed, except this

willow here, who has yielded to the tempest. And see," he continued, as he lifted up the overhanging branches of the willow, and showed some little flowers growing underneath, fresh and sweet, and unharmed by the storm, "he has sheltered these little blossoms and has done his work well. Now learn this lesson," said the Storm King, in conclusion, "Each of you do your own work, and by being faithful in the discharge of your duty you will each become kings in your own sphere."

And the Trees bowed their heads and were silent. *Zanesville, Ohio.*

Chanukah and Christmas

BY REV. DR. MAURICE H. HARRIS.



RABBI MAURICE H. HARRIS

We do not live in a Ghetto in America, even in spirit. In this free land

we are invited to mingle freely with our fellow-men of different faiths. As children in schools, Jewish boys and girls sit side by side with Christians, study with them, play with them, yes, and make life-long friendship with them, too.

When the boys become men, and enter into business or professional life, they are thrown sometimes more largely with those of other religions than with those of their own. They meet on an equal plane as man to man. Before the law all are pledged alike, enjoying the same privileges and fulfilling the same duties. A Jew may sit on the judge's bench, placed there largely by votes of Christians; a Christian may occupy a governor's chair, helped there in part by the suffrages of Jews.

Yet, walking the path of life so far together—we reach a point where we part company and, in a perfectly friendly spirit, go our different ways.

Jews and Christians differ in religion. The distinction is not an antagonism. Indeed, since Judaism gave birth to Christianity in its earliest

form, it follows that the two faiths hold much in common. We know that the Jewish Scripture is accepted by the church as a part of its Bible.

Still there are important points of divergence, in doctrine, in ceremonies, and, to an extent, in our attitude towards life.

The two great festivals that occur this month bring home to us the widely different interests in the historic background of Judaism and Christianity.

Chanukah commemorates the great victory of monotheism over paganism—the brave fight of Israel for “its altars and its hearths” against the heathen Antiochus and his demoralizing purpose. It commemorates the triumph of the righteous God and the moral laws.

Christmas commemorates the birth

of Jesus of Nazareth, that occurred about a hundred and fifty years later than the Maccabean struggle. It is celebrated on so important a day, because Jesus is regarded by the Christian world as the Messiah. He is also worshipped as the son of God, whose blood atoned for the sins of mankind.

All Jewish boys and girls who are acquainted with the principles of Judaism, must surely know that they could not celebrate this Christmas festival without being untrue to the doctrines of monotheism and Atonement as taught by the Synagogue. To enter into the enjoyment of this festival and ignore its underlying purpose, would be to make light of both Judaism and Christianity and to degrade religion in general.

New York.

“Why Should Jewish Children Not Have Christmas Trees?”

This title is a question sent me to answer. I am not sure that I know how, except by another question. “Why should not Jews celebrate the Catholic mass, or fast on Good Friday, or kiss a crucifix, or cross themselves with holy water, or pray to the Virgin Mary?”

Why should not Jewish children turn prayer mills like the Buddhists, or build temples to serpents and worship them, like the Hindoos, or make pilgrimages to Mecca like the Mohammedans?

I should never think of asking a Christian child why it did not eat Matzoth on Passover, or pray in Hebrew, or kindle lights on Chanukah. I should not expect a Christian child to do these things. I would not understand what it meant, if it did. I should have to say, “Either that the child is making fun of my religion or wants to join it.”

All of these rites, just referred to, are tangible means of expressing certain ideas. Ceremonies are symbols of

principles. They are our beliefs made clear to us in pictures.

The Mohammedans read the Koran every day, for it tells the story of their founder and contains the great thought he taught and that they believe.

Jews have a custom of sending gifts to the poor on Purim to obey the behest of charity commanded for every festival, and to remind the world, as against the slander of Haman, that we are a united people, held together by fraternal love.

Christians have great rejoicing on Christmas, and they send each other presents, too, for it is the birthday of Jesus, whom they regard as the father of their religion, and whom most of them still worship as a divine being who is not really dead.

The Christmas tree, like many other symbols of the church, was brought into Christianity by some of the early European races when they accepted this faith. It has ever since been a part of the Christmas festivity, and is used in all Christian households to show

their loyalty to their faith, and has become a pleasing means of honoring their Saviour.

I have not yet answered your ques-

tion, "Why should Jewish children not have Christmas trees?" but, perhaps, after this explanation, the inquirer may prefer to withdraw it.

Noted American Jews

IV. Cyrus Adler

BY EUGENE H. LEHMAN.

In the ghetto at Frankfort, there stands a signboard, bearing the figure of an eagle with outstretched wings. From tip to tip it appears a master of the wide domain that comes under its sway. From this eagle is derived the family name Adler—a symbol especially applicable to the subject of the present sketch, for Cyrus Adler is master of the many widely different activities that have engaged his attention.

Born at Van Buren, Arkansas, in the midst of the Civil War, Sept. 13, 1863, he was graduated at the University of Pennsylvania, at the age of twenty. Three years later, he received from the same institution the Master's degree, and in 1887, as a fellow in Johns Hopkins' University, the Doctor's degree.

Although his principal work has been in the Semitic languages, his studies in archæology and comparative religion have gained for him distinction in the learned societies, organized for the purpose of investigating those subjects of thought.

The directors of the Columbian Exposition, held at Chicago in 1893, sent Dr. Adler as a special Commissioner to the Orient, to select exhibits for the Fair. So wise were his selections, that he was invited to participate in arranging the government exhibit at the exposition in Atlanta, in 1895, having, seven years before, acted in the same capacity in Cincinnati.

His interest in things Jewish has

not been confined to mere scholarly examination into the past; he has taken an active part in the present, also. Unlike so many students, his studies have been crystallized into action. It is in this field that his remarkable executive ability manifests itself. At the same moment he knows what is going on at the library in the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, is participating in the management of affairs at Gratz College in Philadelphia, and is overseeing the course of study at the Jewish Theological Seminary of America, in New York.

As librarian he has aided in the establishment of the International Catalogue of Scientific Literature and served on the Committee of Bibliography of the Carnegie Institution; as editor he has been issuing the *American Jewish Year Book* since 1899, and has had charge of the department of American Jewish History and Post-Biblical Antiquities on the board of editors of the *Jewish Encyclopedia*; as author he has published, together with Allan Ramsay, a chatty little book of folk-tales, "Told in the Coffee House," and quite a number of essays on learned subjects. The American Jewish Historical Society, of which he is President, is the result of a letter issued by him during the early months of 1892.

As a whole, his life stands forth as a striking refutation to those, who hold that the profundity of a scholar necessarily destroys the practical

judgment of a business man. If his career appears an anomaly to some, to others this seeming contradiction

fades away, as soon as they perceive that his every act is guided by the ideal of thoroughness.

Beth Israel Hospital, New York

BY HORACE A. BERNSTEIN.



HORACE A. BERNSTEIN.

The Beth Israel Hospital, situated on Jefferson and Cherry streets, in the heart of the lower East Side, stands as a noble and lasting monument to the charity and benevolence of the Hebrew citizens of our great city.

It contains complete accommodations for 130 patients, and ministers to over 2,000 patients a year. Its Dispensary gives some 80,000 free consultations and distributes about 85,000 prescriptions during the year.

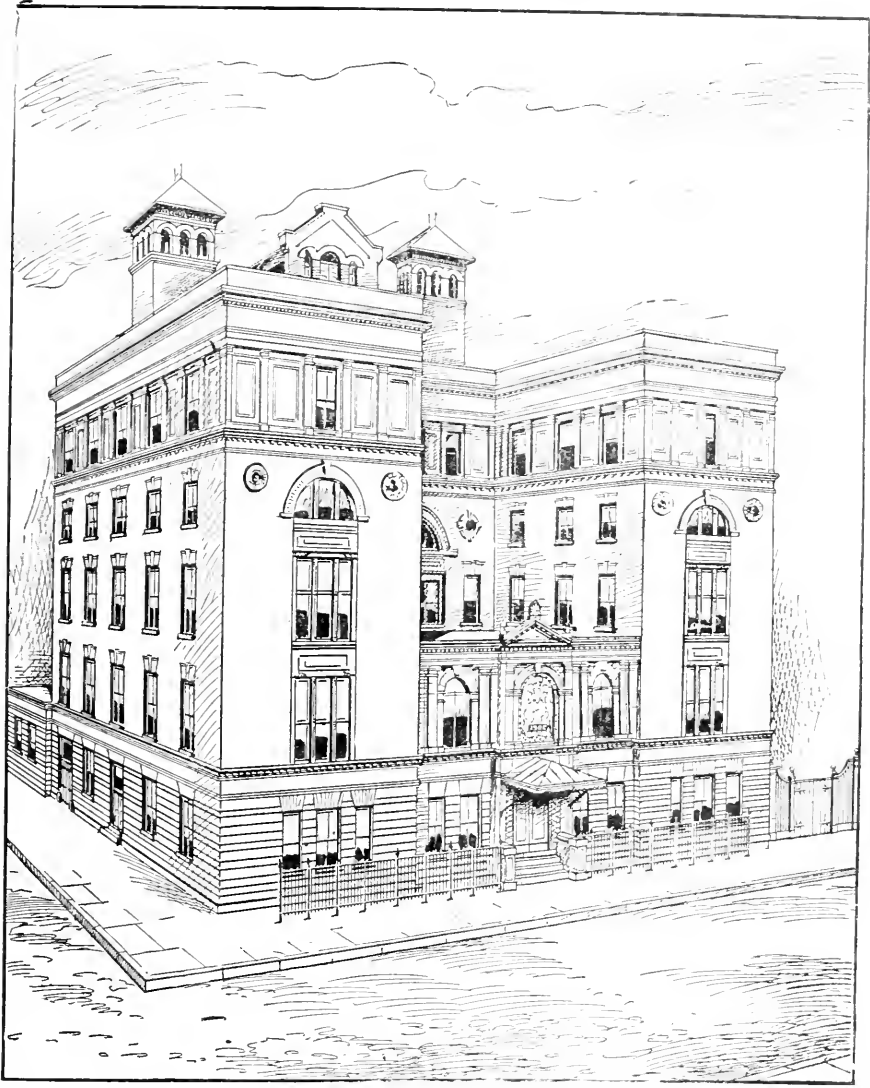
Its location, in one of the most thickly inhabited portion of the city, and, in fact, of the country, where its ministrations to thousands of the

sick poor are most needed, was admirably planned, and fills a long felt want. When the Hospital moved to this new building, a little over a year ago, it trebled its capacity, but now, even this is entirely inadequate to the demands made upon its charitable work, though the accommodations have been somewhat increased, since the first removal, by quartering the nurses outside of the Hospital, and by various other similar means. Yet, the accommodations are far from sufficient to enable it to entirely respond to the multitudes of sick and poor, seeking admission or relief at its doors.

But, in spite of these facts, which only confirm its usefulness, it stands for a noble purpose, and the relief and benefit it confers upon those that seek its hospitable doors is of incalculable value, and of good example to others.

The Hospital building is a fine five-story brick structure, especially built for its purpose, and is up-to-date in all its furnishings and appointments. Its Dispensary Wards, Operating Room, and service, vie with the oldest established institutions in their quick and efficient response to the calls made upon it. Its Visiting Staff boasts of some of the best known medical men in the country. The place is well worth a visit.

Our orthodox brethren will be glad to know that the cuisine of the Hospital is strictly *Kosher*. Indeed, few private Jewish homes compare with the Hospital in the strict observance of the Mosaic dietary laws. This laudable result has been attained because the Directorate, in their philanthropic efforts, have not lost sight of



BETH ISRAEL HOSPITAL, NEW YORK.

the fact, that first and foremost, they were Jews, and in that spirit they have built and planned, and with that spirit they have progressed. Baron de Hirsch told us that when the Jew is rich, he is no Jew. But you must come to the East Side of New York City, there to see this sometime sad truth reversed, and the more rich the

Jew, the more opportunities he has for the old Hebrew ideas of faith and duty.

This institution, then, ministers not only to the physical needs of the patient, but to his conscientious religious scruples as well.

The contributions that go towards the maintenance of the Hospital are

chiefly subscribed by the downtown residents of the city. And the rich and poor are all represented on the membership roll. It is absolutely free to all. In many instances, patients, upon their discharge, have become the most loyal and enthusiastic members and supporters of the Hospital. And

it is a most gratifying sight to see, on a Saturday afternoon, when the Directors visit the Hospital, the discharged patients, crowding around them and showering blessings upon them all and upon the Institution that has so generously helped them.

New York.

The Story of Two Brothers

BY GEORGE ALEXANDER KOHUT.

And it came to pass in the latter days that there lived two brothers, one beside the other, on a fertile plain in Jerusalem, the Holy City (may the Eternal guard her and watch over her!).

And there were love and peace between them. Jotham was the older of the two by two moons, and Joab loved his brother Jotham with an exceeding love.

Nor was the elder brother less devoted. He watched Joab with a father's tender care, and whatever befell him, evil or good, he would caress him and sympathize with him, even as Jonathan did with David, the friend of his soul. There was no joy which they shared alone, and sorrow found them weeping side by side.

Together they rose in the morning and betook themselves to the fields; together they would recite the prayer of the Unity; together they sowed and plowed and gathered in the golden corn, and at eventide, when the shining sheaves were piled high, they would look at them, standing one by the other, almost like two big brothers of flesh, and then turn away and walk quietly home.

Thus they lived in perfect harmony and peace. Jotham was tall and fair to look upon. His face was tanned by the noonday sun and his neck and shoulders, strong and sinewy, were blood-red from its burning. He had large blue eyes that bore testimony to his innocence; a brow that spake of

truth, and long, dark, waving hair, that made his head beautiful indeed. There were strength and suppleness in his brown arms, and he told how, going home one day in the early spring, when his brother lay ailing with a cough at home, he was met by a she-lion, mighty and fierce, and how he tore her apart by the jaws, as Samson, the Judge of Israel, in days of old, leaving her carcass bleaching in the burning sun and taking with him as a trophy for his brother Joab, the well-beloved, one of her gigantic teeth, which he is now wearing as a talisman to charm away the beasts of the field. For, be it known, that a lion's tooth keeps away danger in any guise, not even evil spirits venturing to draw near to him who wears it.

And Joab, of a truth, needed it sorely, for he was a delicate lad, frail and sensitive. There was in him more of angel than of man, and he was very beautiful. Not as his brother was fair, but much fairer, even as a woman is fairer than man. You had but to look at his pallid face and golden ringlets, falling about his slim shoulders in thick profusion, to feel that you were in the presence of one who, somehow, made you think of God. And he was so gentle, too.

It was soon after he recovered from a spell of fever, which lasted uncommonly long. He was walking on the roadside leading to the vineyards, drawing in the fresh, balmy air into his weakened lungs with a grateful, up-

ward look, which bespoke the fullness of his heart more eloquently than words of thanksgiving. He had gone quite a distance and, looking down, beheld a little lamb, as white as the crystal spray which foamed from the mouth of the spring in the rock where he was wont to rest. He knelt down, drew the lamb closer to his child-heart and stroked its soft, spotless wool with a tenderness too deep for words. The little creature began bleating as if crying out for sympathy, now that it had found a kindred nature near.

"What ails thee, little one?" said the lad, and there was in his voice a caress sweeter than music. Then, looking into its almost human eyes with unutterable pity, the lad took it in his arms as though it were a babe, and the lamb understood the beating of his heart.

"Hast strayed away from thy pretty fellows?" continued Joab, his dark eyes dilating more and more, and his features softening with the spirit which moved him so strangely. "If so, I myself shall carry thee back to where they are, for thou must be tired out indeed."

And, forthwith, he brought him to the field, where thousands of its brother-sheep were lolling about the velvety grass and the shepherd had fallen asleep.

And just such a kind of man grew he to be: loving the weak and helpless, aiding them always and unthinking ever of self; patient and tireless in the doing of mercy, and ever praising God for the good that he did with his hands.

Now it came to pass, in the course of days, that Jotham took to himself a wife, a maiden young and beautiful, whose every movement was grace. And she and he, who chose her for himself, went to live in a house grander than the humble dwelling where the two brothers, for many years, had lived together alone. Jotham had made it

very attractive and had bought from the Syrian caravans the costly things which delight the hearts of matrons that are beautiful and good. There were silk stuffs and fine cloths from far-off India, rare carvings of marble from the Ionian Isles, fabrics and woollens and precious gems, the gold of Ophir and the treasure of Tyre, amulets from Eran and the scarab from the land of the Nile. All this he gathered for his beloved, and their home grew grander and their hearts inclined more and more each one to the other.

But Joab lived alone and blessed God that Jotham, his brother and comrade, had found a worthier companion than himself.

"Come, be with us, brother mine," the elder one would plead, with tears in his eyes. "Our happiness lacks but thee to keep it company. Thou canst not abide alone, for, verily, thou art fragile as a string of pearls, and thou needest, even more than I, some loving hand to tend thee, lest thou perish and die away."

Joab would smile one of his rare, sweet smiles, kiss his brother reverently on the forehead, and pointing to the skies would say, with a voice that again brought the angels near:

"Fear not for me, Jotham. He that guardeth the swallow in her nest and considereth the lilies as they grow, will watch over me, too, the least of all His creatures."

And then Jotham would silently walk away.

Now Joab was poor, very poor. It behooved him not to live by the ample fortune which his industry had garnered. He saw around him penury and care, the sick untended, the hungry unfed, and the naked unprotected from wind and weather, and he bethought him to bestow whatever he earned upon the needy and distressed, keeping as his portion but a meager tithe to give him

sustenance. Thus, as the years rolled by, one after the other, Jotham waxed exceedingly rich, whilst Joab's fortunes diminished equally in proportion. And the elder brother would wonder within himself and would shake his shaggy, coal-black curls in disparagement of the good Joab wrought, unbeknown to any one but him, and the tears would come to his eyes, and somewhere in his being there would thrill an immense yearning for his *little* brother, who was the younger only by two moons.

Then he would walk to his lodge, not far from the mansion he had built for his beloved wife, Elisheba, and knock just once, gently, very gently, trembling lest he startle him out of his dreams—for Joab loved to dream. He would find him always sitting by the window, open when the air was balmy and warm, and closed when the frost was doing its handiwork on the window-panes. And he would be would be looking at the stars.

And the brother would wonder whether he was a thing of earth, or a spirit sent of God, he looked so pallid and wan and frail. And Jotham, with no heart to take him from the stars, would silently steal away.

"Elisheba, life of my soul, our brother looks frailer than is his wont," he would say to his wife.

"God bless him," she would answer, tenderly, kissing away the shadow in Jotham's face. "He is only *good*; he is not frail."

"Dost know, beloved one," said Jotham to her one evening, as they sat in the garden at dusk, the purple grape hanging in clusters about them, and the orchard exhaling a fragrance that was intoxicating. "I have long thought that our dear lad, Joab, has not enough of a recompense for his precious one; we have far more than we can ever use. The granaries are stocked full of golden grain, the pastures are covered with their living

burden, and the fruit trees are mellowing in the sun. Can we not spare something out of this abundance to give to him whom, having no children to love, we love better than ourselves?"

"Surely thou hast become inspired to do good," the wife of his bosom replied, deeply touched. "Do as it seemeth thee best. God will requite thee a myriad fold."

Sitting alone in his little room, and looking in vain for a star that night, Joab began to think. And he thought of Jotham, of how much he loved him, of how much he loved his wife, of how much he loved them both, and there was a great longing in his heart to make them glad.

"How selfish I have become," said he to himself. "Verily, I need but little to sustain life and vigor. Jotham has a wife, and a woman needs much which her husband can often not obtain. What if I give him of my portion ever so little; it will help him to supply her, perhaps, with one trinket more. She is so brave and noble and good, and there are so many things one can get to make her happy. I shall gladly give my brother, my beloved Jotham, what is mine."

Then he wrapped his mantle around his childlike frame, stole out into the fields, where the two great pyramids of sheaves the brothers had stacked up lay bathed in the light of the moon. He went up to his own pile, and taking away many handfuls of grain, added them to his brother's. That done, he walked swiftly home, moving adroitly, like a thief in the night,—for the true man dreads being discovered in the doing of good, as much as the false man in the doing of evil.

That same night Jotham, too, went out into the harvest fields, and looked stealthily around to see if any one saw him take a goodly load of wheat away from his own pile and add them to that of his brother, and then cautiously crept back to his home.

In the morning, when the brothers walked in the meadow together, they were both filled with wonderment to see that the two sheaves were undisturbed as before. What Joab took away from *his* pile, Jotham, after him, returned, each unaware of the doings of the other.

Night after night the same thing happened, and each morning found the two sheaves of wheat equalized, and the brothers knew not what had transpired.

Then they decided to watch and see what miracle intervened to foil their tender plot, each for the other's good.

The hour arrived when, as was their custom, both went into the fields, to take away each from his own pile of sheaves to replenish the other's.

And lo! when they started to do so, for once the brothers met face to face.

Then they knew, and lifting up their voices, these two devoted men wept just as they did when they were children together, nay, with more tenderness, for they were children again as they wept.

* * *

The wise man, my father (his memory be a blessing), who told me this tale, declared that on the site where this meeting between the brothers took place, was built the glorious Temple of Jerusalem, because God could find no holier spot than that which love had hallowed and glorified.

New York.

Bible Lesson for the Month

BY RUDOLPH I. COFFEE.

Superintendent of the Hebrew Orphan Asylum, New York City.

I.

THE RISE OF MAN.

The Fall of Man—as the driving out of Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden is called in Christian circles—has become a much-discussed theme. After the sin in the Garden of Eden, God told the erring pair that thorns and thistles should be their portion on earth. When Adam heard this, he cried to his Father in heaven, and asked if there would be no redeeming portion. Then the voice of God sounded a second time, “In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread.” Then Adam cried for joy, because with *work to do* he knew life was worth living.

A mere allegory, our readers will say. So it is; but it is much more. Taking the text at its full value, the FALL of man it is *not*. It is the RISE of man. Adam never proved his right to existence on earth until he began to toil. Some young people, in choos-

ing a profession, look for the work which, they hope, will bring them, sooner or later, to a Garden of Eden. They are searching for the path of least resistance in life. Their sole desire is to avoid drudgery and to seek out the easiest kind of work. It is unfortunate that people, who are looking for ease in life, should find it. But the reason is a simple one. It is no difficult task to shirk a duty, or to avoid carrying out orders. Let those people, who are seeking a Garden of Eden, remember that *there* was the real fall; the exit therefrom was the ascent to a higher and nobler life. Do you desire the *true* pleasures of life? Then do whatever work is placed before you and *do that well*. Nature is too impartial a judge to treat any one unfairly. The ambitious man, who works with diligence, finds his real reward in the doing of his allotted work. I know a baker, who is continually furnishing bread to twelve hundred

children. He is modest, unknown to the outside world. Yet, in his little world, he is happy. He feels he is benefiting mankind, because he is preparing so many people to be stronger, by giving them wholesome food.

The FALL of man, then, is a misnomer. It should be the RISE of man, and its moral is that no man will ever do anything in this world until he learns the lesson that there is nothing greater, nothing loftier, than honest toil.

II.

EVENTS FORETOLD.

When God requested Noah to build the ark, we notice that, among other things, He required that the building should take quite a long time—ten months. The careless reader may see in this a mere detail, but the wise man gleans from it a refreshing thought. There is no doubt but that the ark could have been erected in a much shorter period of time, but it was intended to have the work proceed slowly, so as to give people time to turn from their evil ways. During the long interval, Noah, we are informed, pleaded with his friends, and urged them to forsake their evil habits, but all to no purpose. They were confirmed in them, intent to pursue the downward path.

A similar condition of affairs will be found in our own lives, if only we care to see it. We speak about God punishing us, or that some unforeseen calamity breaks upon us, before we are even aware of its presence. Perhaps there are such instances, here and there, but in most cases the reverse is true. The so-called punishment from Providence is merely the reflex of our own wrong-doings. We are warned, and the signal of danger is given in time, but we blind ourselves, and refuse to see it. The Johnstown flood, which we all remember with horror, was, at the time, considered a punishment from God. Now we know it

to have been due to the faulty construction of the dam and that, had proper precautions been taken, there never would have been such a calamity at all. The ambitious person scents danger when it is far off. The reproof of his employer, or even the dissatisfied look of the foreman, is quite sufficient to urge him to work harder, and more carefully. The prudent person will do more. He will even look for every possible opportunity to discover if his work be agreeable. May we understand the oncoming wave of evil long before it has reached our shores, and thus be enabled to seek shelter before it be too late. Let us be among those, who will build arks of safety while there is yet time. Then, when the deluge of trouble assails us, we shall be on our guard, properly armed, to rise above the torrent, as securely as did Noah's ark, above the waters of the flood.

III.

UNDER OBLIGATION.

Abraham is the first Hebrew recorded in history. The civilization of the time in which he lived and worked is not so very different from the standard we now maintain. In Genesis, chapter xiv., we read of the five rebellious kings who captured Lot, and overcame the King of Sodom and his allies. Abraham set out, and not only released Lot, but also defeated the five kings. In return therefor the King of Sodom desired to reward Abraham, but he answered: "I will not take from a thread even to a shoe latchet." It is quite true that Abraham had rendered a service, and a very important one, to the King of Sodom, but in his answer he made it very clear that he refused to be under obligation. He was unwilling to place himself in such a position that, at a future time, he would not be free to act as he desired. Had he taken a present, no matter how small it was, Abraham

might have felt that, on the score of friendship, he would, in the future, be compelled to act in accordance with the desires of the king. This would have deprived him of his freedom of will—a very unhealthy condition for a man to be in. Therefore, Abraham accepted *nothing*, save verbal thanks.

It is a very dangerous plan to follow any other device than this. There are too many people in this world, who are always striving to gain an undue advantage. One of the easiest methods is to flatter those who are possessed of power. Another and a stronger method is to offer presents. The donor naturally feels that he has some special claim, no matter how slight, upon the person on whom the token has been bestowed, and there are few who can accept a favor and remain unbiassed toward the giver. The man who is under obligation to some one, can never be expected to do the *best* work. How much better to be freed of restraints, to act as you wish, to carry your ideals in life without hindrance! All this can be very easily accomplished, provided we are not under obligation. It is depressing to an ambitious person to feel that his success in life was not so much due to his own efforts as to the assistance received from outsiders. Abraham succeeded, and yet he was under no obligation. Let this be our motto, to succeed, and if possible *through our own efforts*.

IV.

OBEY ORDERS.

Chapter xxi of Genesis contains the old story of Abraham ready to sacrifice his beloved son, Isaac. The lesson that we obtain therefrom is the overwhelming sense of duty which Abraham displays. When he was commanded by God to sacrifice his son, he was ready, without any further comment, *to obey orders*. He did

as he was told. It seems barely possible that any individual can succeed who does not hold this rule continually in mind. There is a German proverb to the effect "that he who would be a victorious general, must first learn to be an obedient soldier." We can never hope to give orders until we know how to obey them.

The average person who loses his position, usually imagines that the firm with whom he has worked will suffer because of his absence. If only he could remain with the firm, he could give such excellent advice to the authorities in charge. Perhaps that was the reason he was compelled to leave. Instead of obeying orders, he imagined it his duty to give them. There is no other rule even in nature. In the broad world in which we live, things are not managed regardless of order. There is system everywhere. The rain, the flowers, the stars in their course, all follow a very simple rule: they obey orders. It becomes the duty of every one to find this logical order in life. We should carefully study the laws of health. We should zealously perform every obligation. We should understand that just as there are grades in the army, so in our public life the very same order obtains. There are people who hold high positions, to whom we are responsible. There are employers, who expect a rigid rule of exemplary conduct from us. While it is never safe to take a small maxim, and use that as a life-motto, still there can be no harm to memorize the phrase, "Obey orders." It should be drilled in the ears of every young man and woman: then you can be guilty of no wrong, because if the order is wrong, the responsibility must rest on your superior, and if your work be done properly, the credit must redound to your good. Abraham's life is full of splendid deeds to emulate, but none more important than this.

A Legend of Harvest

BY AUGUSTUS W. BOMBERGER, in *Youth's Companion*.

In ancient Israel, so say the seers,
Two brothers lived in peace—as
as brothers should,
And tilled that ground, whereon in
after years
King Solomon's illustrious temple
stood.

A common heritage, each gave the
field

His honest share of toil, and took
therefrom

An equal portion of the Summer's
yield,

Nor grudged his part—nor held in
doubt the sum.

But on the night the harvesting was
done,

And all the corn lay heaped beneath
the skies,

The elder kinsman sat in thought
alone

And gently reasoned with himself
this wise:

"My brother is not strong and suf-
fered sore

Beneath the heat and burden of the
day,

Lo, I will take some sheaves from out
my store,

Unknown, and add to his across the
way."

And, reasoning thus, he did; then
found sweet sleep.

Not so, howe'er the younger of the
twain,

Who lay awake and said, "How can
I keep

My great, full half of all this golden
grain,

I, who am still but one, whilst he must
feed

His wife and little children from his
share!"

So that same night, to meet a greater
need,

He, too, in secret did what he
deemed fair.

Now, when at break of day both
cheerily

Came forth to work—with greeting,
name for name—

Each scarce concealed his wonderment
to see

His separate stack of sheaves was
still the same!

And when, next night, and next, in
love, anew

These Jewish kinsmen gave by
stealth their best—

But all in vain—behold the riddle
grew

Exceeding strange and caused
them much unrest;

Until at last its secret was revealed

To both at once (blest be the Hand
that weaves

Such threads of chance), for half
across their field

They met one night—each bent
with heavy sheaves!

Ah, kinsmen true, no offering later
laid

By Solomon upon the costliest
shrine

Of this immortal ground, was better
made

Than yours, nor gave to heaven a
holier sign!

Chanukah

(Days of the Maccabees.)

Let the children hear the mighty deeds
Which God performed of old,
Which in our younger years we saw
And which our fathers told.

He bids us make His glories known.

His work of power and grace;

And we'll convey His wonders down
Through every rising race.

Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs,
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

Thus shall they learn, in God alone

Their hope securely stands:

That they may ne'er forget His works
And practice His commands.

The Snow Man

Chanukah Memories

BY ANNETTE KOHN.



ANNETTE KOHN.

It was a bitter cold night in a Styrian village. The snow had been falling heavily for two days. Just after sunset it stopped. Night came on, and although there was no brilliant moon, the congregation of stars threw rainbow colors of light over the white velvet carpet that covered the earth. The silence of night and winter lay upon the land.

A band of gypsies, who had been traveling through the storm on their way to Roumania, at last found themselves and the horses that drew their wagons of camp furniture, so exhausted, that, in spite of the murmurs of their chief, they had decided to make a halt, and find quarters for

the night in an old deserted ruin, that had been a brewery, on the outskirts of the village.

The chieftain, Farya, had strong reasons against stopping in this particular place, and still stronger forebodings of evil to come through an enforced halt here. But the murmurs of his people were just, and he felt himself compelled to yield.

Enough old wood was collected from the ruins of the building itself to start a camp-fire in one of its great hearths; the kettle was put on, and the gypsies lay sprawling about, waiting for the evening meal. A supper was soon served, and then the group, tired and worn out, disposed itself for sleep.

Among them was a youth of about nineteen, Joblik by name. He was a tall, handsome fellow, vastly more intelligent in appearance than any of his comrades, and though dark, and with black hair and eyes, yet had a very different type of countenance from any of the others of the band. He was the son of Farya, the chieftain; his mother, the Queen, was dead. He was a strange and moody fellow, never content with his surroundings, never quite sociable with his comrades. He would go off strolling through the woods by himself, wrapt in his fancies, but not ever entirely at home with his own thoughts. For his father he had no affection whatever, but rather a strange and unaccountable antipathy. Even for his mother, who had been always good to him, he never seemed to have felt a strong attachment. When alone by himself he was often overwhelmed by the power of strange memories, haunted by scenes which were pictured in his soul, but for which he could never account. Sometimes

strange words would spring to his lips. When quite a small boy, he had, one day, wandered from the tribe, and when found again and brought to his mother, she had wept over him, and muttered strange things which he was too young to fully understand. She had bidden him, too, never to lose a little necklet he wore, nor show it to any one.

After her death, he had come to dislike his father more than ever, and comradeship with his companions had become less marked. On this particular night, while the others were lying about the floor of the old brewery, Joblik wandered off by himself in the snow. None had seen him go. He strayed about in the snowy desert for awhile, and then, seeing the gleaming lights of the village, strolled towards it. A strange unrest had been upon him all the afternoon; it grew as night came on and he neared the village.

The cold, and the beautiful starlight, and the great white picture before him, soothed his unrest somewhat. But as he came near the village, it stirred him again. As far back as he could remember, he had displayed a love for music, and had played the flute almost from infancy. He was scarcely ever without it, and a small one, even now, was tucked in his sash.

On the outskirts of the village there was a broken-down cow shed, with a bench inside its leaning wall. Here he sat down in the starlight, and took out his flute to see if music could not quiet his spirit. The sweet tones stole out upon the air, and little by little he became more calm. Its melody floated to a little house just within the hamlet, and produced a strange effect upon a woman who was setting out a table for an evening game. She put her hand upon her husband's shoulder, as he was straightening the chairs around the table, and said in a startled voice: "Hark, what is that? Do you hear that flute? It reminds me of the

way our little Jacob used to play—and Joseph", she added, addressing her husband; "do you remember"—with an awed voice—"this is the night; and it was just such a cold night of snow, too." "My dear," said her husband in comforting tones, "I thought we were not to speak of it to-night."

The wife heaved a heavy sigh, wiped the tears that had come to her eyes, and went on preparing the table—but her ears were still strained for that distant sound of music.

Joblik had changed the tune, and now played a soft, low folk song, singing the words in German afterward. He was the only one of the band who could speak the language. In fact, as a child, he had developed great talent in languages and, in the many wanderings of his tribe, through the various lands, had picked up a knowledge of many tongues, Hebrew included. He had taught himself to read and write several of these. Moreover, from a master, on their travels, he had acquired a smattering of mathematics and other studies.

But it was too cold to sit here long. He put the flute back in his belt, and almost unconsciously wended his way toward the village.

As he reached it, he found a group of boys, with woolen scarfs about their ears, shouting merrily to each other, engaged in making a snow-man! He had approached them before they saw him, and stood regarding their work. Presently, the snow-man was finished, all but the eyes. One little fellow produced two coals, and saying, "Let me", put out his little hand to make the eyes, but failed to reach so high, and his companions laughed at him. The little fellow turned, and, in so doing, suddenly faced the stranger. Seeing a tall man, he held the coals up to him and said, "Will you make the eyes?" The boys regarded with wonder the stranger in the strange garment, who seemed to have risen from the earth.

Joblik stared, first at the little boy, holding the coals out to him, and then at the snow-man. He passed his hands across his own eyes, as if to brush away a film. Great memories seemed to pass over him. He reached out his hands, as if to grasp some thought lying loose in the snow. He fell to musing, while the boys continued to stare at him. Wheeling about, suddenly, his eyes lighted upon the house fronting the snow-man. In the windows was a row of six little lighted candles, twinkling out upon the night like six little yellow stars. A great sob burst from his throat. He took the coals from the hand of the little boy and placed them where the eyes should be, to the delight of all the young ones in the crowd.

"You finished our snow-man for us," said one boy. At these words, Joblik put his hands to his throat as if he were choking. He had heard the very words before. The dreams of years seemed to stand out like lines in a book. He stood a while longer, absorbed in thought, watching the boys about their snow-man. Then he walked toward the house in which he had seen the candles. As he walked toward it, he saw that houses on the other side had the same glimmering lights. But, somehow, an irresistible force impelled him toward the door of the first one he had noticed. He turned the handle softly.

By this time a group of people were sitting on the chairs around the table, and a handsome woman, a little under middle-life, had her hands stretched out across it, in the act of spinning what seemed a little wooden top. The eyes of all assembled were so engrossed in watching the destinies of the little top (called *Trenderl*) that no one, except the master of the house, a man nearly fifty, heard the noise of the opening door. He turned towards it, and saw Joblik standing before him, in his strange attire. He gave a low

cry, as he saw the youth. The woman, his wife, who was spinning the top, was the first one to notice the interruption, and turned around in answer to her husband's cry.

"A gypsy!" she shrieked; "a gypsy!" while her face became ashen, and her breast heaved.

"What are you doing here, what do you want?" asked the master of the house.

But the wife shrieked above her husband's voice: "Have you come to steal my grandchild, as they stole my child?" And she moved a few steps toward a small crib, which stood in the corner of the room with a sleeping infant in it. "You shall not, I say!"—

"Hush, dear," said her husband, "let us hear what the stranger wants," and turning toward the young man, he asked: "Why do you come to us to-night, and what do you want here?"

"I do not know," said the young man. "I thought perhaps you could tell me." Before her husband could answer, the wife came close to the young gypsy, and laid her hands upon his arm, looking keenly into his face: "Who are you? Where do you come from?" she asked breathlessly. Their faces close to each other looked strangely alike.

"I come from out the snow," he said, "from the depths of God's white wilderness; perhaps He has led me here by the light of His stars, and yonder candles. Who am I? Perhaps you can help me to know;" and with that he quickly loosened a beaded collar he wore at his throat, and produced a little, faded, red silk ribbon, with a colored bead here ad there, and in the centre, a small, round, thin bit of gold, with three strange letters inscribed upon it. "Perhaps you can tell me what this means. I have worn it always. I am a wandering gypsy, but these strange letters may give me another name; may link me to a land and a home. Can you tell me?" And

his dark eyes looked into the dark eyes of the woman before him.

For a moment, she was breathless, then, amid the deep silence of all in the room, with a great cry, she flung her arms about the young stranger, calling out: "Joseph, Joseph, I know, I feel, this is our little Jacob come back to us!"

Joblik flung his own arms about the woman before him, and his lips framed the words, "Mother, I know it, I feel it; it is years since my heart has beaten so truly in answer to the tones of my mother."

Then came the explanations. The boy told as much as he knew of his past life, his early recollections of wanderings, of the tears for some lost home and playmates, his ever-vanishing memories, through the passing years, the dreams and pictures that had haunted him through life. He recalled having cried himself to sleep after some long sorrow, with a little wooden flute held tightly in both hands.

Then the parents and the assembled company told their tale. How, fourteen years before, on this very Chanukah night, a band of gypsies, that had been quartered outside the village, and had been committing depredations, had been ordered away. How little Jacob, who was a curious and imaginative boy, and who had been interested in the gypsy camp, had, unknown to his parents, followed the departing tribe to the edge of the village and never returned. He had a little toy flute with him at the time, the one he recalled having cried himself to sleep over. The rest of the story, which neither could supply, was that the chieftain, in revenge, had stolen the little fellow and taken him with them. His wife, protesting against the crime, had been kind to the little boy, and had taken care of him until her death. She had shielded him often from her husband's anger, and told him to pre-

serve the little necklet she found about his neck, which had really been an amulet, placed there at his birth by his grandmother, with the name of the Almighty inscribed upon it.

Joblik, as the gypsies had named him (the child had called himself Jacob to them), told how the snow-man and the request of the little boy, "to put the coal-eyes into his head," had suddenly recalled to him, out of the distance of years, a like occasion, when he, being a little taller than the others, had been asked "to put eyes in the snow-man." And then the lights in the window, the little candles, for some reason, had recalled to him a memory of candles such as these, seen on some previous occasion, when he had been permitted to light them.

An irresistible impulse, a divine leading rather, as he now called it, had impelled him to enter this very house, to find his father and mother, his brethren, his home, his land and his people.

There was rejoicing that night, not only in the little house, but in the whole Styrian village, when it became known that little Jacob had returned, a handsome, grown-up young man, with a knowledge of many languages, with much learning, and great skill as a musician.

The next night Joblik lit the Chanukah tapers, not only in his own home, but in the little village synagogue.

New York.

He who attendeth much at school increaseth his wisdom; he who increaseth in reflection increaseth prudence; and he who exerciseth much charity multiplieth peace. If one has acquired a good name he has acquired for himself a substantial gain; and he who has acquired the knowledge of the law has obtained for himself eternal life.

December

An Acrostic

By HORACE A. BERNSTEIN.

Down through the keen and frosty
evening air,
Eddying silently, soft stealing on,
Come the first snow-flakes of the year,
and clothe
Each tree and hedge in garb of purest
white.
Mysterious falls the dusk; our fancies
roam
Beyond the present; and unto them-
selves
ERect great palaces of splendor in
The Lands of Sunshine and the per-
fect peace.
New York.

I and the Butterfly

It fluttered on my window-pane, a
prisoner garbed in splendor,
I plucked it by its silken wings, and
asked: "Wilt thou surrender?"
Its heaving throat made swift reply;
it quivered like one human,
And, in a moment, I became as ten-
der as a woman.

Fear me not, thou fragile thing, with
pinions frescoed over,
The Artist great, Who fashioned it,
had meant it for a rover;
Speed on, glad reptile, and delight the
ravished sense with beauty,
The trembling of thy gossamer wing
hath quickened me to duty.

G. A. K.

The Woodland Tea-Party

BY ANNIE JOSEPHINE LEVY.



ANNIE JOSEPHINE LEVY.

Sarah, Julia and Miriam, while their companions were Joe, David and Benjamin. These six were great chums, meeting often as time would permit, to play home or outdoor games, according to the season. The girls had older sisters, and, of course, the younger ones could not join their elders in the routine of receptions and afternoon teas. So they were forced to seek their own fun as best they could.

It was a jolly party of six that tramped to the woods one sunny morning, as the summer was nearing to a close. Though many of the beautifully colored leaves lay upon the ground, the trees were not wholly bare, and the sun's rays glistened through the ever-changing foliage, forming a glorious painting, in colors of red, yellow and brown. Heavily weighted oaks had scattered their acorns plentifully about, and most of the prickly chestnut-burrs had burst open, sending forth their store of nuts, to be gathered for cosy firesides, or hidden in

Three girls and their boy friends had long been planning some fun in the shape of a picnic. There were

trunks of trees by nimble squirrels. Goldenrod and blue and yellow asters fringed the edges of the meadows, and ferns and mosses lingered along the forest-paths. An occasional butterfly darted overhead, while the hum of other insects, the chirping of birds and the plashing of a stream near by formed a delightful melody to the accompaniment of the swishing of dead leaves, as the party crunched them beneath their feet. To those who find charms in every change of season, one of the most delicious sensations is that of walking through masses of dry autumn leaves; but it must be experienced, to be thoroughly enjoyed. Our boys and girls had long since learned many of Nature's lessons by heart. Stones and brooks furnished their young minds with thoughts beyond those contained in sermons or school-readers.

On this expedition, the boys carried fishing-tackle and shot gun, the girls, a luncheon-basket and a book. Selecting an inviting spot, the party halted, and as the air was mellow enough, hats and wraps were laid aside. The boys, like true sportsmen, took up their tackle and gun, while their gentler comrades displayed the domestic virtues by seating themselves, and preparing for a quiet hour of reading.

"Cruel boys," exclaimed all three, as the young hunters started in pursuit of their game. "Think of killing a poor bird or hooking a fish."

"Well", called out David, as a parting salute, "don't your sisters wear birds in their hats, to say nothing of eating them—and how about hot fish for dinner?"

The girls looked at one another and tried to frame a suitable reply, but the boys were already out of sight. Miriam took up the book, and soon the three were lost to all else save "The Adventures of Black Beauty." Each read a chapter in turn, and they talked about the joys and woes of the faithful old horse. After about an hour had

passed, as if inspired by the same thought, they jumped up together.

"Time for the boys to return—and how hungry they will be!" said Miriam.

"Wonder how many little fish they'll bring us," exclaimed Sarah.

"Or, whether we'll have broiled birds on toast", interrupted Julia.

"Would you kill a poor bird?" and Miriam smiled mischievously.

Without prolonging the talk on broiled birds, the basket was brought forward and opened by Sarah. Three expectant faces watched the uncovering of the lid. To the surprise and disappointment of all, it was found that the cake, apples and bottle of milk-tea were not within, neither were the six dainty Japanese napkins which were to have ornamented the picnic-luncheon. After blaming one another in turn, they suddenly remembered that Miriam's mother had promised to leave the missing articles upon the kitchen-table that morning, and it was their fault in neglecting to take them. There was nothing to be done but to lunch on sandwiches, and make the best of the situation. But they were sure to be thirsty.

"Well," said Miriam, "the boys must fetch us some water."

"But how shall we drink it?" called out the other two.

"Leaves", suggested one.

"Hats", another.

"O, well, what's the use?" said sensible Julia. "If we're really thirsty, we can all go together to the spring and drink to our heart's content. If the cup's not there, our hands will do."

Ferns and maple-leaves were made to serve for a table-cloth and napkins. The sandwiches were next laid out in grand style, as if they had been the daintiest of morsels, and, when all was declared ready, the boys arrived looking very sheepish.

"No bite, no game", was David's greeting.

"I don't know about your birds, but

where did you hook this wriggler?" In an instant Benjamin had produced a microscope from his pocket, and proceeded to examine an uninvited worm that had crawled upon the green table-cover.

"O, put her up, Ben, we're hungry as bears," chimed David.

Miriam settled the question by removing the worm, and handing the microscope to its owner.

"Hullo, where's the grub?" and Joe's eyes twinkled with mischief.

"There isn't any to speak of", sang out a girlish voice.

Explanations were duly offered, and it was unanimously voted that the wisest thing to do was to pretend nobody was hungry.

"I tell you what," said Sarah, "we'll gather acorns, and the boys must whittle cups and saucers, then we can make-believe it's tea."

"O, yes," cried Julia, "and a teapot and milk-jug."

"And sugar-bowl" put in Miriam. "That'll be real fun."

"It may be real fun for you girls, but it isn't real tea", growled David.

The boys had not counted on this. It was bad enough that they had not succeeded in their sport, but this was too much to bear. However, all put on a smiling face, and entered into the fun with a will. Busy hands gathered the acorns, and the girls watched their companions shaping the novel tea-set.

"This will be a green and brown luncheon, prettier than any pink teas served in stylish parlors," announced Miss Sarah.

The cups and saucers were installed

in each place, tea-pot, milk-jug and sugar-bowl being set at one end of the "table". Then the meal began, and how all enjoyed it! The professor of the party did not seem as hungry for sandwiches and make-believe tea as he was for certain crawling specimens of the insect tribe, and, occasionally, one of them landed where least welcome, causing a shriek or two on the part of the girls.

The meal was further enlivened by yarns and conundrums, and it was with genuine regret that the young folks prepared for their homeward journey, just as the last rays of the sun were seen struggling through the trees. They were so interested in recounting the day's adventures, that they forgot to be thirsty, and actually passed the spring, cup and all, without so much as a backward glance. As they parted for the evening, everyone declared it was the nicest jaunt they had had all season.

* * * * *

That was a long time ago. The boys and girls have grown up to men and women, and the story goes that they fell in love, one with the other, and married. They have enjoyed many a family tea-party together, and they all have very happy homes.

When the sun sets in the heavens, between the hours of twilight and night, tiny boys and girls clamber up knees, and beg for stories of the days when papas and mammas were young, and used to romp together; and youthful ears never tire of listening to the story of the Woodland Tea Party.

New York.

Moses received the Thora (Law) on Mount Sinai and delivered it to Joshua, Joshua to the elders, the elders to the prophets, and the prophets to the men of the Great Synod; who said three things: Be careful in giving judgment; train up many pupils, and make a fence around the Law. (Do not try to overstep it.)

I was brought up among the wise and found nothing so good as silence, and that whoever is given to too much talk promoteth sin.

The duration of the world depends on three things: Truth, justice and peace.

The Old Curiosity Shop

A Corner in Oddities

BY JOSEPH B. ABRAHAMS.



A CURIOUS JEWISH FLAG.

Mr. Adolph L. Frankenthal, the United States Consul at Berne, Switzerland, during his recent visit to the Historical Museum in that city, discovered the curious flag, a photograph of which he has been good enough to send to the Editor, requesting him to help him solve the emblem and inscription emblazoned upon it. The date, 1540, may have reference to some historical event, and the figure of the shoe may be connected, somehow, with the locality, or the name of the hero, of which the illegible inscription possibly tells. We are at a loss as to the meaning of this very curious flag, and would appreciate it if those who see it here in print would help us explain the legend and symbol.

CUSTOMS IN SHOES.

In ancient Israel, shoes were made of leather, linen, rush, or wood; those of soldiers were sometimes of brass or iron. They were tied with thongs, which passed under the soles of the

feet. To put off one's shoes was an act of veneration; it was also a sign of mourning or humiliation.

LES PSEAUMES DE DAVID.

P S E A U M E I.

<p>H EUREUX celui qui des ses jeunes ans s'est tenu loin du conseil des méchants, Qui des Pêcheurs suit la trompeuse voie, Et des Moqueurs la cri- minelle joie; Qui craignant Dieu, ne se plaint qu'en sa Loi, Et, nuit & jour, la médite a- vec foi.</p> <p>2. Tel que l'on voit, sur le bord d'un ruisseau, Croître & fleurir un arbre toujours beau, Et qui ses fruits, en leur saison, rapporte, Sans que jamais sa feuille tombe morte. Tel est le juste, & route qu'il fera, Beni d'en haut, toujours prospère.</p>	<p>3. Mais les Méchants n'au- ront pas même fort, On les verra dissipés sans effort, Comme la paille au gré du vent chassée; Malgré l'or- gueil de leur ame insensée, Ils ne pourront tenir en ju- gement, Ni près des Bons, se montrer seulement.</p> <p>4. Dieu qui, des Cieux, veille sur les humains, Con- noit leurs cœurs, voit l'ac- tivre de leurs mains, Et don- ne au juste un bonheur sans mesure. Mais des méchants Dieu hait la voie impure; Ils se verront, tôt ou tard, malheureux. Leurs vains</p>
---	--

THE PSALTER SET TO MUSIC.

A few days ago, in rumaging over a lot of newly-bought books in a second-hand bookshop, the writer of these lines found a little volume, printed at the Hague, in Holland, in 1727, containing the New Testament in French, and the Book of Psalms also in that language. The latter bears the date

1726, and is a rare bit of literary curiosity, for the text is accompanied by musical notes throughout, showing that the harp of David, the sweet singer of Israel, resounded in many countries long after the hand that swept the strings was dust. A facsimile of a specimen page from this scarce and curious book is herewith published for the first time.

PUZZLES

I.—TRANSPPOSITION: Transpose tardy and get a story. Transpose value and get anger. Transpose a juicy fruit and get another fruit.

II.—WORD SQUARE: 1. A city that figures in the history of the Maccabees. 2. Fat. 3. Transactions. 4. A small island. 5. Birds' homes.

III.—BEHEADINGS: 1. Behead a part and get lighted coal. 2. Behead to repair and get finish. 3. Behead to rub and get skin.

IV.—DIAMOND: 1. A consonant. 2. Personal pronoun. 3. A gun. 4. Cunning. 5. Consonant.

V.—CURTAILINGS: 1. Curtail to move suddenly and get a celestial body. 2. Curtail a doorkeeper and get Turkish government. 3. Curtail to cry and get an adverb.

ANSWER TO PUZZLES IN NOVEMBER NUMBER.

I.—Word Squares.

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2.—Triangle.

H
F O B
A I M E D
S T R E E T S

3.—Beheadings.

G O W N—O W N
G R A Z E—R A Z E
C L O U D—L O U D

4.—Curtailings.

B R O W N—B R O W
A R E A—A R E
H O M E R—H O M E

5.—Transpositions.

R O C K—C O R K
E D I T—T I D E
P O R E—R O P E

The prize for the November puzzles is awarded to Harry Feldstein, of the Hebrew Orphan Asylum of New York.

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VOL.
X

JANUARY, 1904

NO.
5



The
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ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

for the

JEWISH FAMILY AND SCHOOL



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An Illustrated Magazine for the Jewish Family and School

GEORGE ALEXANDER KOHUT, Editor

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January, 1904

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The Jewish Home

VOL. X.

JANUARY, 1904

No. 5

EDITORIAL

Calendar for the Month.

Jan. 18 (Monday). *New Moon*, Shebat 1.

Feb. 1 (Monday), *New Year for the Trees*,
Shebat 15.

A Jewish Arbor Day Our calendar for this month gives us but one item of interest. The fifteenth of Shebat is celebrated as the *New Year for the Trees*. It is our Arbor Day. But with this difference, that what we, according to national custom, hallow as a day set apart for the Dead, the Jews of old consecrated as the rebirth of nature. Creation renews itself constantly, and, in his every daily prayer, the pious Israelite recites the beautiful benediction:

"Blessed art Thou, O Lord, our God, King of the Universe, . . . Who, in thy goodness, renewest the creation, *every day*, continually!"

Life, not death, is the keynote of the Jewish faith, though, to many people, alas! it is only the *Kaddish* (Prayer for the Dead) which has any meaning.

Everything lives and thrives and prospers, and lives and thrives anew. The New Year for the Trees is but another of the many symbols of the Jewish religion, which aims to instil

a love for the works of God and a deeper appreciation of the beauties of nature. The seasons come and go; the grass withers and flourishes; the flowers bloom and vanish, the winter's cold blights, and the summer's warmth revives everything, "which hath breath in its nostrils." And the Eternal brings all this to pass.

This is the meaning of the New Year for the Trees—the Jewish Arbor Day.

The Work-ings of Providence Who will dare say that there is no *justice* on earth?

If ever proof was wanting of the eternal watchfulness of Providence, the glory of the triumph of Captain Alfred Dreyfus over a nation of bitter foes, should be sufficient in itself to impress upon us the truth of the words of the Psalmist: "He sleepeth not, nor doth he slumber, the Guardian of Israel!"

Verily, He hath prepared a table for him in the sight of his adversaries. His cup of joy now runneth over. Goodness and virtue shall henceforth follow him all the days of his life, and he shall dwell in the house of the Lord at all times. It is as if these beautiful words had been especially written for the hero of Devil's Island. His return to power and dignity means not

so much the saving of the honor of France—that will not be so soon regained!—as the restoration of confidence in many hearts that have questioned the goodness of Providence, and have, for years, asked themselves: "Where is the God of Justice and Righteousness?"

He is here. He ruleth in His high heavens, and *all* is right with the world!

Our The New Year brings us
Contrib- one or two new contribu-
utors tors. Rev. Dr. Joseph Sil-
verman, Rabbi of Temple Emanu-El,

in New York, writes a charming story of the adventures of a drop of water, which became tired of the clouds; Miss Victoria Morton, sister of the noted playwright, tells a beautiful fairy tale; Rabbi I. Warsaw, of Brunswick, Ga., begins a series of Jewish legends, which have never been told in English; Miss Hazel Dryfus, Mr. H. A. Bernstein, and Mr. D. F. Sicher send us a shower of musical sparks; Mr. J. L. Schwartz describes the work of a unique Jewish school in Newark, N. J., and our old contributors are still doing their best.

The Vision

BY DUDLEY F. SICHER

Sweet, yet low, were the notes she
sang,
Brief was her lullaby,
But grandly the tones of her melody
rang,
And drifting without, were
wafted on high,
Cajoling the angels to pour from
the sky
Slumber that fell on each tear-laden
eye—
Bringing celestial comfort and rest,
Soothing and peace to my poor infant
breast.

Gentle, yet few, were the words she
spake,
Silent our parting embrace,
But I weep, as though my heart would
break,
When I see, in the distance, her
pale, pleading face,
Begging me never to blot or erase,
Soil with one stain, or stoop to de-
base
Purity's record, Morality's seal—
Conscience, thy voice is a mother's ap-
peal.
New Haven, Conn.

One of the sages once asked his disciples: "Which is the good path in which a man should maintain himself?" and each of his five disciples answered one of the following answers: "A kind look, a worthy companion, a good neighbor; one should foresee the

probable consequences of an undertaking, and a good heart."

The sage asked them again, "Which is the evil way that a man should shun?" and they again answered: "An envious look, a bad companion, an evil neighbor, borrowing and not repaying and an evil heart."

Jewish Life in Palestine

BY MARTIN A. MEYER

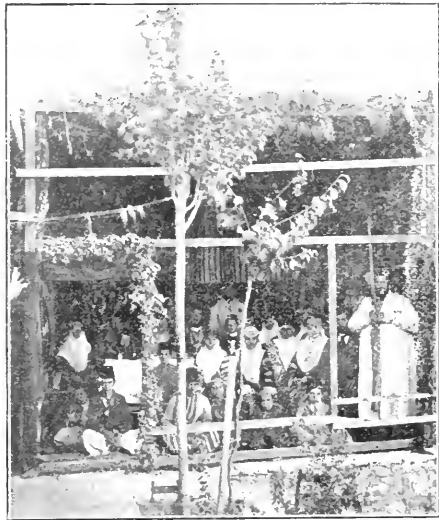
IV. A Wedding in Jerusalem

I had not been at the hotel ten days, before I was let into the great secret—which the public already shared. There was to be a wedding at the hotel, and the bride was none other than the daughter of the host. Had I had my eyes open, I might have noticed that, opposite me at the table, sat a couple who had eyes for no one but themselves. Their conversation was always private, and the expression of "Izaak's" face would have been sufficient proof to any, save one interested in archæology, that an interesting event was in progress. But once informed, I was all attention, for I did not wish any details of the ceremony or the preparations to escape me.

The groom was a stalwart young colonist from *Petach Tikvah*, in the plain near Jaffa. He was a fine specimen of manhood, and was reported to be a very successful planter. His intended was a very lovely young woman, who had acquired European fashions and ideas through contact with the guests in the hotel, and, being one of the prize graduates of the "Evelina de Rothchild School for Girls", she was, in a general sense, an advanced type for the daughters of Jerusalem. After all, people are pretty much the same the world over; and the hustle and bustle attending this all-important event were about the same here as at home.

Sunday afternoon was the time set for the ceremony, and to this grand function all the prominent Jews of the city, and a large number from out of town, were bidden, including the Pasha of Jerusalem, who was our neighbor on the east, several other Turkish and Arab officials, and

many foreign consuls, who were friends of the family. The two chief rabbis had consented to officiate, owing to the great esteem in which Mr. K. was held by all, and this alone was sufficient to make the day a notable one.



A GARDEN PARTY

The out-of-town Jewish guests began to arrive on Thursday, for no one, who can avoid it, travels on Friday, for fear of overstepping the limits of the day and transgressing the Sabbath.

What a motley crowd it was! To me, the chief feature was the number of children, especially of the baby age, who had neither respect nor regard for time and place, and howled as continually by night, as by day, and as lustily in the hotel as at home. And such a retinue of servants! Arabs of all sorts and descriptions, men and

women, flocked after the guests, and, though ostensibly there to keep things and the children, in particular, in order, merely added to the prevailing confusion and noise. And why a family, which went off for a three-days' visit, had to bring along the greater part of the contents of their homes, was a mystery to me. Cradles and cribs, foot warmers and favorite chairs were as much a part of the traveling outfit, as was the bag for their finery. And I can assure you it was remarkable how much finery they all displayed. It did not look as if there were hard times in the colonies; nor did the array of silk dresses suggest any need in those quarters. In justice, it must be said that the people who came to gather for the event were of the better class, many of them being independent colonists, and much of the jewelry was the remains of former good fortune in Russia and Roumania, before they had been compelled to emigrate to new homes.

That night, music, sweet dulcet Arab music, was dispensed in the salon for the entertainment of the guests. When the quartet confined itself to native music, its mistakes and discords were classed under the general head of the peculiarities of native music, and even a western ear listened with more or less attention and appreciation. But when the musicians grew venturesome, and attempted "Two Little Girls in Blue"—which had wandered into the country some years before—it was too much for self-containment. I sought refuge in the confines of my room, with door and windows tightly shut. But the tribes of Israel, with fez and caftan, were ecstatically happy; though many of the more orthodox were uncomfortable, because it was not considered just the proper thing to dispense music while the Temple was still in ruins, in the possession of the Gentiles, and the Messiah not yet come.

Friday brought more guests by carriage and wagon, and a few venturesome ones arrived by train that evening. The noise was unabated, and the excitement grew out of all proportion and restraint as the hour of hours approached. Saturday the festivities centered about the Synagogue. Old man Kaminitz's private chapel was crowded to suffocation. A special can-



ARAB SERVANTS

tor had been engaged for the day, and he made the most of his voice, to charm the worshippers, and to prolong the service. At last the Torah was taken out and, after all had been duly honored by being "called up" to the reading thereof, the groom himself was called for the final selection. He arose, amid the profuse congratulations of all about him, and the vigorous chanting of a bridal hymn by the cantor. Then a shower of bonbons and confetti greeted him, and there was a mad scramble among the little folks, who literally swarmed all over the place for a share in the sweets. This was the scene of that day; and music in the evening, again, brought us to the Day itself.

Before we were all fully awake, the sound of hammers was heard in the yard, preparing the marriage booth, for, among the Ashkenazim, it is customary that the canopy be erected out of doors. It made a beautiful sight when finished, decorated with flags

and greens and colored paper, for it stood in the midst of the pretty hotel garden, of which I have already spoken. The large salon was cleared and the stone floor prepared for dancing. At one end a dais was constructed, beneath a velvet canopy, and there the couple was to stand to receive the congratulations of their friends.

It was a magnificent afternoon, uncommonly fine for that time of the year. The guests put in an early appearance, dressed in their best and their gayest. Music filled the air, but all were too intent upon the approaching nuptials to take any notice of the perspiring performers. At last the consuls and the officiating rabbis arrived in full state, in robes, and with the attendants of their office. Afternoon prayers were chanted. A buzz of excitement, and, amid a deep silence, the rabbis approached and took their places under the canopy. A burst of really melodious song greeted them, and then the cantor turned to welcome the groom, who approached with his two gentlemen attendants, bearing lighted candles. A moment later and the bride appeared, clad in white, and surrounded by a bevy of young children, all bearing lighted tapers. With her two attendants, she encircled the groom, the cantor in the meantime keeping up his song. Then the contract was read, the benedictions of betrothal and marriage pronounced, and the happy couple made one.

Then came the fun of the day. How the pensioners of the K. family rejoiced! There was plenty for all comers, and none was denied. They invoked all the blessings of heaven on the newly-made pair, since for their sake was all this profusion of goodies. For that day, at least, they would know no want, and right happy were they to stow away a proper amount of food and drink in honor of the couple.

The elect and select were bidden to the marriage feast, and there merriment and song reigned supreme till a late hour.

Then, once more, the throng adjourned to the salon, where all who could and all who dared danced till early morn. But it was no ordinary dance that graced the occasion. We were regaled with specimens of the dances of the nations, Turkish, Russian, Roumanian, Arab, Sefardic, Chasidic,—all the different styles that



THE CHIEF RABBI

the Orient knows. America alone was not represented, for there was none to do a cake-walk for the amusement of the crowd. All endeavored to dance a few steps with the bride, for that is considered a meritorious act; but her favors were reserved for the few. When she went on the floor, all others retired, and showers of confetti and bonbons covered her.

There was a large number of unique superstitious practices connected with the ceremony and the festival, which I have in part forgotten, or which are too trivial or foreign to relate. It was

a great day in the annals of Jerusalem Jewry, and the report thereof will live on. Gossip was not slow to take it for its own, and poor old Mr. K., who is piety itself, was vigorously accused of all sorts of wicked things, because

he had permitted song and dance and music on this occasion. But even the young people of the Orient demand concessions from their fathers, in accord with the spirit of the times.

Albany, N. Y.

King Solomon and His Court or The Ninety-nine Nights and One

BY SULEIMAN EL-MALIK

Those were wonderful days when Solomon was King. He was the greatest monarch on the throne, and there was none wiser in all the earth. He lived in a palace of gold, which was guarded at night by two demons so tall that their heads reached into the clouds. Their arms were so long that, when they stretched them out, they could touch anything they wanted in whatever part of the world. Sometimes, they played pranks even on the archangels in Heaven. When the angels were tired and fell asleep, these monsters would crane their necks, and peep in at them as they slept, and then proceed to tickle their chins with one of the angles of a star, and then swiftly disappear, taking the star with them.

When you see a shooting-star, on a fine clear night you may rest assured that it didn't tumble clear out of the sky; it is simply one of these two great big genii of King Solomon, that are flying through the air, after tickling the angels in their sleep—sitting astride of a star.

Now King Solomon loved these monsters better than all those over whom he ruled. Shall I tell you why? Because they could relate the most marvelous stories he had ever heard. For, you must know, that this great King, who was master of the earth and sea, of wind and wave, and of everything that breathed, could not

sleep more than two hours a night. He suffered so much, because of this that he promised anyone, who would amuse him in his waking hours, whatever he chose. So it happened once, as he was restlessly pacing to and fro in his bedroom in the golden palace, waiting for the dawn to break, since he could not sleep, he heard a sound, and looking around in surprise—for, you see, *he* feared nothing in this wide world, but everybody feared him—he saw a wee little man, no larger than a hazel-nut, sitting on his pillow and looking very comfortable. Solomon rubbed his eyes, and stared and stared, then rubbed them again and stared anew.

"Well, of all the midgets that I ever *did* see, this is the most midgety of all," thought he to himself. "Good evening to you, little fellow," said the King, very much amused, and putting the tiny creature astride his thumb, "I am mighty glad to see you. I was beginning to get pretty fidgety, and I do hope you'll keep me company till morning. You needn't scowl, Mr. Teeny-Weeny, for I am going to pay you for it much better than you expect. How would ninety-nine gold pieces do?"

The midget looked not a bit pleased, and looking King Solomon straight in the eye, he said boldly:

"May the sun of your precious life be lengthened, light of mine eyes; and

may you be blessed with the blessings of joy and peace. But why, O King, do you make my cheeks red with the blush of shame? For, know you, illustrious one, that I have come to keep you company of my own will, and I promise to make your noble eyelids heavy with sleep and your gracious heart lighter before morning. But I have not come to be rewarded with money; I have come to ask you, great prince, to make me taller than the cedar and swifter than the eagle on the wing, so that I may make a tour of the whole world in a day and come back with a store of beautiful tales to amuse you till you sleep, when you become restless in the night. And, by the life of my soul, I can do it if you stretch my limbs and make them strong, so that I can peep into the highest heavens and go down into the lowest chambers of the earth, and hear what the angels are whispering above, and learn what the evil spirits are plotting before. Grant my wish, oh Solomon, whom they call 'the wise,' and let me help you watch each night for the morning. And you will not regret my coming and bless the hour which brought me into your presence."

"Ho ho," laughed Solomon, "but you're a funny little cricket; why you are *already* amusing me. I swear, by the beard of my fathers, to do just as you ask."

And Solomon surveyed the brave manikin from head to foot and thought to himself what a streak of good luck had come to him after so many, many years of sleepless nights, and he praised God with a loud voice and an overflowing heart.

Night after night, his colossal door-keeper would stalk into the room, bringing a great big book with a mighty seal, and shutting the golden gate of the royal chamber tightly, he would become a dwarf again, and hop about from line to line and page to page, reading to the King, in a bell-

like voice, a story he had heard that day in the under world, where the demons sit mixing sulphur and brimstone in boiling cauldrons, wagging their tails and cutting all sorts of capers with their tongues.

Then, as Solomon grew drowsy and his head was nodding, the little man would stretch his limbs, and in the twinkling of an eye, he would be a giant again. He would gently smooth King Solomon's hair away from his forehead, take him into his arms as if he were a child, and lay him on the golden bed, the coverlets of which were worked in the costliest pearls and precious stones of India. Kissing the hem of his robe, he would bow himself out of the room and crane his neck into the sky, out of doors, and proceed to tickle the angels with the stars—his favorite pastime and frolic.

For a long, long time Solomon was happy, and after each story having laughed so heartily that his sides ached him, he would fall asleep like a babe, his big nurse tucking him away gently in the wonderful golden bed with the pearls and the precious stones, and stealing silently out of his presence. But one day, or I should say one night, Solomon tried and tried and tried real hard to grow drowsy, and though he laughed until the tears flowed down his cheeks, he just couldn't and wouldn't get tired enough to sleep.

"O my, O my," he said, shaking his long gray hair and grizzly white beard, which fell down to his shoes, "what in the world *am* I to do now? Midget, midget, you're wearing out, I am afraid. Can't you make me *cry*? I am as sick of laughing as I can be. I ain't a great overgrown booby-boy to shout at the top of my voice until the pictures on the wall tremble. This won't do any longer; *no sice*, it won't." And he paced up and down, frowning darkly, and every now and then stamping on the beautiful Per-

sian rugs, until the fancy figures and strange beasts, embroidered upon them, seemed to be leaping to and fro in confusion.

"Let not the heart of the King be disturbed," began the midget, suddenly expanding, until he towered above his master, and his monstrous head touched the ceiling of the lofty room, "I have a twin brother, a poor mite of a creature, who has long entreated me to bring him hither to your august feet that he might throw himself down in the dust before your majesty

and kiss the ground in obedience to your will. He knows, O Sire, the secrets of the gnomes and goblins, the spirits and fairies, the water-nymphs and mountain dwarfs and there is no creature that can withstand him. I pledge you my word, Sire, that he can make you weep, if you will. Give him a hearing, pray, for he is here to speak for himself."

As he said these words, he clapped his hands together, and then a wonderful thing happened.

(To be continued.)

The Phantom Bell

BY RACHEL FRIEDMAN ISAACS

I used to be a skeptic, and, while listening to tales of the supernatural with a certain interest, I have smiled at the simple credulity of the believer, and have always explained the matter to my own satisfaction. But the story I am about to relate, admits of no explanation. It is a simple narrative of what I saw and heard, let who will come forward with doubts.

I had been traveling in Mexico, on business for my firm, and, having concluded it to my satisfaction, resolved to spend a few days in sightseeing. So, mounting my sturdy little pony with a few necessities, I proceeded leisurely on my way, my aim being to investigate some ruins, which had attracted my attention.

Mexico is the land of politeness and laziness, and, while all I met on the rather solitary road were profuse in directions and well wishes, none seemed to have had the curiosity, or energy, to investigate on their own account, and I was looked upon with mild disapproval. It was the third day, before I reached the ruins. I found it had hardly been worth my trouble. There were the usual adobe huts, falling into decay, and almost

overgrown with the luxuriant vegetation.

In the centre of the village stood a part of a building, which had evidently been more pretentious than the rest, as I could still see the remains of a belfry. Night was approaching, so I determined to picket the pony, and to find the best shelter for myself until morning. Entering the least ruinous of the huts, I made myself as comfortable as possible, and soon fell asleep. How long I slept I do not know, but I was awakened by an indefinable feeling. I rose, and walked to the door. The night was magnificent. The moon, which was at its full, made everything as light as day, and still with a silvery, subdued radiance, which the day cannot know. Suddenly, in the soft night air, rose the sound of a bell, clear, sonorous; now rising, now falling, in regular cadence, and, as if by magic, the ruins disappeared. A hurrying crowd thronged the plaza, some of the animated faces so vivid to my startled gaze that I can shut my eyes and see them before me again. The crowd now became quiet, and from the back emerged an old man, half leading, half dragging a veiled form, and, when he

reached the centre of the space, he threw back the veil, revealing a countenance, whose despairing beauty I can never forget. Unsheathing a dagger, he plunged it deep into the heart of the lovely girl, and then all vanished, and I stood alone, transfixed with the horror of the scene. As soon as the sun rose I hastened from the spot. Meeting an aged peon, I related my vision to him. He shook his head and

said, "Ah, the Señor has heard the phantom bell. None know its meaning, few have seen the vision, but the place is accursed, and the curse remains, for every year, on this day, as long as the señor lives, he will hear again the tolling of the bell."

Though five years have passed, on the anniversary of that night, clear and distinct, I hear the "Phantom Bell."

Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Story of a Drop of Water

BY JOSEPH SILVERMAN. D. D.



DR. JOSEPH SILVERMAN

A small drop of water, in the clouds, one day, in a gloomy mood—which is quite natural to one who lives constantly in the clouds—began thus to reason about its sad fate: "Here I am,

with so many other millions of drops, of little use to any one. What an insignificant part I play in the vast universe—a mere fleck of a cloud, that, in itself, is the sport of every wind! I shall try to cut myself loose, and go down to earth, to see whether I can be of any use there." After some tugging, the little drop was free from the bonds that held it to its associates, and it fell into the sea. Here it found itself again swallowed up by the great mass of water, and cast hither and thither by the mighty waves. It was, however, bent on testing its own strength, and gradually pushed its way further down, until it reached the bottom. It could go no further, and resolved to rest awhile, and then wander softly amongst the sea-weeds and other plants that flourish under the sea.

One day it found an oyster lying quietly and far removed from other beings, and it took pity on the poor, lonely creature, and determined to join it. The oyster was not loath to receive the little stranger, and gave it a home in his hard shell, where it would be protected from the rough elements of the world outside. Thus the two lived happily for a long while, until the oyster was carried to the

surface and opened by a kindly hand—and behold! there lay the shining little drop of water, crystallized, and in radiant beauty. *It had become a pearl.*

What had been the fate of the other millions of *drops* in the clouds? They had continued to live on in their gloomy surroundings, forming an embankment of mist against the heavens, or had been lost in the rainstorms, compounded with other elements of nature. This one drop, however, that relied upon its own power and sought

to do some little good, even if only to brighten the life of an oyster at the bottom of the sea, became in the end a shining pearl, destined to adorn the necklace of a fair maiden, or the crown of a royal head.

Let no humble being despair of rising above his seemingly useless lot. Let him show his true metal by doing signal service to some one, who needs it, and he will give a lustre to his soul that will reveal his true character.

New York.

Gems from the Talmud and Midrash

The Song of the Night

As David in his youthful days was tending his flocks on Bethlehem's plains, the spirit of the Lord came upon him, and his senses were opened, that he comprehend the songs of the night.

The heavens proclaimed the glory of God; the glittering stars all formed one chorus. Their harmonious melody resounded on earth, and the sweetness of their voices vibrated to its uttermost bounds.

"Light is the countenance of the Eternal," sang the setting sun. "I am the hem of his garment," responded the rosy glow of twilight.

The clouds gathered and said, "We are his nocturnal tent," and the waters of the cloud, and the hollow voices of the thunders, joined in the lofty chorus. "The voice of the Eternal is upon the waters; the God of glory thundereth; the Lord is upon many waters."

"He did fly upon my wings," whispered the wind, and the silent air replied, "I am the breath of God, the whisper of His benign presence."

"We hear the songs of praise," said the parched earth; "all around is praise: I alone am silent and mute!" And the falling dew replied, "I will

nourish thee, so that thou shalt be refreshed and rejoice, and thy infants shall bloom like the young rose."

"Joyfully we bloom," replied the refreshed meadows. The full ears of corn waved as they sang, "We are the blessing of God, the hosts of God against famine."

"We bless you from above," said the moon; "we bless you," responded the stars; and the grasshopper chirped, "Me, too, He blesses in the pearly dew-drop."

"He quenched my thirst," said the roe; "and refreshed me," continued the stag; "and grants us our food," said the beasts of the forest; "and clothes my lambs," gratefully sang the sheep.

"He heard me," croaked the raven, "when I was forsaken and alone." "He heard me," said the wild goat of the rocks, "when my time came and I was delivered."

And the turtle-dove cooed, and the swallow and all the birds joined their song; "We have found our nests, our houses; we dwell on the altar of the Lord and sleep under the shadow of His wing, in tranquility and peace."

"And peace," replied the night; and echo prolonged the sound, when the

cock awoke the dawn, and crowed:
 "Open the portals, the gates of the
 world! The King of glory approach-
 eth. Awake! Arise! Ye sons of
 men, give praises and thanks to the
 Lord, for the King of glory cometh."

The sun arose, and David awoke
 from his rapture. But, as long as
 he lived, the strains of creation's har-
 mony remained in his soul, and daily
 he recalled them from the strings of
 his harp.

January

BY HORACE A. BERNSTEIN

Joyful the New Year turns the page
 of life,
 And fills each heart with higher hopes
 and aims:
 Now gleams the land, in icy splendor
 girt,
 Under the sparkling canopy of night,
 And with frosty gems of purest sheen
 Rivals the jewelled heavens,—but yet
 we know:
 Youth, everlasting, lies beneath the
 snow.
New York.

At Bed-time

The oak-tree spreads his mighty
 boughs
 Above me where I lie,
 The sleepy flowers kiss my cheek,
 The wandering wind goes by,
 Amid a shadowy mist of leaves
 The shining stars are set;
 I wish that I could pluck one off,
 Just like a violet.
 If I were tall enough to reach
 Beyond the robin's nest,
 I'd steal a little baby star
 And wear it on my breast.
 PHŒBE LYNDE, in *Lippincott's*.

Mayyuma

Tale of a Sea-Nymph

BY VICTORIA MORTON

She was the daughter of a sea-king,
 and one of the children of the air.
 Her father was very great, and owned
 many palaces and lands beneath the
 waves. Once offended, the might of
 his arm was terrible, the sound of his
 voice thunder, and the glance of his
 eye lightning, to those who beheld
 him. So the people feared and re-
 spected him much in those fair, fertile
 lands under the sea, and every year,
 when the sun grew powerful in the
 heavens, they came from miles around
 to do him homage and to pay him
 tribute.

Because of his great power, his su-
 perb height, coral cheeks and daunt-

less, steel-blue eyes, the sea-maidens
 wooed him; wound their long hair
 about his feet and sang to him, with
 their hearts in their eyes, through the
 purple twilight evenings, before the
 stars came out.

The great king suffered them to
 do so, for it amused him in his hours
 of idleness. Then he laughed, a bluff,
 hale laugh, and said he would have
 none of them. He would reign alone
 in his palace, and better they loved
 his great throne, than his coral
 cheeks: his world-wide power, than
 his person. So he went away, and the
 sea-maidens sighed after him in vain.

One day, arising from the ocean to

pace the solitary sands and ponder on affairs of state, he heard a soft, broken little sigh near him, and not a soul was to be seen. Looking around, mystified, thinking it was a trick of some mischievous sea-sprite, he saw two blue eyes gazing down on him from between a shower of feathery, lint-white hair. Then, something struck the great heart of the king, and stretching forth his arms, he wooed and won the beautiful creature, in tones the sea-maidens never heard him utter.

After that, in the soft, summer evenings, he would rise on that same spot, and when he heard a soft sighing, and felt a touch as of a warm, western wind upon his face, he knew it was his beloved's voice and her arms, caressing him.

His love for his beautiful wife was a great, absorbing love, though she was not of his element and could not reign with him on his great throne under the sea. She was so vague, so shadowy, that sometimes he only knew she was near by the soft zephyrs with which she fanned him, and the touch of her cloudy hair brushing against his lips.

And they had a daughter, and named her Mayyuma. She was the most beautiful of all things, either in the heavens above, or in the waters beneath. As the white sea-foam, to which the last rays of the sun give a faint, rosy glow, was the skin of Mayyuma. Her eyes were the color of the sea, when it lies tranquil, at evening. Her cheeks and lips borrowed the tint of the rose-coral, and her hair was cloudy and feathery like her mother's; only it was the color of the sun, floated to her feet.

She rocks lazily on the sea, in a large shell, which glows inside with a thousand pearly tints. A silvery gossamer scarf, so fine that it took her maidens years to weave it, floats about her form. Two milky arms are

clasped behind her head, and on her face is a look of thought.

To-day is her birthday. She is fifteen year old: she knows it, for her mother whispered it to her through a gentle zephyr that stole by a while ago.

Happy, graceful Mayyuma! How good it is to know that, when you are tired, your mother's soft breath will fan your cheek, and her gentle voice will lull you into a heavenly sleep: to know that she is ever hovering near you, ready at your bidding to send you a fleecy white cloud, which will bear you away, way up into the blue sky. Reclining upon it, you can look down and see the ocean, rocking like a beautiful gem at your feet: or, look upward, and see the countless faces of the children of the air, glimmering starrily from beneath their showery tresses. You seem to be silly, child! tired of your father's great white palace beneath the waves: of his many halls of jasper and onyx, and the branching coral bower he built all for yourself: of the merry times you have with the mermaids and mermen, playing hide and seek in and out of the pale, green sea-groves, by the light of the moon and the stars.

What is that? A shoal of dolphins come tumbling by. One of them stops and whispers, there are great doings in the palace below: would she not join in the revels?

No! she is heartily sick of the whole ugly company her father is so fond of entertaining in his great banqueting halls. "But then, everybody cannot be as beautiful as the peerless Mayyuma," said the dolphin, and with a laugh and a wink, he turns a funny little somersault and gambols after the others.

She is left alone again, on the great purple-tinted sea, her lovely face spoiled by its discontented expression.

What chases the peevish look from her face, and makes her start to her

feet with an impatient "Quick! Quick!" A large bird wings his flight toward her, his heavy pinions drooping with fatigue. "Faster, faster!" she cries, until he alights on her shoulder and caresses her lips with his beak.

She had appointed him as her special courier, ever since she had begun to be tired of her life beneath the waves. She would send him far away into strange countries, so that when he returned, he could amuse her with tales of what he had seen and heard. "What have you to tell me? Quick!" she cried. "Wait until I take breath, sweet mistress; four days and four nights have I flown without rest or refreshment." "Oh! Will you never begin?" urged the heartless one.

With pitiful little sobs and gasps, the poor bird commenced his tale: "I have been to a land where the skies are ever blue, and the flowers ever bloom; where they know no winter, and are ignorant of snow or ice. And the son of the king of the land is a beautiful youth, but his enemies poisoned the mind of his father against him, and had the prince seized and sent away from the land of his birth. Follow the path of the sun, until you come to where the waves dash in fury against a pile of black rock; covering these is a ruined tower. In that tower has the prince been immured for a year and a day, but, ere the sun will have time to rise and sink once more, a ship will come to bear him back to the land of his birth: for the old king is sinking fast, and, dying, his eyes are cleared, and he would have his son reign on the throne of his fathers. Ah! I faint! I die—Good-bye, fair earth—cruel mistress," and the poor bird dropped into the sea.

Not heeding him, Mayyuma bounded into the air, a pair of gauzy wings, the gift of her mother, spring from her shoulders, and fluttering them with an exultant smile, she flies along

the path of the sun; she does not feel that his rays no longer burn, but fill the atmosphere with a soft haze; she does not hear the voice of her mother warning her: "Mayyuma! Take heed, hearken to my voice! Twice have you looked on the face of mortal man, and the third time evil shall befall you. Follow not the path of the sun; turn back in your course! Mayyuma! Mayyuma!"

II.

The prince sits in the ruined tower. His cheeks are wan from long confinement, but his large, black eyes burn with unextinguished fire, and his brown, curly locks reach below his waist. His head rests upon his hand, and his gaze is bent upon the ground. He does not see the inquisitive, blue-green eyes peering at him, nor the outline of an arm against the window ledge.

Homeward, through the deepening twilight, flies Mayyuma, nor stops till she sees the towers of her father's palace gleaming through the transparent water. Then, with a sigh of relief, she sinks down, down, until her feet touch the mossy path that leads to the great gate. As she passes through, the big serpent, trailed three times around the palace, lifts his head and gazes at her with blind worship in his large, calm, emerald eyes. Not heeding him, she walks through the cool hall, and, with a shudder of disgust at the noisy mirth of the revelers, enters her bower, where, falling asleep on a bed of silken moss, she dreams all night of the dark eyes of the pale prince.

Rising next morning, with the faint grey dawn of day, she takes down her lute, long left untouched, then sounding its strings with an exultant smile, passes out of the palace. There is no one stirring, only the great serpent looks at her wonderingly, as she rises

blithely to the top of the waves and takes the path of the sun.

The pale prince lies on his hard couch, moaning and restless in his sleep. His dreams are troubled, and he tosses from side to side, but can find no rest. Suddenly, a blessed calm steals over his tired brain, and he is at peace.

A strange, sweet music plays around his pillow, soothing and bewitching him, until, all at once, he awakes, then closes his eyes again, thinking how sweet was the music of his dream. But no, surely, yes! There it was again. Now near; now stealing away, mournfully sweet, weirdly sad, until it draws him from his cot, and attracts him to the window.

"Start not, pale prince, nor draw your hands across your eyes, nor feel thrilled by such exquisite happiness; can you not hear, through the laughing of the wind, that sad, warning wail? Heed her not, heed her not; she comes to bring you woe, much woe!"

Mayyuma speaks, and her words sound to the prince like pearls following one another down a broken string. She draws his heart to her, with her melting voice, and her beauty, calls him "her prince," her "beautiful, mortal youth"; says, if he will go down and dwell with her beneath the waves, he shall sit on her father's throne, and be the greatest of all the sea-kings; tells him how soft is the silken moss of her bower, and how she will sing to him, morning and evening, the sweetest songs she knows.

He points sadly to the iron bars of his windows, telling her in hopeless tones how fruitless it is to try to escape. Then Mayyuma laughs a little exultant laugh, tells him of the ship that is coming, and assures him she will be there. Laughing still in her contentment, she sings a farewell strain, and floats away.

All that day she sings and dances, until the sea-maidens wonder at her,

and her father, the great sea-king, strokes his sweeping beard, and says: "She is a merry child enough." The time seems long to Mayyuma, till the sun slackens his fiery steed, and sinks to rest. Then, her heart gives a great bound, for she sees the gleam of a sail, and knows it is the ship, destined to carry the pale prince back to the land of his birth. Wrapping herself in a cloud, she floats above the vessel, wondering at the stalwart sailors and warriors. When they land at the black rock, she hovers near, and watches anxiously for the prince. Liberated, he is brought on board, and the ship spreads her white wings for departure.

Mayyuma follows slowly, until the golden moon rises out of the ocean. Then, with its glamor above her, she floats down before the vessel. The stalwart sailors, the hardy old veterans, quailed in terror when they saw her poised in liquid light; they feared her more when they saw her eyes fixed upon the prince, and her arms held wooingly out to him. Dazzled by this beautiful apparition, he made a movement as if he would jump into the sea. Then, the whole of the ship's crew, knowing it would cost their lives to go back to their native land without him, rushed to prevent him.

With one wave of her little hand, Mayyuma holds them spell-bound. "Come, for I love thee, my prince." With a shout, he leaps; she winds her arms about him, and with a mocking, triumphant laugh, they sink beneath the waves.

What is that pale wraith, hardly distinguishable from the mist, which curls above the sea? A piece of cloud, blown about by the wind? "Ayaah! Ayaah!" it wails, "I knew evil would come of it! Woe! Woe! My child, my Mayyuma!"

They sink beneath the waves, and she clasps her arms closely about him. But faster than she, he sinks; his heavy weight falls from her embrace,

and he lies on the mossy ground, outside the palace of the great sea-king, paler in his cheek than when he pondered in the ruined tower, and his eyes are closed. Perhaps the prince is tired from their rapid flight. "Oh, my prince! why sleepest thou? Open thy dark eyes; let me hear the tones of thy beautiful voice!" But the tones of his beautiful voice are mute, and his dark eyes are closed. Ghastly white is the hue upon his cheek, and no breath comes from between his parted lips.

She sits by his side and wonders at his long sleep. She waits for him to wake. The days follow one another, but still he lies on the mossy ground, outside the palace of the great sea-king.

Powerful is the king, and once offended, the might of his arm is terrible; the sound of his voice is thunder, and the glance of his eye lightning to those who behold him. Powerless, though, is he to tear his daughter from her weary watch beside the pale prince. For the chain that binds her there is stronger than one, the links whereof are forged of iron. She sits and wipes the cold dew from his brow with her long hair, while the days glide into weeks. The weeks follow one another, and they glide into months. The months follow one another, and they glide into years; but the chain that binds her is stronger than one, the links whereof are forged of iron.

New York.

Jewish Tales

I. Falsehood in Noah's Ark

BY RABBI I. WARSAW



RABBI I. WARSAW

Many, many centuries ago, even as far back as ten generations before the patriarch Abraham was born, God looked upon the earth, and saw the wickedness of man was very great, and that every thought of his heart was evil. And God determined to bring a flood of waters upon the earth, to sweep from off its surface every living creature, from the tallest giant to the tiniest creeping thing.

But there lived, at that time, a man, named Noah, who was good and just and perfect, and who piously obeyed the commands of the Lord. And God said to the faithful Noah: "Behold, the end of all flesh is come, on account of the wickedness of man; but, because thou art good, and faithfully obeyest my laws, I will spare thy life, and thou shalt become the father of all human beings after the flood, even as Adam has hitherto been the ancestor of all men. Mark, therefore, what I say

unto thee: Make thee an ark of gopherwood which will keep thee and thy wife, and thy children, safe upon the surface of the flood, until the waters shall have abated. Thou shalt also take with thee into the ark the male and female of every creature that liveth upon the earth, seven pairs of each kind that is clean, and one pair of each kind that is unclean, so that they may increase upon the earth after the flood shall have destroyed all living things." And Noah obeyed the words of God, and did according to his command.

When the ark was finished, Noah sat at the door to watch that no more than seven males and seven females of each clean kind, and no more than one male and one female of each unclean kind, of all living things, should enter the ark. Now, as he was watching, a little ugly creature, with stooping shoulders, whose tiny grey eyes betrayed much cunning, approached the ark, and stretched out a long, lean arm, entirely out of proportion to the small size of its body, to open the door. But Noah stopped him, saying: "Before I allow thee to enter, thou must answer the following questions: Who art thou, what is thy name, and what is thy occupation?" Instead of directly answering these questions, the little creature bowed its head still lower, compressed its lips, and remained silent. "Well," Noah angrily exclaimed, "Why repliest thou not? Thinkest thou I have so much time to bestow on thee? The hour of the flood is drawing nigh, and a great multitude is waiting for admission; answer then, immediately, or get thee hence!"

The ungainly creature trembled at the displeasure of Noah, and, in a faltering voice, began: "I am, sir, the master of deceit: my name is Falsehood, and my occupation is to fabricate lies. I hesitate to reply at once, because I could not but tell thee the truth, and truth, as thou knowest, goes

against my nature. Forgive me, therefore, I pray thee, and let me get into the ark." "Ah, knave!" exclaimed Noah, "I know thee and thy ignoble craft too well. More than once hast thou lied to me, and hast caused trouble among the members of my peaceful household. Thou surely belondest to the most unclean of all thy tribe, and by my faith, if I were free to decide thy fate, thou shouldst not enter, but perish in the flood, as becometh a creature of thy character, that coming generations may be saved from thy falsehoods. However, God is wiser than man, and since He in His wisdom hath commanded me to admit even the uncleanest kind, I cannot turn thee away. Get thee a mate, and I will let thee in!" So saying, Noah turned his back upon Falsehood, and proceeded to examine the other applicants for admission.

But Falsehood remained standing behind Noah, as if nailed to the spot. "Woe is me!" he exclaimed, within his lying heart; "I am lost beyond redemption; for where can I find a being that would be willing to unite itself with so vile a creature as I? I know full well that even the poorest and humblest of women utterly despise me, and shun my company. If I approach any one of them, promising to make her happy, in case she consents to walk by my side, she will only laugh at me, and say, 'This, no doubt, is thy latest lie, Mr. Falsehood; thou hadst better look for a partner among thy own kindred. I have no inclination to be seen in the company of such a disreputable fellow as thou art!' O, how I wish," continued Falsehood, wringing his hands in despair, "that I had, from earliest childhood, obeyed God, Who commands us always to be truthful, and never to prevaricate under any circumstances! But, alas, my repentance comes too late! No one will believe me, even if I should make up my mind to be, henceforth, as true as

Truth itself. And, then, I have become so accustomed to lying, that I could not tell the truth, even to save my life. While I was telling Noah my true name and occupation, each word I uttered almost choked me, and it will be long before I fully recover from the painful shock it gave me."

From these sad and gloomy thoughts Falsehood was suddenly aroused by the piercing scream of a child. As he lifted his head, and looked toward the place whence the scream came, he beheld a woman lift from the ground a little girl of about four years of age, who seemed to be convulsed with the pain of a severe injury, sustained by a fall. He approached the woman and, with an appearance of false sympathy, he asked what accident had befallen the little girl, and whether he could be of any assistance. In reply, she pointed with her finger at a very tall and stout woman, who was advancing with large and rapid strides towards Noah, and said: "May the punishment of God descend upon that woman who, in her mad rush to the ark, nearly killed my dear child by throwing it to the ground, and stepping upon it, as if it were a stone!"

Falsehood looked at the object of the grieved mother's anger and he found, to his extreme delight, that it was no other than his old acquaintance, Dame Injustice. "There," he joyfully exclaimed, "is a fit mate for me; and I wager my faith in the blackest lie I have ever palmed off on friend or foe, that she will not reject my suit! There is no reason why she should. Why, wrong-doing is her greatest pleasure, and can she ever have the joy of doing a greater wrong than by helping me to preserve, from the impending flood, the worthless life of a wretch like myself?" So saying, he went up to her and, with a wicked smile peculiar to him alone, said: "Good morning, Dame Injustice; I trust thou hast not forgotten Sir Falsehood, who

so faithfully assisted thee in many an evil deed; I hope thou wilt be glad to shake hands with him once more at this troublesome time. Take my arm, I pray, and follow me, as my life's partner, into the ark. Noah refused to let me in unless I found a mate of my own kind, and, methinks, thou art of my very blood, for is not falsehood ever allied to wrong-doing?"

"Thou art saving the truth, Sir Falsehood," replied Dame Injustice, "although, coming as it does from thine own lying lips, I should be inclined to disbelieve it. But, before I consent to mate with thee, I wish thee distinctly to state what inducements thou offerest me for such a union." "The profits," said Falsehood, "will be immense: for I promise to divide with thee all the wealth I hope to accumulate in the ark by means of my lies." "I am satisfied," said Dame Injustice, "and I will see to it that thy promise shall be fulfilled, whether it pleases thee or not!" So saying, she took his arm, and, telling Noah that she agreed to be the wedded wife of Falsehood, they walked into the ark, to the deep regret and displeasure of all its inhabitants.

As soon as Falsehood was comfortably installed, in a remote and obscure corner of the ark, he unlocked his trunk of lies, and began to trade them off in great quantities, and under all sorts of disguises. To the sick he came as an excellent physician, and sold them foul drugs instead of healing medicine. To the superstitious, he offered for sale amulets and talismans, making them believe that they had rare properties, and that, whoever owned them, would live long and never be sick or injured. To the ignorant, he appeared in the vestments of a priest, telling them that he was sent directly from God to punish all those who refused to give their property to His servants, the priests. When he saw that two men had a dispute about

some business, he introduced himself to them in the capacity of a lawyer, persuading them to carry their quarrel into court, offering himself as the counsel of the one in public, and secretly advising the other. And he managed the affair with so much cunning and deceit against both, that the object of the dispute, usually money, would pass into his own possession. He also opened stores of all kinds of merchandise, groceries and drinks, selling adulterated stuffs, and using false measures and weights. Thus he succeeded in cheating every one out of his money, and opened a pawnshop, where he loaned money to the impoverished people at an unusually high interest. But, all this while, Dame Injustice was dogging his footsteps, stealing his ill-gotten wealth, and squandering it in all sorts of mean pleasures and base dissipation.

When, one beautiful morning, Noah announced to the inhabitants of the ark, the glad news that the flood had abated, and the waters had dried up from the earth, all joyfully started to make preparations for their departure

from the ark. Falsehood, too, was clasping his hands in joy, saying to himself: "Well, I have prospered during the deluge, and now I can go to any place I choose, build a magnificent mansion, and live in peace and happiness on the riches I have accumulated here." He then went to his trunk, opened it, and, to his consternation, found it entirely empty! His heart nearly broke at the sight, and he wept bitterly. "Woe is me!" he cried, in his despair; "Dame Injustice has utterly ruined me, and I must go out into the world as a wretched beggar! This, then, is the sad end of all swindle and falsehood; of all my sins and crimes! I know now that there can be no profit in falsehood, for he who sows lies, reaps only lies, poverty and shame!"

And, with his stooping shoulders and haggard face, the little, ugly man left the ark, to follow his ungodly craft elsewhere. But, with all his cunning and deceit, he never entirely succeeded, and will never again flourish, so long as Honesty and Justice exist.

Brunswick, Ga.

Not in the College Catalogue

A Chapter in Hazing

BY EUGENE H. LEHMAN

During a visit to one of the smaller colleges, that snugly nestles amidst the beautiful New England hills, Emerson was seated in the president's office, examining a catalogue. At length, he remarked to the president, who was sitting next to him, "I see that you have omitted all mention of one of your most instructive courses given by a most inspiring professor." "I think not," smiled the president, with a little surprise. "Yes," replied Emerson, "I see no mention of yonder mountains."

A young man in choosing his col-

lege, should note with especial care these unadvertised courses. One such was given at Yale, during the hazing season, not many years ago.

Two poor boys, whom we may call David and Howard, had spent the greater part of their teens in scraping together and laying aside whatever money they were able to earn, that with these savings they might pay their college expenses. Too poor to attend a preparatory school, the boys studied diligently by themselves in the little farmhouse that was their home. As September drew to a close, they

passed their final examinations, and became, at last, real Yale men.

They engaged a room in one of the old brick buildings erected a century and a half ago. True, the musty odor and moldy walks made the place a trifle uninviting; but the rent was only one dollar a week, and the three rafters overhead reminded them, in a way, of the farm home. Then, too, the curious initials, N. H., were plainly cut into the door, which initials had led class after class to honor this room as the one long ago occupied by Nathan Hale.

But sentiment soon yields to hunger. While their classmates were inquiring from others how they could make their college course a success, David and Howard were asking themselves, "Where can we get something to eat?" Here was a club without a waiter; there a furnace without a tender, and yonder a store that offered a few hours' employment.

So, in the course of a couple of weeks, to the dull, empty room were added a dilapidated bed, a half-broken desk, two or three rickety chairs, and a large, rough drygoods box, full of knot holes, that served as a wardrobe.

Late one October night, Howard shambled into his room. "Where have you been?" asked David. "Oh, I think we had better give it up," gloomily sighed Howard; "I've been helping the undertaker across the street, and here another night is gone, and I haven't even opened my Homer. We can't pay all our expenses, and do justice to our college work." David's sentiments were almost the same, for he, too, had been tramping all over the city, distributing election circulars. Discouraged and downcast, the two boys went to bed, to pass a restless night in a half-waking, half-dreaming sleep.

Without warning, a crowd of boisterous students, out on a wild hazing expedition, burst through the door, in-

to the room; and, as they caught sight of the dingy walls and worn-out furniture, some shouted in derision, and others let forth a mocking laugh, much like that of a multitude of insane savages.

"Up with them; out with them, fellows! No room for paupers here. Send 'em to the poorhouse. But, first, let us have some fun with them, anyway."

David and Howard shuddered.

"Get up, Freshy, and stand on your head in this tub of water. Make that other chap over there drink beer through a funnel, and don't spit it out, either, or we'll smash everything in the room."

But David *did choke*, so that he coughed a whole mouthful of beer over the leader. "What do you mean by that, Freshy," retorted one of the hazers. "Bind them down, fellows, and let's wreck the room before their eyes."

In vain did the two boys plead for their meagre belongings. "Please don't make us give up our college course. Haze us as you wish, but don't break up the few paltry things for which we have worked so hard. They mean much to us, but nothing to you," begged Howard.

"What's that," snapped back the leader, "We'll teach you to cough beer into an upper classman's face. Upstairs with them, fellows. Enough of these baby tears. Say, Freshmen, you had better enroll in Smith or Vassar."

So David and Howard, still in their night clothes, and bound with ropes, were taken to the room above, where they could plainly hear the chopping and pounding and hammering that meant the cruel destruction of all their worldly belongings. Their hearts boiled the more with rage, as they lay supinely on their backs, unable to raise a finger to prevent the ruinous work. An hour passed, and still the noise below

continued. Only once had the two boys spoken. "I suppose we'll have to give up college now," sighed David. "I suppose so," returned Howard, half sobbing.

Some time later the hazers rushed upstairs into the room where the boys lay. "Set 'em free," ordered the leader, "and, Mr. Beerougher, happy dreams to you and your bed of splinters." Then they disappeared, as suddenly as do the marauding Arabs in the desert.

The two boys, with heavy steps, went down to their room. Howard's hand rested for a moment on the door-knob, as though unwilling to allow his eyes to gaze upon the wreck. Then they both entered courageously.

But, behold! no person was ever

more startled on awakening from his wildest dream than were the boys, as they looked upon their former room. Not even the splinters of the old furniture were left. In their stead they found a well-selected Brussels carpet, oak tables, oak chairs, an iron bed, with pure, clean linen, and walls artistically adorned with cheerful pictures, and, in one corner, a large bookcase, almost overcrowded with well-bound, carefully chosen volumes. Yes, and above the bookcase shone forth something of equal value—a large blue banner, bearing the class numerals.

The entire affair had been quietly pre-arranged.

This course in brotherly love had not been advertised in the college catalogue.
New York.

The Hebrew Free School of Newark, N. J.

BY JOSEPH L. SCHWARTZ.

The 20,000 Jews of Newark, N. J., point with pardonable pride to their Hebrew Free School, perhaps the only one of its kind in the country. Its claim to such high distinction lies in the fact that it is a *daily* Hebrew school, where instruction, according to the most approved pedagogic methods, in various subjects, is given *free* to 800 boys and girls.

The generous legacy of the Plaut family, of Newark, supplemented by voluntary contributions, made possible the erection of the present school house, known as the Plaut Memorial School. When this handsome structure, containing all the requirements of a public school, was built in the center of the Jewish district, it was deemed amply sufficient for the 200 children then enrolled. But, year after year brought a larger number of pupils, until now some 800 children are studying, where there is hardly room for but half that number, and many more are refused admission. To accommo-

date the overflow, the playground has been pressed into service for school purposes.

There are seventeen classes, under the general supervision of the Rev. Myer S. Hood, who has been in charge since its foundation. Aiding him are three lady teachers and an assistant, recruited from the ranks of the pupils, graduates of the Normal School. Daily afternoon sessions are held, Friday and Sunday excepted. A Sunday session is held in the morning. Owing to lack of space, and the limited number of teachers, however, each pupil receives instruction only on every other day. Despite this disadvantage, the boys and girls are thoroughly grounded in Biblical and Post-Biblical History, in the study of the Jewish religion, Hebrew Grammar, and conversation, learning to translate large portions of the Prayer Book and the Bible. In the advanced class, Rashi's commentary is also studied. This splendid curriculum can scarcely

be matched by any other Hebrew school in the country.

On Sabbath afternoons, religious services are held, with responsive reading and singing by the children. The portion of the week is read from the Scroll *by one of the boys*, and an appropriate address is delivered by a local Rabbi. Special celebrations are held on Chanukah and Purim, and the boys and girls, who have reached the age of thirteen, are publicly confirmed on Shebuoth. The memory of the benefactors of the school is honored by

special services held on the anniversary of their death. A public examination is held at the close of the year.

The graduates are young men and women, who are, indeed, a credit to the community. Among them are artisans, stenographers, telegraph operators, students in Rabbinical and technical schools, and teachers, all of whom contribute their mite toward the support of the institution.

Here is a school worthy of emulation.

New York.

The Boy Who Wished to be Rich

BY GEORGE ALEXANDER KOHUT

It was a bitter cold day. Fifth Avenue, splendid and stately always, was covered with a soft carpet of snow, and it lay shimmering in the sun. Now and then the Northwind, jealous of its peace, would stir the great white fur, which was spread over the streets like a blanket, and then little flurries of snow would spin in the air, and whirl faster and faster, until there was quite an avalanche of fine spray. And then people would draw their wraps and cloaks and great coats more closely about their necks and shoulders, and they would screw up their eyes, and hold their breath, and bend themselves against the blast, as it blew sharper and sharper, making them long for their bright firesides and cozy corners at home.

Now Fifth Avenue is the thoroughfare of the rich—of the very rich. Beautiful teams drove by, with horses prancing and chains rattling, as if regardless of cold and discomfort. The horses seemed to be eager to face the biting wind, and showed their high courage by their rapid gait. And the occupants of the carriages, how happy they looked! They leaned back against the cushioned seats, securely swathed in costly furs, their limbs bundled in

warm lap-robcs—the picture of luxury and ease.

Carriage after carriage rolled along, one more elegant than the other, and, here and there, a beautiful sleigh, drawn by a pair of steaming horses, their well-groomed manes and tails gaily decked with ribbons of three colors, drove by—a thing of grace and beauty, wonderful to behold.

Only one little urchin—Jakie, an Arab of the Ghetto, lean and pale, with a hungry, eager look in his eyes, trudged along, humming a miserable tune, whenever the wind did not take his breath away, and covering his mouth when it blew, with his right hand, which was chapped and all but benumbed with the cold.

He would peep furtively at the passers-by, sometimes scanning their faces, then quickly looking away when he, perchance, met the glance of any one at whom he was gazing too intently. Then something would steal into his eyes which looked like guilt, and he would begin singing his one-tuned street song with a zeal which was curious to note.

For was he not an outcast—a God-forsaken little lad, with no one to love and no one to love him, wandering

about from place to place in quest of someone, who *would* love him, because he was so little and lonesome and poor?

By and by he stopped eyeing the pedestrians. He had never been on Fifth Avenue before, having, for years—and not so many years, either, for he was only thirteen—pictured it in his mind as a place where such as he dared not walk, and where only people who had more in their pockets than a penny and a crust of bread, were permitted to stroll. And yet he did want to see those grand men and women, who could go up and down the Avenue, day after day. He ached to see the gay, snug crowd flit by, and to watch the richly dressed folk in their carriages, and the stern, smooth-shaven, giant-footmen, in buttons and livery, alight with all the airs of a lord, to hand those great people out of their seats, when they stopped before the most beautifully fitted-up stores in the city.

To-day, *he* was there to see it all, and Jackie's innocent heart was glad. "Surely," he said to himself, "this is no sin, to see how *other* people are happy and comfortable, while I am wretched and sad." It would comfort him very much, and if he, God forbid, *would* envy them, why then, on his way home to the tenement house, on Orchard Street, he would have ample time to regret it, and his remorse over wishing to be rich would keep him company.

And so he walked and walked, and sang that melancholy ballad of his quarter, almost with joy. And, by and by, he even felt warm, and thought to himself: What a blessed thing it was, after all, that he had *no* ulster and silk muffler to make him perspire. He would catch cold and—who knows?—get pneumonia, or some such sickness with a funny name, of which he would surely die! But no, he really couldn't help it, and he tried so hard *not* to wish at all—he was thinking: *What*

a fine thing it would be to be rich.

Then—if *he were to become rich*, he would put off his rags, and buy himself a red-flannel sweater, and that would keep him warm. He would even buy a corduroy suit, with brass buttons and braid on the trousers, and a belt at the waist, to make him look like a sport, and he would buy one of those funny skull-caps, that looked like a lady's muff, to match it, so that people would say, as he passed, that he looked outlandish and stunning. He *wouldn't* buy a coat! Lord o' me, what use *would* he have for one? If he wore a coat—a great coat at that—he couldn't very well show off his corduroy pantaloons, with the braid and the sporty belt. No, that he *couldn't* and *wouldn't* do! And he would live in a flat—a *whole* flat, all by himself—on Grand Street, and go into a restaurant, where they ask 25 cents for a square meal, and have one. He would give the waiter ten cents, besides, for a tip, and then that person would be so surprised that he would drop his dishes with a bang, so that they rolled on the floor with a merry rattle, and—

His ears caught the sound of sleigh-bells, and his heart gave a great big thump. He was going to see a real live Fifth Avenue winter turn-out.

"O, my, what a sight," he gasped, the cold wind turning his cheek almost purple. "Lord o' Mercy," he said to himself, "but that's a whopper, *that* is!"

A great, glittering sleigh was coming along. It was drawn by two beautiful horses, as white as the snow on the ground. They held their heads high up in the air, and shook themselves every now and then, until the little bells on their necks jingled. He had heard just such a sound on Mulberry Street, when Corso, the Italian organ grinder, came around, on Tuesdays and Saturdays, to make them merry with his music, and his little daughter

beat the tambourine against her knuckles and elbows, until the bells on it jingled and jingled and jarred. But o, it was so much nicer—this sleigh with the musical sound. He wished himself rich again, and then quickly asked God to forgive him because he did. An old man, handsome and stately, was in that sleigh, and on his right hand, erect and alert, sat a beautiful greyhound—no doubt the master's pet. The gentleman wore a huge fur-coat, "which must have cost ten dollars, if it cost a cent," thought the boy, and on the lap-robe, in which his feet were swathed, and on the blankets, which covered the prancing, milk-white horses, were embroidered a monogram and a crown in red and gold. "That's a nobleman, *that is*," wistfully thought the boy.

But see, the equipage stops. The tall footman, who sat like a statue on the outer seat, jumps down from his place and opens the carriage door. He turns and makes a sign to the porter at the great white marble palace called the Millionaires' Club, and the man comes running forward to help him.

To help him—what for?

To help him lift the stately old man with the Russian sable coat out of his carriage, for the stately old man was a cripple. And the lad no longer wished to be rich, but got upon his knees that night, in his dingy, ill-smelling room, and thanked God that his limbs were whole, and that he was a poor forsaken boy, and *not* a helpless millionaire, with a dog and a footman for company.

Bible Lesson for the Month

BY RUDOLPH I. COFFEE

Superintendent of the Hebrew Orphan Asylum, New York City.

I.

FAITHFULNESS.

Chapter xxiv. of Genesis treats of the faithfulness of Eliezer, the servant of Abraham. He was chosen to journey to a distant land to seek a help-mate for Isaac. How zealously he performed his task is shown in a little incident to be found in verse 33. Eliezer had already met Rebecca, and had been brought to the home of Bethuel. The people of the house naturally desired to be very courteous to the weary traveler. He no sooner entered the home than they placed before him food to satisfy his hunger. Eliezer pushed it aside, saying that he would not touch food until he had completed his task. Here is a type of the faithful man. He placed his duty to his master far above all feelings of pleas-

ure and comfort for himself. Abraham must have known what kind of a man Eliezer was, and appreciated his sterling qualities, otherwise he would never have entrusted to him so weighty a matter as the choice of a wife for his son.

Eliezer was only a servant unto Abraham. He was even a foreigner by birth, and thus there was no natural tie to bind him to his master. Yet his whole heart and soul must have been in the work that he set out to do, and he performed every service on behalf of his master with the same zeal that he would have shown in his own interest. *Do your duty to your employer,—whoever your superior may be,—with the fervor you would manifest in your own behalf.* The faithful man makes the best interests of himself harmonize with those of the

firm for which he works. And rightly so, for, as he advances the interest of the firm, he is, at the same time, aiding himself. Let us, in this, pattern after Eliezer, the servant of Abraham. May we be so faithful to duty that no consideration, even that of comfort, may swerve us from attaining the highest interests of those for whom we are working. Is it only by being faithful to others, and offering them the best of our labors, that we can further our own interests.

II.

PROPER SPEECH.

The well-known story of how Jacob, instead of Esau, obtained the blessing from his father Isaac, is told in chapter xxviii. No one, for a single moment, would attempt to make a comparison between the two men, they are so totally dissimilar in their ways. That is evident even in their mode of speech. When he approaches his aged father with the venison he desired, Jacob says: "Arise, I pray thee, sit and eat of my venison!"—a polite address, full of deference for parental authority. Esau, in his gruff and ill-considered manner, exclaims: "Let my father arise and eat of his son's venison!" For the sake of argument we may be willing to admit that Esau intended no irreverence here. It was merely his mode of address. He was a rough man, uncouth, and not trained in politeness. But is there ever an excuse for coarseness of speech? And that toward a parent? A thousand times NO!

A person of refined tastes is quite likely to form the habit of polite speech, and will use his voice with the proper modulation. We can easily feel, in the words of Jacob, courtesy, as well as culture. But the coarseness of Esau, his wild habits, his rough way of living, all combined to culti-

vate a mode of speech, that was in conformity with his savage surroundings.

Certainly none of us willingly display this glaring defect of uncouth speech. We know how we feel when we are insulted or addressed roughly, and should, therefore, guard our tongues well, lest we be guilty of Esau's sin. The trouble with Esau was in the life he led, and if we would acquire proper habits of speech, we should place ourselves amid healthy surroundings. Our companionship with good, wholesome books will enrich our vocabulary; and genteel and refined companions will ennoble and soften our nature and fill us with pure thoughts and worthy ideals. We must be cheerful in spirit, singing even at our work, thus acquiring that bright and buoyant nature which lends such glee and resonance to the voice. Jacob did all this, and we find it reflected in his speech. Esau, bold man that he was, is as boorish as his brother is refined.

III.

PROPER THINKING.

It is difficult to picture a more forlorn traveler than Jacob was when he left his father's house, to go forth into the unknown world. He began his career deprived of everything, in the material sense, save his staff. This did not discourage him, however, as the beautiful prayer, which closes chapter xxviii., amply proves. The last clause is a model of *proper thinking*.

Jacob prayed neither for wealth nor for glory, but merely for food to eat and raiment to put on. Then he finished by promising to devote to God a tenth of all that he would acquire. He knew that all he will ever receive must, of necessity, come through the grace of God. He, therefore, offered to return one-tenth of all

his substance, as a token of appreciation, to God, the Giver of all good.

How many young people to-day, starting out upon their career, ever have the thought to surrender, voluntarily, a part of what they have acquired? To give money to some charitable organization because it is the fashion, or because one is asked to do so, merely proves a proper understanding of one's duty. But it is so much grander to do *before* you are asked. Andrew Carnegie gives his millions to erect libraries; Jacob H. Schiff gives a tenth of his income and more each year to charity; and Emanuel Lehman, on his 70th birthday, established a fund of \$100,000 for the education of Hebrew orphans. These are but a few examples of the men who have reared lasting monuments for themselves. It is not on account of the immense sums of money that these men give that they will always be remembered. They can spare this money quite easily, perhaps. The grandeur of their charity is rather to be found in the nobility which enables them to plan such gigantic schemes for the betterment of humanity. We honor the man who can rise to so lofty a conception of duty and *proper thinking*.

Many people have fantastic thoughts which are impossible of fulfilment, but there can be nothing more appropriate for a young man, starting out in life, than to vow most solemnly that, of whatever God gives him, he will devote a tenth as an offering of gratitude to aid his fellowmen.

IV.

HOW TO APPROACH PEOPLE.

Chapter xxxiii. brings Jacob before us, just as he meets his brother Esau. We can easily understand the conflicting emotions that must have filled Jacob before the meeting. Would his

brother still cherish the same hatred, on account of which he was compelled to flee from home? Or, had the lapse of years softened the heart of Esau, so that the sting of former days was forgotten? In other words, was Jacob, when meeting his brother, to prepare for war or for peace? As a matter of fact, he did both. He journeyed toward Esau with friendly intent, but things had been so ordered that, if Esau showed signs of fight, the followers of Jacob would not be helpless.

Jacob's conduct in this particular instance proves him to have been a very sagacious man. He was prepared for any exigency, and therein lay his strength. Esau had a larger army, and, therefore, to a certain extent, Jacob was at his mercy. Under such conditions, it was impossible to dictate a policy of action, and Jacob, therefore, had to be guided by the attitude of Esau. Fortunately for Jacob, his brother was in a forgiving mood. And while Jacob did not trust him at all, he held his peace as long as they were together.

In this world of ours the same relations continually obtain as those which existed between Esau and Jacob. It would save us a great many heart-aches in life if we made a little effort, as Jacob did, to understand the humor of the person with whom we have to deal. Just a little watchfulness on our part would avert much unpleasantness and trouble. It is certainly better to let our words be few, to say nothing to irritate or excite people of an uncertain temper.

Jacob acted upon this principle, and he fared well. Let us bear this in mind, and realize that a slight inconvenience, at times, carries a great reward, and a little extra caution may avoid much that is disagreeable and dangerous. Study your conduct, and be guided by due consideration for the hobbies and foibles and failings of all with whom you come in contact.

Bible Commentaries in Anecdotes

CLEVER ANTS.

Proverbs 6:6.

Beecher tells an interesting story of some ants he had observed: "A pie was placed on a shelf in a cupboard, with a wide ring of molasses encircling the plate. The ants discovered it, and, wanting pie for breakfast, they set out to get it. They first marched about the ring, leaving an ant here and there at places which were seen to be less wide than the rest of the ring. Then they carefully selected the narrowest place; and, going to an old nail hole in the wall, they formed an endless stream of porters, each bringing a grain of the plaster. They built a causeway through the molasses of these bits of lime, and, in three hours from the time of discovery, they were eating the pie."

THE OBSCURED IMAGE.

Genesis 1: 27.

Some of you have heard the story of the portrait of Dante painted on one of the walls of the Bargello in Florence. At one time it was only a tradition that such a painting existed, as the years had seemingly utterly effaced it. The very room, hallowed by the sacred memory of the great Florentine, had been converted into a storehouse for various sorts of rubbish. One day, an artist entered the place. He gave orders to remove the rubbish, and clean the walls. Then, with infinite patience, he scraped away the outer covering. Under his hand the outline of a face gradually shaped itself forth; colors long hidden by the rude plastering began to appear; one by one every line and distinction of feature stood out, until, finally, men came from the ends of the earth to look with mute admiration upon the pictured face of the great Dante.

USE OF TIME.

Psalms 39:4.

The world is full of people, who have squandered their birthright and have fallen short of all the large possibilities of their being through the misuse of time. They sit tilted back in their chairs, twiddling their thumbs while Waterloo is being fought, and they wake up and begin to fret when nothing is going on. They never catch up with themselves. The "more convenient season" leads them a stern chase, year in and year out.

One of the valuable secrets of success is knowing how to economize the fragments of time. An hour seems a little matter, but you can read twenty quarto pages in an hour, and an hour a day, for four years, would carry you through the "Encyclopedia Britannica." Ten minutes are hardly worth considering, yet Longfellow in his youth translated Dante's "Inferno" in the ten minutes, day after day, while he waited for his coffee to boil. "Gather up the fragments that nothing be lost." While Professor Mitchell was in charge of a division during the Civil War, he said to a young officer: "You excuse yourself on the ground that you are only a few minutes late. Sir, I have been in the habit of calculating the value of a millionth part of a second!" It is the loss of time, a little here and a little there, that makes life a failure and eternity an irremediable disappointment.

VALUE OF TIME.

Psalms 90:12.

But, what is time? "Time is money," they say. So far so good, if we would realize it. A man went into Benjamin Franklin's bookstore and inquired the price of a volume. "One dollar" was the clerk's answer. "Call your employer," said the would-be

purchaser. When Franklin was asked the price of the volume, he answered, "One dollar and a quarter." "Why, your clerk has asked only a dollar." "To be sure; but you called me from my printing-press, and I am charging you for time." The man argued and remonstrated in vain. Presently he said, "Now, Mr. Franklin, really, what is your lowest figure for this book?" "One dollar and a half." "Preposterous! You only asked me a dollar and a quarter." "Yes, but my time is valuable and every minute sends the book up." This was sound philosophy

and good business. If our days and hours were all marked with a price in plain figures, we would probably be less lavish of them. We have no such scruple about wasting time, as we would have in throwing gold eagles into the sea.

But time is *more* than money. It is the "stuff that life is made of." It stands for privilege, opportunity, responsibility, judgment. You may throw away a dollar, and earn another; but no two moments overlap. The last one said farewell forever; the next is—already gone!

The Old Curiosity Shop

A Corner in Oddities

BY JOSEPH B. ABRAHAMS



THE EARLIEST DATED PORTRAIT OF A JEW.

Perhaps the most interesting curiosity yet published in these columns is the accompanying photograph of an English Jew in caricature, of the year

1277. It was drawn on a forest-roll, possibly indicating that a Jew, about that time, had infringed the forestry laws. The portrait itself is an interesting study, for more reasons than one. The inscription on the top is curious enough. Why he was called "Aaron fil Diaboli" (Aaron, Son of the Devil), it is rather difficult to say. The face with its sharp, aquiline nose, and the two curls upon the forehead, resembling horns, no doubt account for the title. The cowl, which the Jew wears, indicates that he belonged to the professional classes. On his upper garments is fixed the Jewish badge, which differs from the type met with elsewhere. It is in the shape of the two tables of the Law, in saffron taffeta, six finger-breadths long and three broad. Of course our readers know that Jews in all countries were compelled, at various times, to wear such signs of distinction on their garments.

A ZIONIST POSTAL CARD.

Among the mementos of the Zionist Conventions held at Basle, where three of the last four annual meetings took place, were flags, badges and all

kinds of souvenirs, perhaps the most interesting item being a handsomely engraved postal card, designed for the personal use of the several hundred delegates there gathered. It represents the Jews doing agricultural work in Palestine, planting and sowing by the light of the setting sun, the cattle grazing in the distance. The group towards the left depicts the Jews at

the ruins of the Western wall of the Temple, wailing, and praying for the restoration of Zion. The lion rampant within the triangle, commonly known as the "shield of David," is a symbol of the tribe of Judah. Altogether the card is an artistic and interesting curiosity, all the more as the entire edition has been exhausted, and it is now rather difficult to obtain.

Literary Notes

ESARHADDON, AND OTHER TALES.
By Leo Tolstoy. Translated by Louise and Aylmer Maude. Cloth, 64 pages. Price, 40 cents, net. Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York.

As explained in its introduction, the three tales included in this little volume have been contributed by Tolstoy for the benefit of the Jews left destitute by the recent massacres at Kishinef and Gomel, in Russia. The present book is the authorized English translation and American edition, all the profits of which go to the Kishinef Fund. The three contributions, while differing in literary form, enforce powerfully the same tenets of Tolstoy's philosophy—non-resistance of evil, and the unity and sacredness of all life. The first, "Esarhaddon, King of Assyria," is an allegorical tale, which is classic in its severe simplicity. It relates how a cruel king was made to drag through the long, miserable life of one of his captives—to be, in fact, this captive—in the brief space of time that it took a prophet to pour on the royal head the contents of a water-jug. The second contribution, "Work, Death, and Sickness," is a legend which the author accredits to the South American Indians. It describes the three means which God has taken to make men more kind and brotherly to each other, and how long they have been in learning the lessons. The third contribution is in the man-

ner of a folk-tale, having all the clever "patness" of incident and homely charm of dialog that have distinguished such stories from the days of the Aryan migration.

THE JANUARY LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

Mr. Edgar Fawcett's many warm admirers will gladly welcome a new novel from his pen in the New Year's number of *Lippincott's Magazine*. The title is "Doreen", in honor of its heroine, a young English girl whose destiny is fixed by a chance resemblance which she bears to a girl who has died, lamented by parents and lover—though from far different motives. The author of "The Woman Who Toils," Marie Van Vorst, contributes a short but masterly tale called "The Lady and the Property." "How Placide Won the Capital Prize," by Francis Lynde, is a rather out-of-the-ordinary kind of a story of an unsophisticated Creole, the winner of the capital prize. Virginia Tattall Peacock's child-story called "A Little Girl's Kingdom" is sweet and appealing to grown-up hearts. A truly humorous contribution comes from the pen of John Swain under the title, "A Matrimonial Lottery." Prof. A. Schinz, of Bryn Mawr College, presents a plea for a National Theater. He gives some interesting facts about the attempts towards this end in France. George Moore's "Avowals"

are continued this month by a paper discussing the relative characteristics of Loti and Rudyard Kipling.

DR. DOWIE AND THE JEWS.

"Elijah" Dowie may be very "sot" in his ways, but on one point at least he has changed his mind quickly.

"A few weeks ago," telegraphs the Chicago correspondent of the *New York Sun*, "Dowie was railing at the Jews, declaring them unclean and unfit to help restore Jerusalem. To-day, (December 13), in a sermon in Shiloh Tabernacle, he praised them and said that Jews are among the best people on earth."

A possible explanation of this change of opinion is indicated by a check for \$82 sent by the Overseer of Zion to the publishers of the "Jewish Encyclopedia" for a copy of that work, which gives a record of the tremendous service rendered by the Hebrew race from the days of Abraham to the present. Dr. Dowie received the five volumes so far published a few days before his change of view was proclaimed.

THE February number of the popular *Pearson's* will be unusually interesting. Chief among the contributions will be the first of a series of rollicking sketches by Halliwell Sutcliffe, entitled "The King and Queen of Smugglers." David S. Barry will tell the splendid story of the State of Michigan; Henry George, Jr., will expose the Wrecking of the Third Avenue Railroad; the Revelations of an International Spy will deal with the abdication of Francis Joseph; the leading Shakespearean players will give their personal views on Why Shakespeare Appeals to the Actor and to the Audience. Among the fiction will be *The Billy Coal and Transfer Co.*, by Mabell Pelton; the *Verdict of Faro Mountain*, a frontier tale, by Rex C. Beach; *The Last of the Picaroon*s, and *Midshipman Leigh*, an ex-

citing naval story, by R. V. Oulahan. The magazine, which appears on the twentieth of the month, will be profusely illustrated. It is for sale at all news-stands, price ten cents.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION IN 1904.

As the years increase *The Youth's Companion* endeavors to keep pace with them in all that is wise, beautiful and progressive, and not only to retain but to deserve the honorable and exceptionally high place it holds in the confidence and affection of three generations of readers. The greatest living authors in all branches of literature continue to contribute to it.

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The Youth's Companion,

144 Berkeley Street,
Boston, Mass.

WILL Prosperity or Depression hold sway during the new year is a question discussed in the January number of the *American Monthly Review of Reviews*. Competent and careful men write on the outlook for steel and iron, the prospect for railway earnings, good times in the west and the promise for trade in general. Other important articles, mostly illustrated, are: "Elihu Root, a Character Sketch" by Walter Wellman; "Science versus the Texas Cattle Fever"; "Herbert Spencer and his Work." The Russian-Japan situation, besides many other important world-matters, are treated in the "Progress of the World" and "Record of Current Events" departments. The reviews of the leading magazine articles and the book notes, are of unusual interest.



STAMP NOTES.

IS ORIGINAL GUM OF IMPORTANCE?

My reply is, Yes and No. The majority of stamps of current and recent issues are printed in inks which are very sensitive to moisture. On such stamps the presence of gum is a guarantee that, so far as the action of water is concerned, their colors are unchanged, and this, to all collectors of shades, is a matter of much importance. Many stamps of early issues are found pen-cancelled, and these, being printed in inks which are not affected by acids, have often been washed and offered for sale as unused copies. Here, again, the presence of original gum is of value.

On the other hand, I have seen fine copies which have been stained by impurities in the gum; I have known cracks in the gum to extend to the stamp and have even removed it, at times, to prevent such a threatened injury, preferring a whole stamp without gum to a damaged one with it.

When original gum is held in too much esteem and high prices are paid for stamps bearing it, temptation to imitate it becomes apparent, though I doubt that there are many imitations which will stand expert scrutiny. There are many fine old stamps which are seldom found with original gum. To refuse to place them in our albums because of this defect, would be to deprive ourselves of desirable and valuable additions to our collections.

Other things being equal, a stamp with original gum is more nearly in its pristine condition than one without it, and is therefore more desirable, but, had I to make my choice between a fine copy without gum (that is, well centered, clean and color uninjured),

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and one having it, but otherwise in less perfect condition, I should have no hesitation in selecting the former.

It seems to me it would be a good rule to insist on gum in modern issues, but not to refuse a fine old stamp merely because it lacks it.

JOHN N. LUFF.

Yes, wherever it can be preserved without risk of damage to the stamp. It often serves as an important link in the chain of evidence upon which certain specimens are approved or condemned. However, it is necessary "to know your gum."

Not very long ago I sent a valuable stamp to an expert to be repaired. As originally issued it *had no gum*, but when it came back to me it had a beautiful coat of a rich, yellowish gum, which was well calculated to attest to genuineness and age.

GEO. L. TOPPAN.

(From the *Weekly Philatelic Era*.)

PUZZLES

The puzzle editor is in receipt of a number of communications, which we have no room to publish here, asking why the prizes all go to the Hebrew Orphan Asylum. To one, who is unacquainted with the conditions of the contest, it would appear that all others are excluded. But such is not the case. The boys and girls of the Hebrew Orphan Asylum have honestly earned the prizes which they received, and will continue to do so unless some of our other readers make better efforts than they have been making. The answers which come from elsewhere, few in number, I am sorry to say, have not been worthy of the prize, being either late, or, in most cases, incomplete. While the prize goes to the first boy or girl who sends in the cor-

rect answers, we have made ample allowance for letters which come from a distance.

Puzzles for January.

I.—DIAMOND: 1. A bird in one letter. 2. A product of the pine tree. 3. Having a tone. 3. Beginning of a year. 5. Prepared. 6. Evaporated. 7. An interrogation in a letter.

II.—TRANSPPOSITION: 1. Transpose a roof and get a manner. 2. Transpose a curve and get a clerk. 3. Transpose a plant and get an instrument of bristles. 4. Transpose to divide and get fleet-footed animals. 5. Transpose to encounter and get to produce.

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III.—WORD SQUARE: 1. An instrument. 2. A monster. 3. Minerals. 4. A diminished quantity.

IV.—RHOMBOID. *Across*—1. To glitter. 2. Command. 3. Estimated. 4. Measure. 5. Regal. *Down*—1. Consonant. 2. Look. 3. To blunder. 4. Name. 5. Measure. 6. Repetition transposed. 7. Free from moisture. 8. Part of an organ. 9. A consonant.

V.—BEHEADINGS: 1. Behead a rustic and get to throw. 2. Behead to grasp and get to tear. 3. Behead a lake and get before.

ANSWER TO DECEMBER PUZZLES.

I.—*Transposition.*
WORTH—WROTH
LATE—TALE
MELON—LEMON

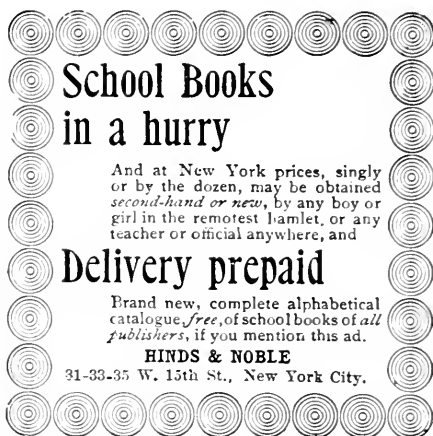
II.—*Word Square.*
M O D I N
O B E S E
D E A L S
I S L E T
N E S T S

III.—*Beheadings.*
MEMBER—EMBER.
MEND—END
GRIND—RIND

IV.—*Diamond.*
R
H I S
R I F L E
S L Y
E

V.—*Curtailings.*
START—STAR
PORTER—PORTE
HOWE—HOW

The prize for the December puzzles has been captured by a girl. The award is made to Clara Gross, of the Hebrew Orphan Asylum.



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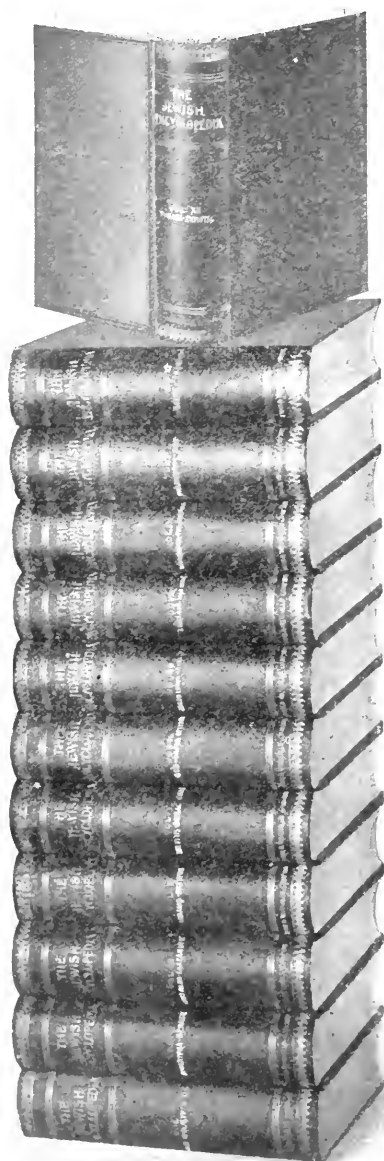
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The Jewish Home

FORMERLY "HELPFUL THOUGHTS"

An Illustrated Magazine for the Jewish Family and School

GEORGE ALEXANDER KOHUT, Editor

Vol. X

February, 1904

No. 6

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The Jewish Home

VOL. X.

FEBRUARY, 1904

No. 6

EDITORIALS

Calendar for the Month.

Feb. 17 (Wednesday) *New Moon*. Adar 1

Feb. 29 (Monday) *Fast of Esther*. Adar 13

Mar. 1 (Tuesday) *Purim*. Adar 14

Mar. 2 (Wed.) *Shushan Purim*. Adar 15

Purim Of all the glad days of the year, PURIM is the gladdest. It is *the* time for enjoyment of all kind. One can be as reckless and boisterous as possible without getting as much as a scolding, or more than a look of reproof from his elders. There is no limit to the merriment, and the mischief scheduled for that day. To swing the wooden rattle, with its horrible clatter, in the synagogue, when Haman's name is mentioned during the reading of the Scroll of Esther, and to hang him and burn him in effigy, are but a few of the many old-fashioned sports which still delight the hearts of young and old alike.

And o, the *Purim Play*! What a lot of fun one can have! How jolly to be able to lean back on your seat and watch your friend David trying to play the part of Mordecai, with a voice that betrays him, and a wig and a beard that won't stay on. You catch

his eye; he stammers and forgets his lines, and then everybody laughs and nobody feels vexed or disappointed at all. Your friend David has simply made a fool of himself, that is all, and if *Purim* is not good for *that*, what is it good for, anyhow? And there comes our mischief-maker, William Cullen Bryant Rosenbaum, the dunce of the class, in Sunday School, who "does" Haman to perfection. He fumes and rages, and stamps his feet violently, when Mordecai refuses to bow or bend the knee, and just when he needs all his seriousness to express his indignation and to vow vengeance, Billy grins like a wooden Indian, and breaks forth in a roar. And the audience? Why there is nothing in the whole *Purim-Spiel* which they enjoy as much as Billy's grin, and, as he recovers himself, and tries hard to continue, much embarrassed, the boys and girls shout: "Come off the perch, Haman! Go 'way back and sit down!" —and out he rushes, unable to remember his part, to the frantic delight of his classmates and their parents, who think it is their duty to come to see the same old play every year.

* * *

But is this *all* there is to the festival which calls forth so much merriment? Amid the laughter and the gayety of the present, shall we give never a thought to the tears and trials

of the past, to the ancient sorrow of Israel?

Before the *Feast* of Esther, there is the *Fast* of Esther, and history has proven only too well that the Jew has had more fasts than feasts. We need not go back to the distant centuries, to Sushan or to Modin, for scenes of sadness and misery. Amalek in the wilderness, attacking the feeble and the helpless from behind; and Haman, at the Court of the King of Persia, plotting to destroy the entire race, are not events of the far-off past.

Amalek was at KISHINEFF and GOMEL, for hatred and tyranny never

die, and Haman is, at this very moment, hatching new plots to utterly efface the people of Israel in Moscow. The Mordecais, who fast and pray for deliverance, and sit in sackcloth and ashes, are many, but the Esthers to *do* and to *act* and to *foil* the foul tricks of the enemy, are few, very few.

O, for such Esthers and Mordecais, who, with trust in God and noble courage in their hearts, dare to force an entry into the very presence of the tyrant, and demand succor and redress! May they continue to arise in Israel, and live and survive, as heroes and heroines, in our grateful memory!



From the Jewish Encyclopedia, Vol. V.

THE TOMB OF ESTHER

How Esther Saved her People

(Purim, 5664)

I.

The palace is in tumult and in tears,
For Persia's King, in anger, had dismissed
The noble Queen, his royal lips had kissed—
It is the sound of wailing that one hears!

Now Susa's prince is desolate and lone:
He grieves, and frets, and scorns to be con-
soled.

The courtiers stand aghast, and e'en the
bold

Dare not approach the monarch on his
throne.



ESTHER CHOSEN QUEEN
(From an old engraving, 1699.)

II.

His sovereign wrath is o'er, but keen
regret

Yet fills the heart of Ahasueros since

He did the thing unseemly in a prince.

And put away his life-mate, in his pet.

But soon the six score provinces he rules
Are made to know his high imperious will.
To gainsay which would be to merit ill.

And reap all Persia's endless ridicules.

He means to wed, and every maiden fair

Is bid to come, arrayed in splendor, and
Fulfil the monarch's absolute command.

The beauty of his empire is all there,

But he perceives amid that shining throng
Of fine-clad dames, one simple maid alone;

He covets her, and claims her for his own
A thousand winsome women from among:

Hadassah, kin of Mordecai, the Jew,

An orphan child, his love had reared to be
—Adorned with but her sweet simplicity—

A favored Queen, renowned the whole
world through.

III.

And he abode, to be near her, within
The courtyard of the palace to observe

How best he might his cherished people
serve.

The brethren whom he honored as his
kin.

There, every day, proud Haman passed
him by.

The vizier chief, to whom all bent the knee,
And kissed the dust, excepting only he.

Who worshipped God that dwelleth up
on high.

To *Him* alone would he obeisance make:
His creed forbade that prostrate he should
fall

Before the man, who towered over all.

And made the hearts of all his subjects
quake.

And Haman saw how Mordecai withheld
The homage due to his exalted rank.

He looked his wrath, and Mordecai's heart
sank.

Though from his lips a fervent prayer
upwelled.

He knew too well that vengeance soon
would smite

Both him and his, and all the Hebrews,
who

Abode in peace, and ever greater grew—

But, nonetheless, he gloried in the right.
That day he heard, as thoughtfully he
stood

Within the gate, how treason had resolved
To slay the King, and how, it had involved

The Queen he loved, his Hadassah the
good

Forthwith he made the foul plot known
to her.

And thus restrained the murder of his sire.
The deed then done, he humbly did retire.

Content to know the crime did not occur.

IV.

But Haman, bent on punishing him, swore
That Jew and all his brother Jews shall die:

He fixed the day, and wished that it were
 night,
 So that the race might trouble him no
 more.
 Then, straightway, to the presence of the
 King,
 The vizier went for sanction to destroy
 The hated tribe that clouded all his joy.
 The monarch heard, and granted every-
 thing.
 Thus, surely armed with royal power, he
 wrote
 The fell decree which spread the King's
 commands
 With swiftness through his provinces and
 lands,
 And Persia read, and eagerly took note.
 Not yet content, high gallows he had
 built
 Whereon to hang the obstinate Mordecai,
 Who frankly dared his wishes to defy,
 That he might pay for his most flagrant
 guilt.



READING THE RECORDS
 (11699)

It chanced, one night, that Ahasueros
 woke,
 And restless grew, and could not sleep
 again.

He called aloud for his high chamberlain,
 To read to him from out the Record
 Book.

He bade him say what first his random
 glance
 Beheld upon the open page. The man,
 With measured voice, then solemnly began:
*"It happened, in the course of time, by
 chance,*

*That Mordecai, the Jew, did overhear
 The King's own servants, plotting him to
 slay;*

*He brought the tidings here without delay,
 His loyal heart quite overcraught with
 fear."*

The Scribe here stopped. "Go on," the
 King cried out,

"And what, I pray, was the reward he
 reaped?"

"There's *none* wrote down." Then up the
 proud prince leaped.

And thundered: "What! is any one with-
 out?"

The door just then, quite sudden thrown
 ajar,

Revealed the form of Haman, robed in
 state:

"Well-met, my lord!" exclaimed the King,
 irate.

Detaching from his royal breast a star,
 "Thou art, in sooth, the very man I
 crave:

Pray tell me how a monarch should exalt
 A favorite subject, who hath not a fault?"

On hearing this, the vizier grew quite
 grave.

Though fierce delight tugged at his vain,
 old heart.

The man in whom the King doth find de-
 light

Shall on his royal steed be led, in sight
 Of gaping thousands, through the public
 mart.

The King's own crown shall deck his
 honored head.

His ermine cloak shall cover him, and one,
 Who is the city's very noblest son,

Shall walk before him, with becoming
 tread.

Let him cry out: "Thus doth our sover-
 eign show

The man, whom he doth truly well esteem,
 Such honor as appropriate may seem

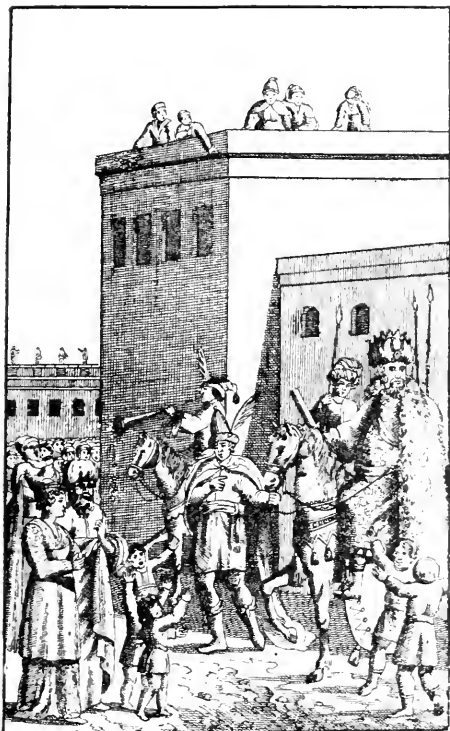
To his high merit"—Haman all aglow.

Awaited then the order of the King.—
 The monarch smiled, then looking quickly
 stern.

Said: "Mordecai, the Jew, did nobly earn
 The glory thou describest. Go, then,
 bring

That worthy man, who dwells within the
 gate.

Put him in purple, and upon my steed,
 Announce to all his unrewarded deed



"WHOM THE KING DELIGHTETH TO HONOR."
(From an old wood-cut, 1820).

Which saved thy sovereign from the hand
of fate.
Crestfallen, Haman carried out the will
Of his imperious King. That done, he
rushed
To tell his wife how his pride had been
crushed,
And plot anew to do the Jews some ill.

V.

But lo! the royal courier comes to say
His gracious Queen awaits him at the feast
She has prepared. He goes, though not
the least
In mood to taste a morsel e'en that day.
Queen Esther knew he was her kins-
man's foe,
And that he strove to wipe out all her race.
She bade the Jews to intercede for grace
To stay the hand that meditated woe.
In sackcloth and in ashes they bewailed
The threatening fate which hung o'er Israel,
and
Proclaimed a Fast, by Mordecai's command,

Whose trust in God ne'er faltered and
ne'er failed.

Thus, anxiously awaiting the dread day,
When young and old should ruthlessly be
slain,

They looked to her, who never did disdain
To solace them, to be their prop and stay.

The noble Queen, determined to frustrate,
The fiendish plot of Haman, then appealed
To her liege lord, though deftly she con-
cealed

At first, that he was master of her fate.

Three banquets she had caused to be pre-
pared,

Inviting him and Haman to partake
Of costly wines, their ready thirst to slake,
And still she left her purpose undeclared.

VI.

But now, when drink suffused his cheeks,
and caused

His royal heart to swell and overflow,

Queen Esther said in gentle tones and low,
The while the King looked eager, as she
paused:

"Whate'er thou askest, dear beloved
queen,

Is thine before the wish be sheer expressed."

"O, sire," she plead, "my soul is much dis-
tressed:

Deliver me from peril, which, unseen,

Doth threaten me and all my race with
death!"

"With *death*?" all flushed, the monarch
cried, and rose.

"O, name the wretches daring to be foes

Of thy sweet peace!" Then, scarcely
taking breath,

He cried: "Speak out, O Queen!" She
raised her beauteous head,

And, pointing out the wicked Haman,
spake:

"He it is, who's made my heart to quake,

And fills my soul with foreboding and
dread:

For, know, O sire, this man has vowed
to slay

Both me and mine, my people and my kin,
Whose loyalty is their one only sin.—

O bid him now the cruel decree to stay!"

"And has he dared?" the monarch fiercely
hissed:

"O, this is foul; I must go out to ease

My o'erwrought head: I tremble at the
knees!"

And out he rushed, with firmly clenched
fist.

Then Haman, pale and haggard, sought
to turn

Queen Esther's heart, and, prostrate, prayed
that she

Should save him in his dire extremity.

The King returned (his anger fierce did
burn):



THE HANGING OF HAMAN
(1699)

"What now! Presumes this wretch to
sue for grace?
Away with him!" Just then a slave ap-
peared,
And bowing low, at cowering Haman
leered,
Then said: "My lord, the gallows are in
place!"
"The gallows?" roared the irate King;
"what for?"
"He had them built for Mordecai, o sire!"
At this the King could not restrain his ire,
And off the knave's gold epaulets he tore.
"Then make ye haste, and hang him up,
instead,
Together with his hopeful sons, that *none*
May ever dare to do as *he* has done!"

VII.

And thus was foiled the wicked Haman's
plot
Against the Jews in Shushan, long ago.
When Israel's God great wonders wrought
to show
That He, our Keeper, sleeps and slumbers
not;
That ever, when disaster threatens, He
Redeems them all who trust in Him, and
say:
"The Lord of Hosts, our Refuge and our
stay,
Shall be our Help through all eternity.
G. A. K.

February

An Acrostic

BY HORACE A. BERNSTEIN

Far in the woods, the squirrel,
winter-bound,
Ekes out his slender store, nor dreams
of spring.
But, on some sheltered slope, where
the silent sun,
Returning from his wintry journeys,
pours
Upon the snow-patched ground his
quickenning warmth.
Already turns the ebbing tide of
life.
Rudely the bitter wind sweeps down
the hill,
Yet still immortal doth our hope
abide

By the Fount of Living Waters

BY ANNETTE KOHN

By the fount of living waters,
Lead us, Lord, upon our way;
Guide, o God, Thy sons and daugh-
ters,
Upward to the perfect day.
With Thy grace do Thou anoint us
To be holy unto Thee;
To all blessed work appoint us,
Faithful servants let us be.
While our feet to earth are clinging,
Teach our eyes to look above;
Set our hearts, forever singing,
With the knowledge of Thy love.

Jewish Life in Palestine

BY MARTIN A. MEYER

VI. A Burial in Jerusalem



MOUNT OLIVET

Life, even in the Holy City, is not all joy and happiness. To the contrary, I think I saw more real misery and poverty, more heart-touching incidents, and heard more pitiful tales than anywhere else that I have been. As a consequence, there is a large number of hospitals and other institutions in the city for the benefit of the poor. Schools furnish not only an education, but, in many cases, are called upon to supply the scholars with food and clothes. Families are large, and so when the father or brother dies who has supported the flock, great suffering takes place among those left behind. At the food depots and soup kitchens, a large number of the homeless have their needs attended to; and in the dingy, damp and miserable poor houses, many a family is made happy by the permission to use a room or two. It is a pitiful picture that one

could draw, but it is enough that I suggest it to you in the barest outlines.

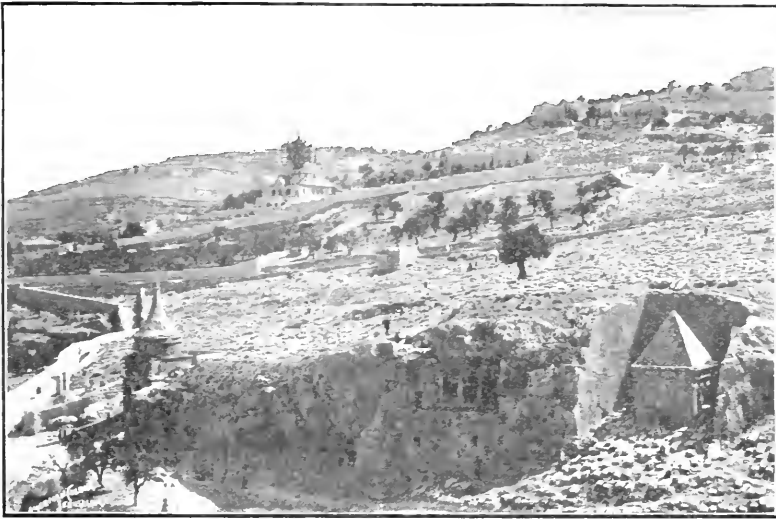
You are naturally asking yourself why do people go there, to such a poverty-stricken place? To thousands of Jews, Jerusalem is the place of all places, here on earth, to which they desire to travel, and there, in the midst of the scenes of holy history, pass their days in prayer and study. There, at the old wall of the Temple, and at the graves of the patriarchs and saints, they weep and pray; weep for the fallen glory of Israel, and pray for its speedy restoration. They weep for the sins of Israel, which—as they think—keep Israel away from its fatherland; and pray and hope for the reformation of those wicked sons of the people, that all may be speedily restored to their ancient home, and the Temple be rebuilt in all its former state and magnificence. They would

rather die as beggars in Jerusalem than live as princes elsewhere. They would prefer to have their emaciated forms laid to rest in the sacred soil, in view of the Temple-place, than to be buried amid all the splendor and magnificence of a Napoleon or a Grant. They are not prudent, but they are pious; they are not practical, but their idealism is touching, for it is of the kind which allows itself to be put to the test. And the myriad of gray and battered tombstones, which cover the sides of the valley of Jehosaphat, the numbers of unknown and uncared-for graves, which dot the sides of the Mount of Olives, are, indeed, silent witnesses that Israel for centuries has kept faith and has ever longingly turned its eyes to the Land of the Fathers, desiring it above all else on earth, even though it be only in the moment of death.

At the hotel I met one of those old men, whose sole desire on earth was to be assured that his body would rest in the sacred earth. Aaron Brown was of German extraction, but had early in life immigrated to the Transvaal. He delighted to talk of his early experiences among the Boers and the natives; and as the war was on at that time, between England and the Republics of South Africa, he looked upon himself as a sort of oracle in the matter of its probable outcome. Unfortunately for him, he did not live to see the restoration of peace, for which he so devoutly prayed. He had accumulated a fortune in his early life, but had lost it later in speculation. He never said much on this point, but his moralizing always took that turn, so that we were safe in our assuming this to be true. His little fortune he had hoped would last him during his short lifetime in Jerusalem, and so he betook himself thither to end his days in the land of his ancestors. How it was, I never knew, not having the impudence to inquire, either before or

after his death, but he soon found himself penniless in the streets, old and forsaken, unable to work, and without any means of support from abroad. Whether he had yielded to the seductions of speculation once more, or whether he had miscalculated the expenses of living in Jerusalem, as many do, or whether he had thought he would not live that long, however it may be, he soon found himself in that pitiful condition which I have described. He had a family of step-children in Germany, but they had evidently forgotten him, and he became dependent upon the bounty of strangers. But old Mr. Kaminitz had a heart, as well as a business head; and Brown, the guest, was soon installed in his old quarters as Brown "the pensioner," though, in perfect truth be it said, that he was never made to feel the change in his condition, either by master or servants. And none of the transient guests ever suspected that the old man with the patriarchal beard and the florid face was other than themselves. It was only during his last illness that I found out of Mr. K.'s kindness to him.

Sickness came at last, a fatal one; the kindly hotelier could not give him the proper care, and so had him moved to the hospital, where all that could be done was done for him during the last days of his pilgrimage. How happy that old man was, as he lay in his tiny room, and peered out of the window to the hills beyond, where he knew that he himself would soon be resting. The dream of his life was to be realized, and his frame would rest in the consecrated soil to wait for Judgment Day. Never a tear dimmed his eye; never a quiver in his voice. He prayed with greater unction and diligence. He read his Bible and the Psalms, in particular, with a more than usual fervor. He was dying; he knew it, and he welcomed death as a friend, for his life's dream had been fulfilled,



JEWISH HOME IN OLIVET

and dying was the goal of it all. We, strangers, who visited him, and watched the decline, grieved more than he. To us, it was a tragedy; to him, all poetry and romance. To us, it was mournful; to him, an occasion for songs of triumph and victory.

The end came on Friday night, just after the day had passed away. Burial on the Sabbath was, of course, out of the question, for it entailed arduous labor to prepare the body for interment, and to open the grave in the stony side of Olivet. Hardly was the Sabbath done when the "Holy Guild," whose work it is to prepare the dead for burial, and to carry them to their last resting place, put in an appearance. The body was thoroughly washed and wrapped in a linen shroud.

It was then covered with the praying shawl of the old man, and laid upon an open bier. As we left the hospital, *Kaddish* was recited, and a glass broken as a symbol of the broken life, whose parts could not be put together by mortal hands. By the light of the lantern, we accompanied the corpse along the wind-swept road. Gusts of rain made the darkness of the night more depressing. No eye was dry, as the procession wound on its way. We stood and watched till all sight of it was lost among the houses which lined the winding path. Now and again the lights flickered among the distant shadows, and finally, were lost to sight. The next day, a new-made grave told that another had gone to his rest in the land of his heart's desire.

Albany, N. Y.

Little Marion's music-teacher, while endeavoring to make plain to her the different note-values, used an apple as an illustration. Cutting it in two, Marion announced, "Those pieces are

halves." On bisecting the halves, she replied, "Quarters," but when it came to dividing one-quarter, to bring out the idea of eighths, hers was the wise response, "That's a bite."

Reminiscences of Purim

BY DAVID BLAUSTEIN



DAVID BLAUSTEIN

When, as a boy, I went to *cheder* (school), it was not necessary for me to consult the *Luach* (calendar) to find out when the day of Purim would occur. Already, in the beginning of the fall, when the evenings grew longer, I knew that the imprisonment in the *cheder* at night would come to an end with the approach of Purim. As each of us boys had to provide one candle a week to supply the *cheder* with light, I knew the exact number of candles that would fall to my share, and each time I made my weekly contribution of the candle, it meant one week nearer to Purim.

The celebration of *Rosh-chodesh* (new moon) was marked by half a holiday in the *cheder*. *Rosh-chodesh Adar*, on the 13th of which month

occurs the day of Purim, was observed as a special holiday. On the morning of that day we would find on the wall of the synagogue the inscription in big letters: "With the approach of the month of Adar, happiness begins." The victory of the Jews over their arch-enemy, Haman, was the prototype of all the victories of the Jews over their enemies. The *rebbe* (teacher) in the *cheder* told us that the month of Adar was a lucky month for the Jewish people. He even said that a lawsuit between a Jew and a non-Jew, during the month of Adar, would, without exception, result in favor of the Jew.

Nature also indicated the approach of Purim. The days grew longer, the sun began to shine brightly, the snow melted away, the rivers opened up, and everything about us spoke of the coming of spring.

During the long nights of the winter, we were studying the weekly portions of the Pentateuch, and parts of the Talmud, dealing with civil and criminal law. Several weeks preceding Purim were spent in studying the part of the Book of Exodus, which deals with the construction of the tabernacle in the desert. We had to familiarize ourselves with all the details of the structure. It was, therefore, a great relief when, on *Rosh Chodesh Adar*, the attendance at the *Cheder*, in the evening, came to an end, and the course of study changed. The Book of Esther, with the legendary comments of *Targum-Sheni*, became, during that period, the main subject of our study. *Targum-Sheni* contained the description of the celebrated throne of King Solomon, a graphic account of the destruction of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar, the verbatim statement of the famous accusa-

tion of Haman against the Jews, the tragic recital of how Mordecai and the Jews acted when the decree of Haman was made public, a picture of the heroic self-sacrifice of Esther, when appearing before the King to plead for her people, and finally a vivid description of the victory of Mordecai and Esther over Haman.

As we were now free in the evening, we made great preparations for the celebration of the festival. We would rehearse for a *Purim-Spiel* (Purim Play), which, to us boys, was the only theatre we knew and enjoyed. The play consisted of a dramatization of the Book of Esther. Next we would get ready with the instruments of torture, to avenge ourselves on the wicked Haman. Of these instruments, I remember especially the "schreier," or noise-maker, and the "kalakotka," which is an apparatus consisting of hammers of all sizes. On the walls and floors of both Cheder and Synagogue, drawings of Haman were made; we were getting ready to hang him in effigy.

The day before Purim, which is the Fast of Esther, was spent in purchasing *shalach-monoth* (presents). Besides this, we would help mother prepare *homon-tash* (Purim cake). My share of the work was the grinding of the poppy-seed. As I was fasting, it was a heroic task, indeed, to resist the temptation of tasting the poppy-seed, mixed with honey, which I was handling.

At sunset, we proceeded to synagogue, to the reading of the *Megilah* (Book of Esther). All, even the women, who are, owing to home duties, usually exempted from attending religious services, are duty-bound to listen to the reading of the *Megilah*. Not a single word must escape the ear of the listener. We boys, however, were not so attentive. We would rather wait impatiently for the reader to recite the frequently occurring ex-

pression, "Haman Ben Hamdatha Hoagogi" (Haman, the son of Hamdatha, the Agagite). This was to us a signal for making noise. We would then set all our forces against the enemy by means of the implements of war (instruments of torture mentioned before) at our command. The sexton of the synagogue had a difficult task to restore order. As no word of the *Megilah* was to be missed by the listening congregation, the reader would, to make sure, repeat the words "Haman Ben Hamdatha Hoagogi" for a second time. But this would make us start the noise over again. The older people, devotedly listening to the *Megilah*, tried to silence us, but we did not take their rebukes seriously. We knew that in their heart of hearts they rather enjoyed the attack upon the enemy, themselves. We saw them quietly stamping with their feet at the mention of the word "Haman." To the older people, Haman meant even more than it did to us boys. To them, Haman was the prototype of the enemies of the Jews of our own time. By stamping their feet, therefore, they gave vent to their repressed feelings toward their modern enemies, known as "anti-semites."

The scene of the evening repeated itself in the synagogue on the following morning, when the *Megilah* was read for the second time.

Morning services over, we would start upon *Shalach-Monoth*. I think now with pleasure of my delightful task of carrying *Shalach-Monoth* to the venerable Rabbi, to the *Rebbe*, and to poor relatives and friends. *Shalach-Monoth*, while it means presents to friends, is, in reality, a disguise for "Mathonoth Loevyonim" (charity to the poor). The *Shalach-Monoth* was sent on a plate covered with a cloth. My mother gave me strict orders *not* to examine the contents of the plate. Besides the sweetmeats, it contained a hidden gift of cash money, and my

mother tried to teach me the lesson that "the left hand should not know what the right hand was doing." While I surmised the nature of the contents of the plate, I pretended *not* to know.

The merrymaking consisted of the *Purim-Spiel*. It was not performed on a stage, but in the open air, and at the homes of people, in single scenes. In order to see the play from the beginning to the end, we boys used to follow the players from house to house, and thus, by our presence, added to the background of the scenery. It was a privilege and a mark of distinction to be allowed to take part in the *Purim-Spiel*. The money realized was for a charitable purpose, mostly for the "Talmud Torah" of the town, or for the "Matzoh Fund."

We Jews are known to be a temperate people. We are not afflicted with the terrible vice of drunkenness. Yet, one of the sages of the Talmud says that on the Purim day, one should get so drunk that he should not be able to discern the difference between the expressions "Baruch Mordecai" and "Arnr Haman" (blessed be Mordecai, and cursed be Haman). I do not wish to enter into an explanation of such a doctrine. It was evidently a jest of the Rabbi's. Nevertheless, it was curious to see pious people trying to live up to the humorous advice of the ancients. They would say a few "Tebayims!" (to your health!) and pretend to be drunk. To prove that they were, they would go around, reciting aloud: "Baruch Haman" (blessed be Haman)!

The climax of the celebration was the *S'uda*, the principal meal of the day. The *S'uda* meant to us even more than what the Thanksgiving dinner means to an American. It was, primarily, a family reunion, but the stranger within the gate was *never* forgotten. I remember that once we had as many as ten poor people partaking with us



OLD-TIME PURIM MASKERS
(1723)

of the *S'uda*. The *S'uda* started late in the afternoon, and lasted until late in the evening. It was during the *S'uda* that the *Purim-Spielers* and prominent people, collecting for charitable purposes, would come around. Friends, also, would drop in for short visits to wish us a "good Purim." All were cordially received, and treated to wine and Purim cake. The *S'uda* was also the time the *Shalach-Monoth* from friends would pour in.

Many are the pleasant recollections I have of the Purim festival; but, I think, I have said enough to give young readers an idea of how Purim is being celebrated in Europe, especially in the countries of oppression. Here, in America, the celebration of Purim is rather lax, and is marked by indifference. I dare say many a Jewish boy does not even know when Purim occurs; not to speak of his ignorance of the old custom of eating "homontash" and "krepchen." Because of this, they miss, of course, the great fun we used to have, when handling implements of war with which to fight Haman.

New York.

King Solomon and His Court

or The Ninety-nine Nights and One

BY SULEIMAN EL-MALIK

(Continued.)

Accustomed as King Solomon was to behold wonderful things, he, nevertheless, stood agape with astonishment at a little, grimy, besmudged creature, who, at that instant, suddenly appeared before him. A small cloud of dust, which enveloped him, and from which he now emerged, settled slowly on the rich, inlaid floor of the chamber, giving King Solomon a clearer view of the newcomer.

"This," said the story-teller, before the King could give expression to his surprise, "is my twin brother. Countless is his store of tales, and such tales, o, your Majesty, as never fail to move the hearts of all living creatures. Such, o sire, are the tales of which you are in quest. Sealed, though his lips have ever been to men of the upper world, it rests but with you to open them. Grant his wish. Do unto him as you have done unto me, and you shall hear the stories with which he has moved the entire under-world. For, you must know, o, sage, that gnomes and goblins, fairies and kobolds, have all been enchanted by his tales."

The king who had kept his eyes on the mite during this plea of his brother's, now stooped, and placing the little fellow in his hand, extended his arm before him in order to get a better view of his visitor.

"Well, well!" said the King, as he turned him around again and again in the palm of his hand. "Where did you spring from, my little fellow? My, but you're all besmeared!" He placed him in a position where he could peer into his little face. "O, what dust! You certainly do look as if you just came from the under-world. Wnew! There goes some of that dust

in my nose. You needn't have brought some of the underworld with you. I-a-a-hatchoo! hatchoo! a-a-atchoo!"

O, why did King Solomon sneeze? He certainly didn't do it intentionally. Dust, you know, will tickle the nostrils even of kings, and Solomon was no exception to the rule. Hard though he tried to get the little fellow out of reach of the terrible tornado that was to go sweeping across his path, the first outburst came too soon, and the poor midget made a complete somersault, as he tumbled heels over head out of the King's hand.

How fortunate that he had a brother of gigantic size! Quick as a flash, the story-teller put out his arms, not a second too soon, and caught his brother of the under-world in the hollow of his hand. King Solomon had recovered from his short fit of sneezing, and was now looking around him in great alarm to see what had become of the midget.

"Here," said the giant, in a reassuring tone of voice. "Here he is. I caught him just in time." "Ah," said the King with a sigh of relief, and reached to take the little fellow from the giant's hand. The latter, however, set him down on the floor.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the King, "I see you are afraid to trust him to me again. Well, I didn't mean to handle him so roughly. It was partly his own fault for making me sneeze. But he did look so awfully funny when he went tumbling off my hand, that I really can't help laughing." Here the King indulged in another fit of laughing, which shook his entire frame, and sent echoes rolling down the whole length of the chamber. Suddenly he

stopped, as if prompted by an idea that had just then occurred to him. His face assumed a serious aspect, and there was almost a frown of anger on his brow.

"Look here!" he said, rather sharply, to the giant. "This isn't what I bargained for. You needn't have brought that dusty chap here merely to make me *laugh*. You did that well enough without him. What I want is something *sad*. These funny things are getting monotonous, and laughter bores me. Now, I desire to know whether or not that little visitor from the under-world can provide me with the kind of stories I want."

"My Lord," replied the giant, "none can fulfill your wish as well as he. One hearing will convince you of that."

"Then let him begin at once," said King Solomon.

"Not so fast, my Liege. You know the conditions under which he came to the upper world. He seeks the happiness which he has lost since he conceived the desire to become a giant. Until that desire is satisfied, he will remain unhappy. It is in your power to restore his happiness to him. He will proceed with a story, if you promise to make him as tall as you have made me."

"If the story be to my liking, I promise," said Solomon.

"Then he shall begin at once," answered the giant. Picking up his pigmy brother, and placing him on a table, at which the King seated himself, he clapped his hands three times. The mite from the underworld made a bow to the King, and thus began his tale:

(To be continued.)

Something About Queen Esther

BY DR. MAURICE H. HARRIS

So a Jewish girl from a conquered people was singled out from among all the young ladies of Persia to be the king's bride. It reads like a romance from "The Arabian Nights."

But Esther had said nothing about the people from whom she came. She did not tell that she was a Jewess. Why? Did she belong to that unfortunately large class of Israelites who are so forgetful of the glory of their name, that they try to pass as Gentiles? Had she been, a book of the Bible would not have been devoted to her, nor a festival perpetuated in her honor. We do not immortalize snobs or parvenus, or people ashamed of their own parents. These are only the refuse of humanity, and everybody laughs at them and everybody despises them.

Esther said nothing about her people, not for her own sake, but for theirs. She knew, of course, their de-

pendent condition, at the mercy of a despot's whim or even of a favorite's conspiracy. Not known as a Jewess, she could the better watch their interests, as those planning their evil would be less guarded in her presence.

All question of the nobility of her intention was put at rest by her action when the final test came. The decree of death had been issued against her people. Now, surely, was the time to remain silent as to her identity, if she cared for her own safety, for she was involved in the cruel decree.

Yet that was just the moment she chose to declare herself a Jewess. She periled her life for the sake of her people. And she knew it, for she declared, "If I perish, I perish."

That is the maxim of the martyr. Fortunately, she had not to forfeit her life; but remember, she was ready to—that was everything.

It always seems easy to do a brave deed when we look *back* at it after it has been accomplished with safety. Because we know that Esther *did* triumph, we do not think enough of the awful suspense she went through before that triumph came. She never knew that when she went unbidden into the king's presence (a grave offense), and declared that she was one of the people whom he had decided must die, but that that might be her last hour. Could she hope to defy further the king's grand vizier, Haman, all powerful in persuading the king to his plans, and whose word became law through the provinces?

As we think of it, does it not really seem as though she followed a forlorn hope, desperately risking her all on a faint possibility?

Do not forget that the day before the *Feast* of Esther is the *Fast* of Esther. The former commemorates her glorious success when she saved a nation from the dark designs of a wicked man. But the latter recalls the awful vigil of those terrible days of suspense when her life and those of her people hung upon a thread.

How many Esthers of today are prepared to risk—not their lives—but even a few temporary social advantages for fidelity to Israel and Israel's mission? Do you fear the world's scorn? The world never scorns an Esther of the Bible type. It is a weaker sister who is afraid to be unfashionable, or to be one of an unpopular minority,, that deservedly earns the world's contempt.

New York.

A Rural Purim

BY JOSEPH LEISER

It was a father's desire to amuse his children that led Herman Lustig to relate so many captivating tales of his birth-place, Schwersenz, to his little sons, Gottlieb and Ludwig. He had no other means of entertaining them than to describe some peculiar personage, or relate an incident that happened during his boyhood, and they were generally well satisfied. So frequently had he referred to this hamlet in Eastern Prussia, and so many incidents seemed to have occurred there, that the boys regarded it as a land enchanted, or created for the sole purpose of affording people an opportunity to do many odd and laughable things.

Their own town, Canaway, in Western New York, was less romantic. There was no street in Canaway, as there was in Schwersenz, where the geese walked barefooted. There was

not in Canaway, as there was in Schwersenz, a local "hobo," named Schyah, who presented himself at the rear door of the wealthy residences *schnorring* (begging) pennies to buy his Sabbath noodle-soup. And then, what boys in Canaway dared to play so many exciting pranks as their own father? Where were the boys to pull feathers from a bed-tick and feed them to the bürgermeister's goat. There was no bürgermeister (mayor) in Canaway, and, had there been, no one would have dared to give his goat anything less nutritious than newspapers or tin cans.

But, in Schwersenz, all things were possible. At an early age boys began their pranks, and Lustig himself, with unblushing audacity, confessed that he celebrated his learning to walk by slipping from his mother's arms to play tick-tack on the front window of

the *Schammes's** house. But there was no *Schammes* in Canaway, and the only fun the village youngsters had was on circus day, or on the Fourth of July. In Schwersenz, every day seemed a holiday; at least that was the impression Lustig gave his sons.

With a high flourish of imagination he adorned every tale. Every happening in Canaway reminded him of something in his native town. A runaway recalled a similar accident, in which some intimate friend lost either a basket of *Pesach* (Passover) eggs, or a corn-fed goose. An Irish wedding recalled a Polish nuptial in which Jacob Lesser, the famous funmaker and the fiddler of the town, played the dance music and cracked the jokes. Little happened in this western New York town, no matter what it was, that had not already occurred in Schwersenz.

Gottlieb and Ludwig enjoyed these tales. Of all the gifts they received they appreciated most a story, and they frequently urged their father to tell them one. On a rainy Sunday afternoon, Lustig would, accordingly, relate some boyish experience, enlarging or adorning it, as the occasion required. But, on the eve of every Jewish holiday, the boys were certain to hear a story connected with the festival, and they would learn how their parents celebrated it in the old country.

On these evenings, Lustig would remain at home, instead of returning to his store, as country merchants are in the habit of doing, and amuse his boys by describing the religious service in his parents' home, or in the synagogue. He was always in a merry mood, and, in that happy frame of mind, he opened his front door, one pleasant evening in March, and called his boys, who instantly trooped to his side.

"To-night is Purim, boys," he said

the Synagogue.

cheerfully, giving a hearty greeting to his wife, who was superintending supper.

"What is Purim?" asked Ludwig.

"Don't you remember the story of Queen Esther and the villain Haman?" he asked, with feigned amazement. "That's the time the Persians wanted to kill all the Jews, and Esther, the Queen, saved them. Have you forgotten the story, boys?"

"Tell us about Schwersenz," Gottlieb interrupted, not a whit interested in the Purim story.

Lustig laughed. "So Schwersenz is funnier than Purim!"

"Yes," exclaimed Ludwig; "tell us something about that fellow Schyah!"

"O, leave him alone," said Lustig, "the poor man's saving his appetite for the Purim cakes."

"What did he do on Purim?" Gottlieb asked curiously.

"O, that was the time Schyah stayed at home, picking the raisins out of his cakes," Lustig reminded them, seating himself at the head of the table. "Purim was made for boys, and that was the time we had our fun."

They gazed at him expectantly. "Tell us what you did," they begged.

"Well, we boys used to dress up and go masquerading from house to house, making the people guess our names. At every place we went they gave us something. We used to go to the rich ones first. They *always* gave us a penny. Then we went to the others, and they would give us cakes, just like mamma bakes, Purim cakes, with raisins in them, and almonds. I never tasted any cakes that tasted so sweet, and the raisins, o, but they have no such raisins *these* days!"

The boys listened open-mouthed, but his wife understood well enough this reference to the poverty of East Prussian towns.

"Did you do anything?" they asked mysteriously, unmoved by their father's thoughtful look.

"Why, we sang and danced," Lustig answered, heartily. "First we knocked on the front door, and gave it such a bang, you would have thought we wanted to break it. To whomever came to the door, we would sing:

"Come, good people, and open the door!

Open it wider than ever before!

To-day is Purim, tomorrow it's done;
Give us a gift, and away we run!"

"Did you really sing that?" the boys asked timidly.

"Sing it," echoed their father; "we shouted it! We yelled it so loud that every one heard us, and opened the door. In we would rush, scatter about the room, and every one there would try to guess who we were."

"That's Wolff Lustig's boy," one would say.

"Nope!" I would shout, "it *isn't* Lustig's son. Guess again."

"Then Mayer Katz's son, the glazier."

"Nope!" said Levi Katz.

"Then they said I was Moishe Hertz, Mendel Lesser, Jacob Harris, Moritz Lazarus, and all the other boys of the town. Of course, we wouldn't let them know, and the more they asked, the louder we sang:

"Guess, good people, guess again:
Perhaps you'll name us if you can:
To-day is Purim, tomorrow it's done,
Give us a gift, and away we run."

Gottlieb and Ludwig were so absorbed in the story, and Lustig himself was so animated, that the food cooled on their plates.

"After that, what would you do?" eagerly asked the boys.

"If they *couldn't* guess, we would join hands, and circle about the room, kicking and jumping, scaring the girls by sticking out our tongues at

them. Then I would dance a jig. 'Aha!' they would say, '*that's* Wolff Lustig's son. He's the only mischief-maker in all Schwersenz, who can dance like that!'

"Nope," I would say, trying to stop laughing; 'guess again!'

"O, that's he; I know his voice," Rosalie Lesser would say."

"That's mamma!" both boys exclaimed, overwhelmed by the discovery that, once upon a time, their mother was a girl.

Husband and wife exchanged glances, and Lustig added: "One night, boys, we went Purim-pranking, and the town-crier (that's the night watchman, or policeman, as we call him here) found us. 'Hey!' he cried, 'what are you boys doing at this hour of the night?'

"It's Purim," we cried.

"Purim?" he shouted back at us, 'some more of your Jewish nonsense?'

"O, go along with you," we answered back, and ran away. But he followed us. 'Go home!' he shouted; 'go home!'

"Catch *us* going home," we yelled back, and away we rushed to the River Wartha!"

He paused awhile, and it was very evident to his wife that he intended to make up a thrilling story. Bowing her head, she concealed her smiles behind her hands. Then Lustig continued: "We were now on the river bank, and I tell you it was cold; but we didn't mind that. The policeman was after us. If we turned back, he would catch us, and put us in jail. If we ran any further, we would fall into the river. What could we do?"

The boys waited with mouths agape.

"Suddenly Jake Harris shouted. 'Here's a boat; let's sail down the river!' We didn't ask another question; jumped into the boat and pushed off, just in time. The policeman stood on the shore, calling after us: 'Is this some more of your Purim nonsense?'

"We didn't mind him. Out we floated on the river. It was a dark night, and we began to be afraid. But it was lots of fun, sailing away from the town. Here and there was a light, and then that faded away, and we were gliding along between dark, empty fields. Now and then a dog barked, and it sounded like a big fog-horn. None of us spoke, and we didn't know where we were going. Some said we would sail into Posen; others said that, if we stayed in the boat long enough, we would reach America. But, after a while, one of us saw a little light, very near the bank, way down on the shore, just as if I took a candle and stuck it in the ground.

"Let's go there," said one of the boys.

"We pushed in toward the shore, jumped out of the boat, and tried to find the house. But we couldn't. But there was the light, shining up through the ground, and we knew some one must be near.

"Let's sing our Purim song!" I said.

"Well, the boys were so scared that they were ready to do anything, and we began to sing:

"Come, good people open the door,
Open it wider than ever before,
To-day is Purim, tomorrow it's done,
Give us a gift and away we run!"

"Well, sir, we shouted it louder than ever, and, just as we finished, I never saw anything like it in all my life, the ground opened, and a man stuck his head out of a big hole in the ground.

"Who are you?" he shouted to us.

"Purim, Purim!" we yelled back, scared out of our wits.

"O, ho," roared the fellow, 'you're Schwersenger boys, come to serenade us; welcome, welcome!'

"I never was so tickled in all my life. We went down a little ladder into

a cave; but it was fitted up just like a room, with chairs, table, and an old-fashioned stove. When they saw us, the man and his wife began to laugh, and clap their hands, and the old fellow roared.

"O, ho, you're Schwersenger boys, come to serenade us on Purim. What can you do?"

"I tell you, they were pleased to see us; and, just as we started to sing, the woman said: 'Sing one of your Purim songs, boys; this is your Jewish Purim. I know what they do; I used to work for the Goldschmits in Posen.'

"We weren't a bit afraid now. We danced and sang, and I gave my jig, and the man took a turn. He whirled us around the room, sang a song, and then danced so hard that the floor began to shake, and I thought the roof would tumble in on us. But he could sing, that fellow could, and this is the song he sang:

"Hearken, you villagers, to this tale:
A cow once stole a milkman's pail,
She frightened the townfolks out of
their lives
By selling milk to the townsmen's
wives."

Here Lustig laughed at his own clever attempt at rhyming, but the boys, impatient for the rest of the story, cried out: "What happened then?"

"Happened?" Lustig repeated merrily. "They gave us everything they had in the cellar. We had dough-nuts, summer-sausages, fried meats, and everything of that sort. We took everything they handed to us, but dared not eat; we held it in our hands, but dared not stir. When the old man found us holding on to the cakes, he said, 'Why don't you boys eat? You never tasted anything so good.'

"Dasn't," we said, afraid to explain.

"Do you, Schwersenger boys, come here at midnight, and refuse to eat my Sunday pastries? Dasn't! Dasn't!"

"We couldn't say another word, we were so frightened, and Mendel Lesser began to cry. 'Hey, there,' said the fellow, roaring at us; 'what's the trouble with you, crying in my house? Why don't you eat?'"

"*'Not Kosher!'* we yelled, and tumbled out of the house as fast as we could."

It took Lustig several moments to assure the boys that they reached home in safety, crept into their respective houses unseen and unheard; found their trundle-beds in the attic, and were soon buried in a deep sleep.

The supper finished, Lustig detected a whispered conference between the boys, and, finally, overcome by impatience, he persuaded them to take him into their confidence. "*We* want to make Purim, *too*," they said.

"O," Lustig returned jovially, "one must live among *Jewish* people to play a Purim prank. We are the only Jewish people in Canaway. Where can you go? No one here understands what you mean."

"Mrs. Ashley," they said, undaunted.

Without attempting to dissuade or disappoint them, Lustig set about to plan a disguise, and prepare them for the frolic.

"Ludwig," he called merrily, "put on my old fireman's suit; and Gottlieb, I will dress you up in one of mamma's old-fashioned hoop skirts. Then go over to Mrs. Ashley's, knock at the front door, and when you are in her front parlor, sing this song:

"Haman fed his little pigs
On sassafras and cinders;
And when he tried to catch them
They slipped right through his
fingers."

The boys were soon disguised, and

then disappeared—father and mother anxiously awaiting their return, and both wondering as to the result of the adventure. At last they came, each munching a huge slice of mince pie; their disguise partially unmasked, their clothes woefully disarranged. Gottlieb had been disentangled from the skirt, and Ludwig's coat and trousers, miles too big, had been entirely removed. The helmet alone remained, and that so completely covered his head, that the mince pie alone was visible.

"Well, what happened?" Lustig demanded, impatiently.

"Well," Ludwig began, closely imitating his father's manner, "we went to Mrs. Ashley's, you know, to the front door."

"I rang the bell," Gottlieb interrupted.

"Mrs. Ashley came to the front door with her lamp," Ludwig continued.

"'Mercy sakes!' she said, 'what's this?'"

"Then we sang:

"To-day is Purim, tomorrow it's done,
Give us a gift and away we run."

"'Bless me, it's Ludwig and Gottlieb,' she said.

"'You musn't know us, Mrs. Ashley,' I told her. 'It's Purim!'"

"'O, I mustn't,' she said; 'but I do know your voices. What makes you wear those funny clothes and masks?'"

"'It's Purim,' I told her. We must come into the parlor and dance for you, and then you must give us something."

"Well, we went into the front room. They haven't a fire there in winter, so she took us into the dining room, and Mrs. Ashley began to laugh and made us dance so hard, I never danced so much. Then Mrs. Ashley asked us what we wanted, and we told her."

"'Purim, you say: is that the time you eat your Matzoth?'"

"No, we sing and dance, and then you give us something to eat."

"I haven't anything but mince pie," and so she gave us each a piece of mince pie, and we began to eat it; but Mr. Ashley made us take off our masks and the clothes you put on, so we wouldn't take cold."

"Well, boys," Lustig roared, amid

bursts of hilarity, "did you have a good time?"

They were slow in confessing; finally Ludwig said, "*No, we didn't*. If we lived in Schwersenz, we would have had a better time—then we could have run away, down the river, as you did."

Kingston, N. Y.

Betty's First Purim Play

BY GERTRUDE NEWELT

"Now darling," said Betty's mamma, "there's to be a nice little play given this afternoon, and since you've been a very good girl for the past week, I shall take you to see it."

Wee Betty clapped her hands and jumped for joy. This was to be the first play she had ever seen, and she even did not understand quite clearly what a play meant, but she was confident it was nice, as mamma always gave her nice things when she had not been naughty. She had hardly had time to decide what it was to be, when her mother asked her:

"Have you ever heard of *Purim*, Betty?" Of course Betty had not—she was so young, you know.

"What is it, mudder?" she asked, looking up with a puzzled expression.

"That is just what you shall see this afternoon, for the people on the stage will tell you all about it, and if you pay good attention you will understand."

"O, mudder dear, I promise to be so still, and listen to all the words!"

Betty's mother thought no more of the matter till it was time to go, but with little Betty it was different. She ran next door to tell her friend all about what was to happen, and the thought never left her for a moment; in fact,

she was so busy thinking it over, that she forgot to cry when her face and hands were washed.

Would the time to start never come? Well, at last, three o'clock arrived, and any person passing by would have seen a little girl jump into a carriage and her mother follow. The horses went very slowly for impatient little Betty.

The house where the play was to be given was reached, and the child and her mother entered the building, and were shown places in the very first row. This was lucky for Betty, as she was such a tiny tot, she never could have seen otherwise.

The play was begun, and nothing could take Betty's attention from it. She had promised her mother to be good, but she was so interested that she needed no coaxing to be quiet. All the people were absorbed in it. Who would not be in a Purim play? They were so interested, in fact, that they failed to notice a little girl, in a dainty white frock, steal up to the stage, but soon they heard a childish voice ring out:

"O, mister man, please don't be so mean; o, please don't!"

This pleading little voice was directed to Haman, the wicked man in the play. Was it a wonder that he forgot

his lines, and stooped and kissed the child? And was it a wonder that her mother ran forward and grasped her

little Betty (for it was she) in her arms and wept?

No, it was the voice of a child!

Leo N. Levi

A Tribute

BY EUGENE H. LEHMAN



LEO N. LEVI

Some men devote their lives to the pursuit of pleasure, some to the acquisition of wealth, and others to the winning of fame or power. The passing away of such men causes no great aching void in the heart of the majority of their fellow beings. But

there is another class—one to which Mr. Leo. N. Levi belonged—a class that devotes itself to a life of service. It is the members of this order whose names are written large in the histories of the world. Pleasure and wealth and power are tolerated by

them only to such a degree as will make more perfect the life of service.

Even the casual visitor, as he entered Mr. Levi's office and gazed upon the calm, expressive face, felt instinctively, the presence of a great man. Always a sympathetic listener, especially to those with whose plans he was totally at variance, considerate and polite to those whom others would have quickly dismissed, conservative in action, deliberate in thought, when, after mature reflection, and a careful weighing of arguments, his conclusions were reached, he spoke as one in authority, whose words were pregnant with meaning, revealing the grasp of a well-balanced mind.

This manner of man it is that has gone from among us. Is it a wonder that the eyes of strong men involun-

tarily become moist? Mr. Levi stood almost alone in the fore-front of American Jewry. When the very existence of the *B'nai B'rith* was threatened, it was he who breathed fresh life into the organization; when the Russian swords were drinking Jewish blood in Kishineff, it was he who pointed out to this country a tangible and effective method of protest.

An orator, a writer; his convincing tongue, his smooth-flowing pen, could never conceal his love for mankind. Truly, he did not aim to get all he could *out* of the world—pleasure, or wealth, or power; but rather, to put all he could *into* the world—the pleasure of right conduct, the wealth of a well-stocked mind, the power of a noble character.

New York.

Noted American Jews

V. Solomon Solis Cohen

BY GEORGE ALEXANDER KOHUT



SOLOMON SOLIS COHEN

"Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." Trite as this adage has become, its force cannot be denied. To the first category belong men of genius and exceptional gifts, who reach the top rung of the ladder at a bound; to the second belong men of talent and industry, who, not only by reason of inherent gifts, but, perhaps, more by reason of their capacity for striving, attain the success they merit; whilst men of the third class, quite appropriately named last, are persons of the aggressive and irrepressible type, who gain a desired goal by keeping in the public eye, and by making it impossible for people to overlook and ignore them.

Solomon Solis Cohen is a man who has *achieved* greatness. The word is italicized, because to have gained the love and esteem and homage of his American compatriots and co-religion-

ists in the measure that he has, is an achievement. His name is honored as much for probity and righteousness, as for scholarship, far beyond the confines of Philadelphia, his native city, where he was born in September, 1857. He is one of a small, but distinguished, coterie of men in a community which has always stood for the highest ideals of citizenship, and which has been the home of some of the greatest notables in American Jewry. Morais and Leeser, Jastrow and Sulzberger, are but a few of the names that are familiar to all interested in Jewish affairs, and Solomon Da Silva Solis Cohen has helped not a little to enhance the prestige of his people in the City of Brotherly Love.

A glance at the subjoined biographical data will reveal how full his life has been until now: At the age of 15, he was graduated from Central High School, and from the Jefferson Medical College, in 1883. From 1883-1885 he was "demonstrator" of pathology and microscopy at the Philadelphia Polyclinic, becoming, in turn, lecturer at his *alma mater* and professor of clinical medicine, and, later, visiting physician to the Philadelphia Hospital, the Jewish Hospital and the Rush Hospital for Consumptives. He was lecturer at Dartmouth College in 1890-92; President of County Medical Society from 1898 to 1899; editor of the "Philadelphia Polyclinic," 1894-1899; co-editor of "The Medical

News," "The American Journal of Medical Sciences;" author and joint-author of several ~~medical~~ books, and contributor to scientific and literary periodicals on subjects which give evidence of his versatility. He is a forceful and eloquent speaker, a vigorous stylist, and a lyric poet of a high order, possessing, in addition to these gifts, a personality full of charm and power, vivid, strong, intense, buoyant, and, at times, most irresistible.

And last, but not least, for this is his strongest characteristic, *he is an ardent Jew*, full of emotions and enthusiasms. Those who have read his verses on Jewish subjects, notably his translations from Gabirol and Jehudah ha-Levi, and his own stirring poems on the Ninth of Ab. know him as a zealous Nationalist. His Jewish affiliations have been many and diversified: as a founder, member of the first Board of the *American Hebrew*, and a frequent contributor to it in prose and verse; as President of the Philadelphia Y. M. H. A.; Trustee of the Gratz College and of the Jewish Theological Seminary of America since their foundation; and one of the organizers of the Jewish Publication Society.

He is ever at the head of Jewish affairs, local and national, "still *achieving*, still pursuing"—a fine type of the American gentleman, and of the cultured, warm-hearted, broad-minded Jew. *New York.*

Jewish Tales

II. Divine Justice

BY RABBI I. WARSAW

When Moses saw the wrong and violence, committed with apparent impunity by wicked men against innocent and helpless creatures, the robbing of the poor and destitute, and the tears of the despoiled and oppressed—his heart

grew sad, and he thus addressed himself to Almighty God: "Judge of the whole world, wherefore triest Thou the righteous and favorest the wicked, and closest Thine eyes to evil, seeing wrong, but caring not? I beseech

Thou, O Lord, cause me to understand the mysteries of Thy judgment, that I may tell of Thy righteousness to all the world!"

And God replied to Moses, and said: "I have heard thy supplication, and, behold! I am inclined to show thee the ways of Divine Justice. Thou wilt behold but a part, for no human being can see it all. Open, then, thine eyes, and watch the scenes which will presently appear before thee!"

And Moses lifted up his eyes, and, lo! he beheld a rivulet streaming out at the foot of a mountain; and the water of the brook was as pure and limpid as crystal. At the same moment he saw a soldier approach the stream, who forthwith dismounted, and, after letting his horse drink, got down upon his knees, and partook of the refreshing water himself. But, in so doing, a purse, containing his money, fell out of his pocket, and, without having noticed the accident, he remounted his horse, and proceeded on his journey.

A few minutes after the soldier had departed, a shepherd lad came down to the brook, and watered his flock of sheep. As he turned to go away, he perceived the purse lying where the soldier had dropped it. He quickly picked it up, put it in his pocket, and joyfully exclaimed: "This is a happy day, which God had destined for me, and I will always celebrate it with thanksgiving. I will not go back to my cruel master, who beats me severely every day. But I will return to my mother in my native country. She will purchase, with the money I have found, a house and farm, where we will live happily and peacefully together!"

Just as the little fellow walked away and disappeared from sight, Moses saw an old man approach the rivulet. The man looked weary and fatigued, almost completely exhausted by his long walk and the scorching heat of the day. As he reached the edge of

the rivulet, he sat down on the ground, produced from his bag a few stale pieces of bread, dipped them in water, and ate and drank. When he finished his meager meal, he lay down, placed the bag beneath his head, and was soon asleep.

In the meanwhile, the soldier, who by this time had ridden a considerable distance from that place, feeling in his pocket for his purse, found, to his great sorrow, that his money was gone. Recollecting, however, how he had bent down to drink from the brook, he decided that he must have dropped it at that place. He, therefore, turned his horse's head and sped back to the rivulet, where he found the sleeping old man. He roughly roused him from his sleep, crying: "Give me my money, which thou hast found in this place, else I shall deal harshly with thee!" The old man, waking up from his sweet slumber, asked the soldier what had occurred to cause him to shout in such anger. The soldier replied: "Thou hast found and taken to thyself the money which I have lost here—is this not sufficient for me to shout at thee?" "I have not seen the money, and, methinks, thou art merely looking for a pretext to trouble me," replied the old man. The soldier grew very angry at this, and said: "No other human being has been here, hence thou art the one who has found and hidden my money. I, therefore, warn thee once again to return my money instantly, or thy life shall pay the forfeit!" The old man, hardly deigning to reply, turned his back on him, and started off on his way. But the soldier threw himself upon him with great fury, and killed him on the spot. He, then, examined the garments of the murdered old man, emptied his bag, and looked in every nook and cranny in the place, but in vain. So, without recovering his lost money, he remounted his horse, and rode off.

When Moses saw this strange and

dreadful thing, he cried out to God and said: "Almighty God! I had hoped that the scenes which my eyes were to behold would satisfy my doubts, and be a consolation to me. But, alas, they have even increased my perplexity! For, I have just seen how an innocent old man died the death of a ruffian, while a villainous boy grew rich in an instant. And *his* career is safe and prosperous!" And God replied to Moses and said: "Lift up thine eyes, and look at the rungs of the ladder, standing before thee. I will take thee up to that rung, upon which no human being has as yet stood, and thine eyes will be opened, and thou wilt see that all My judgments are just."

And Moses ascended the ladder, and stood upon the rung which God had pointed out to him, and, lo! another scene unfolded itself before his eyes. And the word of God came to Moses, saying: "What seest thou, Moses. My servant?" And Moses answered, and said: "I see a lame peasant with a little boy on his arm. Now I see another man, advanced in age, approaching the lame peasant. . . . O, the old man falls upon the defenseless peasant . . . he robs him of his money, and takes his life. . . . And, o, what a shame and disgrace! There stands a soldier, who has watched this foul robbery and murder without lifting a finger to prevent it!" And God said to Moses: "Indeed, thou hast seen correctly! And now incline thine ear to listen, and I

will explain to thee the way of My judgment!"

And Moses said: "Speak, o Lord, for thy servant heareth!" Then God said: "The old man, who was murdered by the rivulet, is the same gray-beard whom thou hast just witnessed murdering the lame peasant, and robbing him of his money. And the soldier, who killed the old ruffian, is the identical man whom thou hast seen behold the murder of the peasant without stirring to interfere. This soldier found the money, which the old murderer dropped in his haste to escape; and, because the money did not belong to the soldier, he lost it when he was watering his horse by the brook. *And the little shepherd boy found the money, because he is the son of the lame peasant, thus inheriting from his father.* And now, Moses, My servant, see and reflect, that all My judgments are just: The blood of him, who sheds the blood of another, shall likewise be shed. The soldier, who did not restrain the old man when he was murdering the lame peasant, has, unknowingly, been led to kill him by the rivulet. The money has passed into the possession of the shepherd boy, for he is the only son of his murdered father, and, therefore, his legitimate heir!"

When Moses heard these words, he exclaimed: "God is just in all His ways, and all His judgments are right."

Brunswick, Ga.

"THE Jewish Encyclopedia, Vol. VI." This volume, which will be ready in February, treats, in the same accurate and comprehensive manner that has characterized its predecessors, of the subjects in alphabetical order from "God" to "Inquisition." Among the articles may be mentioned: "God," by Professor E. G. Hirsch, Chicago; "Hebrew Grammar," by Professor W. Bacher, Budapest; "Hammurabi, King of Shinar," by Chief Rabbi S.

Fuchs, Luxemburg; "Hanukkah," by Dr. K. Kohler, Cincinnati; "Hasidism," the religious movement among the Polish Jews in the 18th Century, by S. M. Dubnow, Odessa; "Head-Dress," by Professor W. Nowack, Strassburg; "Christian Hebraists," by Professor Richard Gottheil, New York; "Incunabula," by Joseph Jacobs, New York; "Inquisition," by Dr. M. Kayserling, Budapest.

Haman and Esther

A Story of Poland

BY LEOPOLD V. SACHER MASOCH

It was Shushian Purim*. The entire town of Sandomir was in a state of lively commotion, and each and every one was doing his best to transform night into brightest day. All windows were illuminated; houses were gayly decked with lamps and colored lanterns. At the windows, sat fair young Jewesses and smiling matrons, in superb fur-trimmed cloaks, laughing, jesting, eating dainties. In the streets, merry young fellows, in long caftans, were bent on mischief and fun. The masquerade was at its height.

A party of Jewish youths, costumed as Little Russian peasants, serenaded their friends with Little Russian songs, to the accompaniment of flutes, violins, and violoncellos. Others, dressed as bears, dealt terror and confusion among the groups of girls leaning in doorways. A more ambitious band played the farce of Ahasuerus. Esther, arrayed in royal velvet and ermine, a gold paper crown on her head, was borne aloft by four slaves; then followed the King Ahasuerus, in his scarlet mantle, behind him Mordecai (Mordecai) with his huge turban, and last, though not least, appeared the distinguished figure of Haman. This last, of course, was the principal personage. A tall, battered hat sat audaciously on his head, several sheets sewed together served him as princely raiment, and with the aid of his stilts he moved nimbly about through the crowd, like some ghostly giant. His great false nose, with its three enormous crimson warts, would intrude occasionally into the second-story win-

dows of the smaller houses, and provoke terrified screams from the young girls, followed by endless jest and merriment. Haman was personated by none other than Laktef Wilna, the handsomest, strongest, boldest, lightest-hearted young Israelite in all Sandomir, where Israelites there were not a few.

The deafening noise of drums, tin lids, sauce-pans, and trumpets announced the approach of the royal party. Despite the cold, windows were opened, and black eyes, lighting rosy faces, peered down the street to watch the advent of the merry crew; though, truth to tell, Laktef Wilna, cutting his mad pranks with the most solemn air in the world, gained the lion's share of attention.

Mrs. Pfaumenbaum opened her casement but for an instant; that was long enough, however, for Haman to send in his greeting in the shape of an old slipper, and disappear with a laugh. To Mrs. Zuckerspitz, wrapped in her sable kazabaika (cloak), and leaning out of her window with the idea of being seen as well as of seeing, he gravely presented a large gingerbread hussar, which, strange to relate, sent the color flying over her pretty cheeks. To little Miss Greenwald, whose slender proportions were generally discussed and exaggerated, he swore that he had just unearthed a bridegroom for her, and sedately handed her a scrawny herring. At Johnathan Schmeikes', where half-a-dozen young girls had gathered for the merrymaking, he sent a mouse flying into the room, and shook with laughter as he watched the girls jump on tables and chairs, and scream with horror, until the little mar-joy had

*The second Jewish carnival, celebrated today only by the Jews of Poland.

betaken its trembling self into a friendly hole in the wall.

* * * * *

Cracking a joke with one, playing the merry-andrew with another, Laktef Wilna finally reached a long, narrow street, and paused before a wretched dwelling, whose walls were falling in like a badly-built house of cards. Behind its worm-eaten doors and broken windows lived about thirty Jewish families, its two floors divided each into a dozen rooms. Laktef's attention was attracted by one of the windows, whose deficiency in glass was made good by an old stocking, and, looking into the room, about the size of a diminutive poultry-house, he beheld a girl, in a patched calico gown. She was crying bitterly. Laktef's Shushan Purim had vanished in an instant; for, like all jolly young fellows, his heart was as compassionate as his spirits were high, and the sight of tears was more than he could endure.

He listened, standing in shadow, and leaning his great nose against the pane. The end of a candle, in the hollow of a potato, cast a feeble light about the tiny room. In an old arm-chair, of which Time had ravaged one of the feet, sat a man with folded hands. Upon his face there brooded a boundless sadness. He was wrapped in a shabby caftan, while upon his gray head rested the inevitable jarmourka (skull cap).

The occupants of the room were Toby Fishtbrau, a poor blind tailor, who had done patching in his time, and his daughter Esther. Young Wilna had recognized them at a glance.

"Do not cry, Estherka," said Toby, gently; "it ruins the eyes. What would become of us if you, too, could not work?"

"What is the good of working, father," said the girl, with a sob, "when God has forsaken us?"

"God forsakes not the humblest of



AN OLD-TIME PURIM PLAY

(1657)

his creatures," replied the old man. "He tries us often, but he forsakes us never."

"But we have been tried more than all the others put together, and we have not sinned more than the rest. Have I not worked from dawn till night? And I have not even been able to heat the room for my poor blind father, nor to make cakes that the poorest of the poor have on Shushan Purim."

"We do not want cakes," cried Toby; "can we not hear all the music and laughter below in the streets?"

"It makes my heart break to hear them laugh," said the girl, and again she began to weep, but gently, that her father might not hear her.

Haman had seen enough. He hurried off on his stilts, suddenly metamorphosed into seven-leagued boots.

The son of well-to-do parents, he could readily have aided the wretched



ESTHER MADE QUEEN
(From an old engraving, 1828).

family by throwing a handful of money into the room; but that would not have afforded him the fun he wanted, and, to him, pleasure-giving lost half its charm could he not add a dash of deviltry to it. He instantly decided that by playing a few innocent pranks on the rich, he could most admirably come to the assistance of these poor creatures, and, suiting the action to the thought, he hurried off to Jainkef Jeiteles, a number merchant. There, leaning over the wall, behind which was a large shed filled with wood, he pulled out a number of logs, and threw them over his back to Mordecai, his friend Teitel Silberbach, whom he had enlisted in the service, and then the two scampered off to the Fishthraus'. Reaching the house, young Wilna descended from his stilts, and the conspirators tiptoed to Esther's door, where they noiselessly arranged a fine pyramid of logs. This accomplished, Haman again scoured the

streets in quest of his next commission. Peering into Johnathan Schmeikes' kitchen, he discovered two great plates of smoking cakes on the window-seat. The cook's back was turned. In a trice the cakes had vanished, and off darted the rogue, with never a thought to his conscience. Mordecai, still crowned with his monstrous turban, climbed the stairs without a creak of his boots, knocked three times at Esther's door, and fled rashly.

As Esther rose to open the door, Laktef, on his stilts, pulled the stocking from the window-hole, threw the cakes into the room, replaced the stocking, and drew back into the friendly shadow of the rain-pipe.

"Father," cried Esther, as she opened the door, "here is some wood! Who could have brought it?"

"Wood!" exclaimed Toby. "You are dreaming!"

"There were three knocks at the door," said the girl, nervously; "and when I went to see who it was, what should I find but this wood! And such wood! It is magnificent! Shall I take it?"

"Don't stand so long talking about it, my child. Bring it in, bring it in!"

"But, father dear, this is like magic!" She carried the logs inside, piled them behind the stove, threw one of them into the smouldering fire, and soon a fine blaze cheered and warmed the room with its ruddy glow. Esther had dried her eyes.

"What are these cakes? Father! What is the meaning of all this?"

"Cakes!" repeated the blind man, with an incredulous air, and yet with a visible tremor of joy. Esther put one in his hand, and father and daughter began eating with avidity.

"They are hot from the oven," cried the girl. "There is no question about it, father, this is a miracle."

"You see, Esther, God has not forsaken us. Our benefactor is none other than the Prophet Elijah; he wit-

nessed your tears, and brought you these presents for Shushan Purim."

"You are right, father: it must have been the Prophet Elijah," returned the girl, in an awe-stricken voice, and she joined her prayers to her father's.

"But if he were present and saw our poverty," sighed Esther, "why did he not send some clothes, and a pair of shoes, to my poor blind father?"

"What do I want with clothes," said Toby, with a smile, "now that we have a comfortable, warm room? He should indeed have brought some for you, my child: for you have to run the streets all day, in the cold and snow, with a thin dress and broken shoes."

"Don't ask for too much, father dear. Remember, I have my shawl."

"If the Prophet Elijah wished to," said the blind man, recklessly, "he could clothe you like a princess, and cover you with a sable cloak."

"O, father!"

"If praying will bring it, let us pray. I will ask for a sable cloak for you."

"Stop, father: he will be angry, and the wood will disappear."

"Well, well, I'll not ask for sable: but it must be a cloak for you, at all events."

"What is the good of asking, father? Be sensible!"

"A cloak lined with fur, that you will not feel the cold," continued the old man imperturbably.

Laktef Wilna had listened eagerly to this conversation; and, laughing from the very depths of his good, kind heart, off he went on his stilts to transform the part of Haman into that of Elijah. Haman's nose, however, was still a conspicuous feature: it brushed by doors and windows, helping the eyes to keep a sharp lookout, and restraining not the arms from intruding into chambers and carrying off whatever the Prophet Elijah might deem needful.

Winklefield, second-hand dealer, had



MORDECAI REFUSES TO HONOR HAMAN
(From an old engraving, 1825).

hung a pair of red boots enticingly before his door, proudly conscious of their selling qualities, as they had been purchased from a gentleman. Haman took them *sans cérémonie*. From Sprintze Veigel-stock—who was rich and could spare it—he stole a black satin caftan. From Freudenthal's daughters he purloined a dress and a pair of shoes. Where was he to find the fur cloak? A happy idea! The maskers had gathered in a body at Mrs. Zuckerspitz's, and the revelry was at its height. The pretty hostess had flung her kazabaika, lined and trimmed with sable, on a chair by the window. The sash had been slightly raised: the desperate marauder pushed it gently open, and made off with his booty.

A few minutes later, he knocked at Esther's window.

"It is the blessed prophet," said Toby, in a solemn whisper. "Open

for him." Esther raised the sash, then ran and hid behind the stove, and closed her eyes. When she opened them there lay the caftan, kazabaika, dress, shoes, and boots.

"Father," she cried, "he has brought us everything we asked for." She reverently closed the window, then, hurrying to her father, took off his old caftan, threw the new one about him, tried the dress and shoes on herself, and, finally, with a cry of delight that was half a sob, slipped into the magnificent kazabaika.

"What a miraculous godsend!" exclaimed the blind father. "You must look like a princess, Estherka; come close to me." He could not see his princess, but he could feel the velvet and fur with his trembling hands.

"My child, this is sable," he breathed in a state of nervous excitement. "The good prophet hearkened to my petition; he has brought you for Shushan Purim a sable cloak. Ah, see how God cares for us in his loving kindness! Now that the merciful prophet has blessed us with so many gifts, he should bring forward a handsome young man for my little Esther's husband."

The girl put her hand over the old man's mouth. "Be quiet, father, else everything will disappear as miraculously as it has come."

The mischievous young prophet outside peered closely through the pane, and, seeing Esther in her fine dress and magnificent cloak, muttered, "She's a pretty girl; and what a heart, as brave as pure! I wonder she has not found a husband."

At the same moment the object of his reverie turned to the old man and said, "Who would have me, father—a poverty-stricken girl like me?"

"Listen," whispered Toby; "you ought to try your luck, Estherka, for Shushan Purim, and spread a net."

"A good idea," she answered, with a merry laugh. "I'll go out in the



HAMAN HANGED

(From an old engraving, 1828).

street and set a trap to catch a husband. But suppose it should be an old man or a hunchback?" and, her eyes twinkling with fun, she pulled three long, black hairs from her braid, and twisted them in and out, murmuring some cabalistic words the while.

Laktef watched this snare-setting, and, laughing in his sleeve, said softly: "Wait a bit, little one, and you'll capture the wariest bird in the whole *khille* [community]."

While Esther was preparing to start on her adventure, Haman descended from his stilts, gave his hat, mantle, and nose to Mordecai, drew back into the shadow and succeeded in stepping into the net just as the little schemer was about seeking refuge in the house-door. The snare had done its work, but the girl was caught as well; for, as she turned, a pair of strong arms clasped her waist, and a pair of lips sealed hers with a kiss. She tore her-

self loose, and, with a beating heart, fled up the narrow stairs.

* * * * *

The following morning, Mrs. Zuckerspitz bewailed her sable cloak, Veigelstock mourned the loss of his caftan, and the second-hand dealer wept tears of regret over the missing boots; when young Wilna appeared and explained all.

"I took your kazabaika," he said to the pretty coquette, "to give it to a poor girl; she believes that the Prophet Elijah made her a present of it, but I will return it."

"No, no!" she exclaimed. "For that matter, it was an old one, and my husband will be only too happy to give me another. You have performed a charitable action for me, and I am your debtor."

From all his other victims he met with a similar reception; for the pious Jew knows no greater joy than that of giving to the poor.

The same day, old Wilna paid a visit to Toby Fishthrau, and formally demanded pretty Esther's hand for his son Laktef.

Bible Lesson for the Month

BY RUDOLPH I. COFFEE

Superintendent of the Hebrew Orphan Asylum, New York City.

I.

THE DREAM OF JOSEPH.

Why should the brothers of Joseph have hated him merely because he related a dream? Such bitter enmity might well have been caused by more provoking circumstances. Joseph saw, with almost prophetic eyes, into the future. When he narrated the dream that they were binding sheaves and all arose and bowed down before him, Joseph told of an advance in civilization and of a higher state of culture.

We must understand that, at this time, the family of Jacob were nomads, or wandering herdsmen, with no settled abode. This dream introduces us to a higher state of society. People who bind sheaves must have farms, and in fixed localities. This shows a distinct advance in civilization. It involves the idea of home life, of relations between man and man, and definite laws of right, such as never existed in previous times. The brothers of Joseph feared this, because they preferred their wild and reckless life. It was their wish to

continue living their lives of ease without fixed responsibilities, and rendering no service to the world.

Joseph, a typical reformer, peering into the future, saw a new condition of affairs. Because he dared to stand by what he believed to be true, he was persecuted by those who were obstacles to true progress. It is ever thus with people who, like Joseph, are the advance-guards of a new era. Seldom has a man stood for new ideas, but what he was compelled to meet the savage attack of the great majority of his people. He, too, is called "the dreamer," and must fight against all odds, if he expects to be successful. The man who can safely withstand all attacks, and still hold firm to his ideas, must be possessed of real progressive thought. It is only his convictions that will steel him to withstand opposition. If his conceptions are not of real value, he can never be a modern Joseph, fighting with practically the whole world against him. He who has a true message for mankind, will fearlessly contend for the truth.

II.

THE DREAM OF PHARAOH.

The dream of Pharaoh, although a double one, is but of single import, as Joseph already declares. The fact of something strong being overcome by something weak, is nothing new in the history of Egypt. The fat cows, swallowed up by the lean ones, is the picture of a later Pharaoh, being overcome by an Asiatic ruler, the forebodings of which are felt in the first chapter of Exodus. It was ever the destiny of those sovereigns to be most unsafe on their thrones, when they were apparently most prosperous. Changes in dynasty were a common thing in the land; the minority was always strong, and it was that power which was most to be dreaded.

A few centuries after the death of Joseph, an unknown shepherd from the plains of Midian entered the palace of the king, and demanded that the race, which had been forced into slavery, should be permitted to go forth into the wilderness, in order to worship its unknown God. What chiefly concerns us is the thought that, despite their apparent weakness, the Israelites *did* succeed in obtaining that which their leader desired. The battles in this world are not always to the strongest. The "still, small voice" has had more to do with ruling the destiny of nations than the brute force of a multitude of men. Perhaps it was the consciousness of this thought that troubled Pharaoh so deeply, for the Bible-account makes us feel that he was exceedingly worried, because of his dreams.

We, however, should draw inspiration from this thought. Though it had proved the undoing of a Pharaoh, it is the free path which makes for our own advancement in life.

Young people, nowadays, think that the world is against them. Huge department stores, gigantic corporations, seem to offer to the building of life

insurmountable obstacles, as they allow no opening to the ambitious soul. For the mediocre person, this is undoubtedly true, but the man of energy will perceive that might is not always right, and that the humblest of shepherds may more than become a match for the mightiest ruler on the throne. The captains of industry to-day were once poor boys, who achieved their present eminence merely through their own efforts. Of course, this is only theory, merely a written message to the young man of to-day, but he cannot get away from the fact that the best position in this land is never closed to him; there are always openings, ready to be occupied by some one.

III.

THE DANGER OF PROSPERITY.

Joseph's conduct toward his brothers seems to have been very carefully planned in advance. He had a definite scheme, which he carried out completely. His purpose was to place them in the same position they were in, years ago, when they sent him into Egypt. He wished to find out if they regretted their previous conduct. As the united brothers were going home to bring Jacob into Egypt, Joseph dismissed them with the words: "See that ye fall not out by the way." These words of admonition, useless though they may appear, were really the best counsel he could have given. While there are people whom poverty puts to the test, the great majority of our fellow-beings are only shown in their true light when they are in the midst of prosperity. Joseph realized this, and, lest the brothers quarrel over the wealth he provided them with, he bade them farewell, telling them to remain on their guard.

It would have been a splendid thing, if all our brethren, before leaving Europe for this country, had likewise been told not to fall out by the way, so as to prevent the prosperity, which

was to come to so many of them, to turn their hearts aside from their previous humility and religious fervor. No class of people are more injurious to Judaism than "upstarts." Particularly is this true from the standpoint of our Gentile neighbors, who are always ready to honor a self-respecting Jew, but disdain to associate with those of our brethren, who "fall out by the way," and enter paths for which they are not qualified, and where they certainly are not wanted.

Our community numbers many men and women, whose gentle demeanor has not been changed because of their higher position in life. There are those, however, who put us to the blush, and the invariable cause seems to be the inability to hold their own properly, now that God has permitted the sun of prosperity to enter their lives.

Surely we, young people, are ambitious and desire to succeed. Let us so order our lives that, when this success comes to us, we shall be prepared to receive it, and not turn our backs on our best associates and friends. Then we shall avoid one of the most common and insidious dangers of prosperity, which is, alas! all too common among our own people.

IV.

THE BLESSING OF ADVERSITY.

The picture of Jacob, at the age of 130 years, standing before Pharaoh, the monarch of Egypt, and declaring "that few and evil have been the days of my life," is at once rich and suggestive. Perhaps Jacob could not understand why he had been so chastened by God. In early youth, Jacob had committed himself into the hands of his Father in Heaven, and had sought His grace. Blessings cannot be gained through immediate success, and a constant climbing of the ladder of fame. God blesses those, chosen for His service, by making them pass through a

very severe test in the school of adversity.

Jacob was practically driven from home. At the hand of his relations he was cheated in business; from his children, who were to bless his advancing years, he had nothing but sorrow; and thus his troubles increased proportionately with his years. Who dares say that these chastisements were useless? Jacob himself did not realize it, but the marked change in his character, the complete difference between Jacob, as a youth, and Jacob, in his declining days, is the most convincing proof that can be offered. Of him it could truly be said, "As the father chasteneth his son, so does the Lord chasten thee." For Jacob, who charmed the Egyptian king, resembled only in name the youth who forced the birthright from his brother Esau.

In such tests, as God imposes, there is something ennobling. These are quite different from the struggles we are compelled to endure, if we would achieve success in life. A firm faith in the help of God leads to character building. It softens the rough parts of our nature; it imparts a kindness to our actions; and we are more prone to judge our neighbor far more leniently, knowing the weakness of human nature. It is only the man, who has passed through a severe crisis, that will temper his criticism of another in such a delicate position. Only a Jacob and a Joseph could appreciate the benefits of a quiet life in Egypt, because they had experienced the hardships of nomadic life.

Therefore, let us bear the tests that God imposes upon us. Their purpose is to make us better judges of human nature, and, at the same time, to value the gifts which are placed within our reach. When we are tried—not punished—in our youth, it is chiefly to prepare us more properly to enjoy the blessings of our latter days.

The Jews in Japan

BY JOSEPH L. SCHWARTZ



JOSEPH L. SCHWARTZ

Ages ago, Jews settled in China and Japan, established and managed very large business undertakings, grew rich and prosperous, and mingled with the great mass of the yellow race. There are many proofs to show that in Japan there were Jews during the Middle Ages, but whence they came there, and in what manner they gradually allowed themselves to be swallowed up among the Japanese, is not known. During the last few centuries, nothing whatever was heard of or known of the existence of Jews in those parts. In the middle of the 19th century, however, Jews began to settle in some of its seaboard towns, where they became busily active in trade.

The first Jew who settled in Japan, about fifty years ago, was a rich English merchant, a pious man, named Solomon. Soon afterwards, his family, relatives, and some intimate

friends, joined him, and became associated with him in business. A synagogue was established in his home, where daily prayers were held.

The reason why there were no Hebrews in that country, previous to Mr. Solomon's arrival, is very simple. At that time, very little indeed was known of Japan to the rest of the world. True, Europeans had a vague knowledge of a nation somewhere in the far East that belonged to the yellow, Mongolian race, and inhabited the, as yet unknown, Japanese Island. No one dared, however, to journey so far, and to visit this island, until the civilization of Japan had advanced to such a degree as to outstrip that of some European countries.

When English Jews heard of the high degree of culture existing in Japan, some of them ventured to go there. As already stated, the first pioneer was Mr. Solomon. The English were followed by French, and later by Russian Jews. It is to be regretted, however, that at present the majority of those Russian Jews who have come, possess neither great business ability, nor capital, nor culture, and engage in such pursuits as reflect no credit upon their race.

Our co-religionists in Japan are looked upon not as Jews, but as foreigners, and they enjoy equal rights and privileges with the rest. The laws of Japan make no distinction between Jew and Christian, Mohammedan and heathen: the people are very tolerant in their religious and political views. Their constitution, in some respects, is much more liberal than that of Germany or of Austria. All foreigners, Jews included, have the utmost freedom in Japan. They are, it is true, somewhat restricted in their rights in the seaboard towns, but they may freely conduct business, travel and

work in the interior cities. This limitation is not due to any antipathy toward them, but to a desire to safeguard the country against foreign spies. There have never been any religious differences between Jews and Japanese, and thus the two races have always lived together in perfect harmony.

At present, there is not a very large number of Jews either in Tokio or in any other city, but there can be no doubt that, in the course of a few years, Jewish emigration to Japan will greatly increase. The government is very willing that foreign capital should

help to develop the country's industries, and there is ample room for thousands of capable Jewish merchants, who understand the character and the customs of the Japanese. There is scarcely any call for Jewish workmen, however, because the Japanese themselves are great experts in all handicraft, and are willing to work for very little pay.

Although there are quite a large number of congregations in many of the more important cities, still there are no regularly organized Jewish communities.

New York.

At Grandma Flora's Country Place*

I. The Children Arrive at the Farm

BY FLORA SPIEGELBERG



ETHEL

FLORENCE

GRANDMA FLORA

DOROTHY

WILLI

Grandma Flora lived in a pretty cottage, on her large farm in the mountains. She was a gentle old lady, and very fond of children, but especially devoted to her four grandchildren, Ethel, Florence, Dorothy and Willi.

Very anxious to visit their Grandma, the children had watched with eager eyes the approach of summer from their homes in the city.

Each little girl had begun, early in April, to pack her dolly's trunk, and to see that her clothes were neat and clean. The dolls, dressed in their very best gowns, with hats and cloaks on, carefully covered up in their go-carts, had sat for weeks, waiting for the day of their departure.

Each little girl had her sewing basket ready, with silver thimble, scissors, needlebook, silks, and worsteds of all

*Copyright applied for.

colors, a piece of canvas and a crochet needle.

Carefully wrapped in paper, and hidden away in a corner of each child's basket, was a little tidy to be embroidered for her mamma's birthday. Grandma had promised to show them how to work the tidies during the long summer days, while sitting on the lawn, under the great shade trees, at the same time telling them real, true stories about the little girls' mothers when they were little girls, like themselves.

Little Willi did not do much packing, but, real boy-like, had waited until the last day, then just bundled all his toys, slate and crayons, into a box.

It was dark when the four children arrived at Grandma Flora's farm, the beginning of May. They were up, bright and early, the next morning, and, hanging on to the hands and dress of their dear old granny, gladly followed her to the farmyard.

First the stable was visited. The good, old, white mare, Lucy, was patted, for she had taken them for many a pleasant ride the summer before. The dear little baby colt, only a few weeks old, as white as its mother, with little pinkish nose and ears, lying asleep at her feet, was most admired. After naming it Susan, the children tiptoed out of the stable for fear of waking it up.

Next the barn was visited, where the two brindle cows were kept. They watched John milk them, and, after tasting the warm, sweet milk, were much surprised to hear that each cow gave about two pails of milk every morning and evening.

The loud cackling and crowing of the fowls in the nearby barnyard attracted their attention, and, before Grandma could warn them, they had rushed into the barnyard. They scared the ducks and geese, who, cackling and flapping their wings, started off with their little ducklings and goslings

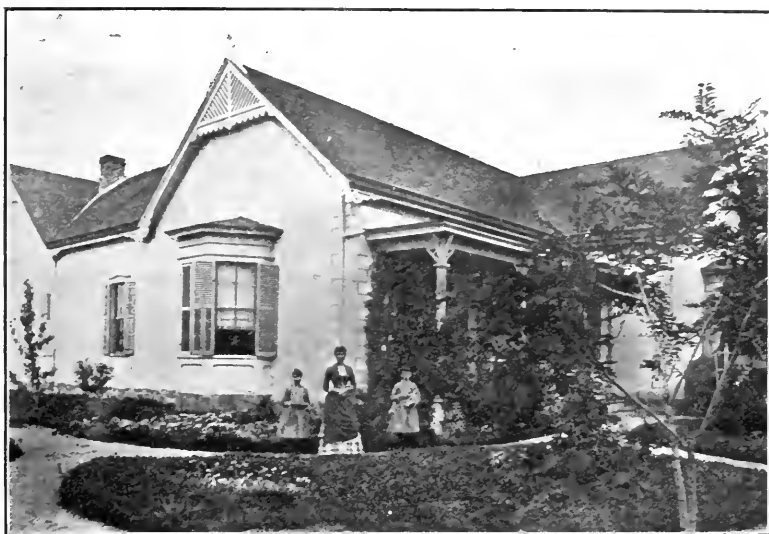
for the pond. The hens and roosters cackled and crowed, as they ran away in all directions. The children had meant no harm, and, going gently into the henery, gathered a basketful of fresh-laid eggs out of the soft, warm nests.

They remained quietly watching several old hens sitting on their nests, hatching out their baby chicks. Grandma Flora explained that the mamma chicken must sit for three weeks, or twenty-one days, on the eggs in her nest, and keep them warm, day and night. "When the little chick feels strong enough, it breaks the egg-shell with its little beak, saying softly, 'Peep,' to its mamma and crawling out of the shell. Its mamma feeds it in the nest for a few days," said Grandma Flora, "and then takes it to the barnyard, and teaches it how to eat alone and scratch for worms in the ground."

Taking Grandma's advice, the children walked slowly around the barnyard, throwing to the chickens the corn they carried in their apron pockets, and calling softly: "Peep, peep, peep." Soon all the chickens had gathered around them, picking up the corn—even the shy old hen, Gray Betsy, with her dear little brood of ten fluffy chicks. She was so tame that she did not seem to object when the children picked up her little chicks and patted their soft, fluffy down.

Then all trotted to the pond to see the mamma duck and mamma goose half fly, half jump into the pond to teach the little ducklings and goslings how to swim. The mothers came out again and stood nearby to watch the little ones, for fear they would get drowned. Their papas, the gander and the drake, strutted up and down the pond, cackling loudly.

As Grandma led the way to the kitchen garden, she told them she had a great surprise in store for them. Very anxious to see it, they ran ahead



GRANDMA FLORA'S COUNTRY HOME

of her. They were delighted to find that John, the gardener, had carefully prepared four plots of ground, ready to be planted with seeds. Each child had his own little garden. Grandma Flora soon caught up to them, and gave to each one his own little spade, hoe, rake, watering can and box of seeds. She showed them how to divide the plots in half, the one side for the vegetable seeds, the other side for the flower seeds, with paths between.

Soon all were busy with their hoes, making long, narrow furrows, dropping in the dear little seeds, then covering them up with their little rakes, making sure not a single seed was left peeping out of the ground, for the

hungry little birds to eat.

They were delighted that they had planted their little gardens, and trusted to God to assist the little seeds to grow, by sending plenty of rain and sunshine. The little gardeners' first lesson had been, that it needs but a little earth, rain and sunshine, and all seeds will be sure to grow.

It was getting near lunch time. The children were tired and hungry, and enjoyed the walk home to the cottage, under the shady maple and chestnut trees. They stopped at times to admire the many pretty lichens growing on the old oak trees, wondering just how they grew there.

New York.

A teacher was instructing a class of infants in Sunday School and letting the children finish her sentences to make sure they understood. "The idol had eyes," she said, "but it couldn't—"

"See," cried the children.

"It had ears, but it couldn't—"

"Hear," said the class.

"It had lips, but it couldn't—"

"Speak," said the children.

"It had a nose, but it couldn't—"

"Wipe it!" shouted the little ones.

The teacher dismissed the class after this last answer.

Purim

What gossiping is that we hear,
Passing around from ear to ear?
Ah! 'tis news of a holiday,
When with gladness to God we pray;

The story of our religion true,
Which tells us what the Jews did do
When wicked Haman did decree
The death of every Jew to see.

But with God's spirit in her heart,
Esther destroyed his wicked art;
When the Jews for life and freedom
sought,
For which they always fiercely fought.

So we should remember this day,
And no wicked deed plan or say;
But like of old, stand firm with God,
As on our way in life we plod.

ANNIE COHEN,
12 years old.

Hebrew Orphan Asylum, N. Y.

Literary Notes

The February number of the *Woman's Home Companion* is distinctly seasonable. The picture features are numerous, including "Household Pets," "Winter Sports at Home and Abroad," and "The Children's Room," illustrating beautifully-appointed nurseries in some of the best American homes. The feature articles are "A Visit to the Home of Thomas A. Edison," "My Recollections of Abraham Lincoln," "The Nature-Study Club," "The Wonders of the Sky-scraper." There are five excellent short stories and some interesting matter on "How to Make Pin-Money at Home," and "How to Pay Off Church Debts." Published by the Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio; one dollar a year; ten cents a copy.

THE February *Review of Reviews* is another notable triumph in monthly journalism. Almost every topic treat-

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BY

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ed in this number is directly related to the news of the month. The far Eastern crisis and its bearings on American trade interests are editorially discussed; "Korea as the Prize of War" is the subject of an illustrated article of great value by the Hon. J. Sloat Fassett; "The Railways of China" are described by Dr. Arthur J. Brown; Governor Taft's administration in the Philippines, just closed, is reviewed by Frederick W. Nash; the recent New Orleans meetings of the American Historical, Economic, and Political Science associations are described. Many other timely topics are covered by the cartoon department and by the "Leading Articles of the Month," "Periodicals Reviewed," "New Books," etc.

THE February *McClure's* contains a stirring article by Ray Stannard Baker on the labor situation in San Francisco. Mr. Baker has just been there, and he finds the worst monopoly in town to be "A Corner in Labor." Miss Tarbell's third chapter of her "History of the Standard Oil Company," gives an amazing account of petty persecution. Frank H. Schell tells of hazardous adventures while "Sketching Under Fire at Antietam." The fiction, which is sincere and strong, includes Booth Tarkington's first of a series of political stories, "The Aliens;" Lloyd Osbourne's Western picnic-comedy, "The Fugitives of Pleasure;" Clara Morris' "Beneath the Wrinkle," a delicate, sad little romance; Rex E. Beach's "The Shyness of Shorty," an exciting and vivid Wild-West tale; Miriam Michelson's amusing and ingenious love story, "Prince Roseleaf and a Girl from Kansas." "The Forger," the first of a series of prison stories by R. F. Foster, is a realistic study of temptation and downfall. Several poems and a lot of beautiful pictures make the issue a notable one.

PUZZLES

PUZZLES FOR FEBRUARY.

I.—WORD SQUARE: 1. Thing repeated. 2. Birthplace of great English poet. 3. Temperament. 4. The limits.

II.—INVERSIONS: 1. Invert evil and get a light blow. 2. Invert a weight and get an adverb. 3. Invert an instrument and get to rob.

III.—DIAMOND: To be made of two words, which read the same forward and backwards. 1. Used on babies. 2. Relating to civil life.

IV.—BEHEADINGS: 1. Behead an instrument of a ship and get a shady tree. 2. Behead a fragment and get a flock. 3. Behead a stump and get a vessel.

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evening at the Grand Theatre.

V.—HALF SQUARE: 1. A sunny
peninsula. 2. A tunic worn over
armor. 3. To subside. 4. Tardy. 5.
Anger. 6. An advertisement. 7. A
consonant.

ANSWERS TO JANUARY PUZZLES.

1.—Diamond.

J
T A R
T O N E D
J A N U A R Y
R E A D Y
D R Y
Y

2.—Transposition.

D O M E—M O D E
C I R C L E—C L E R I C
S H R U B—B R U S H
S H A R E—H A R E S
M E E T—T E E M

3.—Square.

T O O L
O G R E
O R E S
L E S S

4.—Rhomboid.

G L E A M
O R D E R
R A T E D
M E T R E
R O Y A L

5.—Beheadings

C H U R L—H U R L
G R I P—R I P
M E R E—E R E

The prize for the January puzzles
is awarded to Fanny R. Jacobson, of
Shreveport, La.

Effie—"Silly! dolls don't eat any-
thing!"

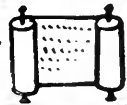
Bertie—"Don't, eh? Well, that old
one of yours that I cut open was
stuffed chock full of breakfast food."



VOL.
X

MARCH, 1904

NO.
7



The
**JEWISH
HOME**

AN
ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

for the
JEWISH FAMILY AND SCHOOL



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An Illustrated Magazine for the Jewish Family and School

GEORGE ALEXANDER KOHUT, Editor

Vol. X

March, 1904

No. 7

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The Jewish Home

VOL. X.

MARCH, 1904

No. 7

EDITORIALS

Calendar for the Month.

March 17, (Thursday), *New Moon*, Nisan 1
March 26, (Saturday), *The Great Sabbath*,
Nisan 10

March 30, (Wednesday), *Fast of the First-
Born*, Nisan 14.

March 31, (Thursday), *First Day of Pass-
over*, Nisan 15.

April 1, (Friday), *First Day of 'Omer*,
Nisan 16.

April 2-5, *Hol Ha-Moed* (Half Holiday),
Nisan 17-20.

April 6-7, *Seventh and Eighth Days of
Passover*, Nisan 21-22.

The Feast of Liberty Among the many gifts which Israel has given to mankind, is the passion for freedom. Though languishing in bondage for ages, in various climes, the Jew has never relinquished the hope of becoming free. With every rattle of his chains he breathed forth a prayer for liberty, and no hour of his life was so dark but what the sunlight of hope and trust in God cheered him and sustained him.

The Bible tells us that when darkness overspread the land of Egypt (before the last plague, that of the death of the first-born), the dwellings of the Israelites were bathed in light. This Scriptural statement holds good for the later career of Israel. The "perpetual lamp" was lighted not only

in the Synagogue, but in the home, and it burned cheerily in the very face of gloom, as a beacon to guide and gladden the heart of the martyred race, whose faith remained as strong in sorrow and disaster as in joy and prosperity. Nay, "the more Pharaoh oppressed, the more Israel waxed mighty."

When tyranny and persecution embittered his life he took refuge in psalm and prayer, and he emerged from his many woes uplifted and strengthened—his heart purer and his soul less clouded than before. "*I will not die, but live and declare the deeds of God!*" says the Psalmist: and this has ever been the motto of our people. Like the burning bush which Moses saw in the desert, burning, but not consumed, the Jew, in the midst of fire and peril and pestilence, glowed with a love and ardor for God, and remained unscathed amid the flames of malice and hatred which surrounded him. As Disraeli once said: "You cannot destroy a pure race. The mixed, *persecuting* races disappear: the pure, *persecuted* race remains!"

This is the cause, the only cause, of the marvellous preservation of the Jew through the dark and dreary ages. He saw light, and spread light. He was fettered with chains, but he scorned them and leaped to liberty!

A Great leaders were never
Moses wanting in Israel. The
Wanted more dire the peril, the
 nearer seemed the redeeming hand.
 "I brought thee out of the house of
 bondage with outstretched hand and
 mighty arm!" This is said to mean,
 according to the sages of old, the
 great leaders who have been sent to
 succor the people in their extremity.
 Moses in Egypt, Joshua in Canaan,
 Samson in Gath, the Maccabees in
 Modin, Manasseh ben Israel in Eng-
 land, Moses Montefiore in Damascus,
 and other champions, always, every-
 where, were messengers sent by the
 everlasting God to shield and to res-
 cue Israel. A Moses arises whenever
 a Moses is needed. Who knows but
 what he sees the vision of the burning
 bush, right now, in "Darkest Rus-
 sia?"

What "Every one may boast of
Others industry!" says a German
Say of Us proverb. The publishers
 of the JEWISH HOME endeavor, by
 every means in their power, to make
 this journal a welcome guest each
 month. That they have not labored
 in vain is shown by the subjoined ex-
 tracts from personal letters received
 by the Editor. They are cheering
 testimony of the worth of our little
 paper, and we gratefully acknowledge
 them:

"I have been a subscriber to the
 JEWISH HOME for some years, and it
 has always been a welcome guest
 among my children," writes the Rev.
 Dr. Joseph Krauskopf, of Philadel-
 phia. "Your noble effort certainly de-
 serves the heartiest encouragement. I

sincerely wish that I had the necessary
 leisure to give your publication the
 support it deserves. . . ."

The Rev. Drs. Henry Berkowitz,
 and Henry Barnstein, of Philadelphia,
 and Houston, Texas, respectively,
 write to the same effect.

Rabbi Bernard M. Kaplan, of Sac-
 ramento, Cal., and Rabbi H. S. Stoll-
 nitz, of Corsicana, Texas, are both
 very eulogistic, the letter of the last-
 named being particularly eloquent in
 language *and in offering*. We cannot
 refrain from allowing it to speak for
 itself, in the hope of inducing others
 to follow his example:

"The joy of a child permeated my
 soul when I received the January
 issue of your JEWISH HOME," writes
 Rabbi Stollnitz. "I the more welcome
 it as a missing link since the "Me-
 norah," the symbol of Jewish glory,
 has ceased to be, and I felt like crying
 out: 'The King is dead—long live the
 King!' The very name of JEWISH
 HOME, which your magazine bears, in-
 sures for it a warm welcome in every
 Jewish family. It is a trait of the
 Jew to love his home above all that
 he values on earth, and he considers
 nothing too costly for its adornment.
 Why, then, should he be loth to wel-
 come a periodical whose aim it is to
 instil into the hearts of his children
 Jewish sentiment and thus help to
 preserve the JEWISH HOME—which is
 symbolical of the highest ideals of
 morality and truth—a magazine which
 bids fair to illumine his home with
 wisdom and knowledge, the most
 precious adornment of the Jew. En-
 closed please find draft for \$13.50 one
 year's subscription for eighteen copies
 of the JEWISH HOME. These are to
 be circulated among the pupils of my
 Sabbath School, and so form a part of
 the school library. I will gladly put
 forth all my efforts at my command
 to further your noble cause."



SEARCHING FOR THE LEAVEN (PICART)

Passover Hymn

To Thee, our Fathers' God, we owe
The wonders wrought so long ago,
When Pharaoh and his myriad hosts
Were vanquished with their vaunted boasts;

When Thou didst lead Thy people o'er
The heaving sea in days of yore,
And didst avert from them all harm,
With outstretched hand and mighty arm;

When Amalek, the crafty foe,
By treachery sought to bring us low,
Thou gavest strength to Moses, and
Didst set to naught what it had planned.

When later,* in the wilderness,
Thy children suffered keen distress,
Thou didst, great God, dispatch with speed
Sweet *manna* to relieve their need.

And water gushed from rocks to still
All Israel's thirst, by Thy sheer will;
They who rebelled perceived Thy might
In cloud by day, in flame by night.

Thou didst reveal the Holy Law
To fill each human heart with awe,
And Sinai's quaking thunder still
Proclaims Thy never-changing will.

Thou spakest through Thy seers and kings
To us of everlasting things,
And with the quick'ning rays of grace
Thou didst surround Thy Chosen Race.

For slavery-chain and funeral-pyre
Were never symbols of thine ire;
They bruised the flesh and burnt the frame,
To make us zealous for Thy Name.

No power o'er us shall e'er prevail
If Israel falter not nor fail
To carry out Thy high behest,
O, Lord of Hosts, forever blest!

G. A. K.

The Seder and Its Symbols

BY ANNETTE KOHN.

The other day, I was looking over a bookshelf that held old books, for a volume, when some old *Hagadahs* came tumbling down upon my head.

I picked them up and laid them on a table with some strange companions, a couple of "Yellow Journals" and the *Herald* Sunday page of "Buster Brown."

To think some strange thoughts was inevitable, and I give them helter-skelter, as they occurred to me, to the young readers of the JEWISH HOME.

First, there was the strange old language in the books that had been spoken by Moses and the Children of Israel in Egypt under the Pharaohs—how far back that seems! Then, there were the English newspapers, that had all the up-to-date idioms that were coined only yesterday.

The pictures and illustrations in the journals seemed realistic and familiar beside the quaint old prints of the *Seder* service, for my *Hagadah* had belonged to my great-grandfather, and was printed in Frankfort-on-the-Main over one hundred and seventy-five years ago.

I could not help remembering that *The Hagadah* was the storybook most beloved and admired by many generations of Jewish children in olden times.

It was the history and biography of their people from ages almost before history began, and it was what children call "a truly story," for it was all wonders and marvels and miracles and magic to them, and "it all really happened."

This *Hagadah* was an illustrated history, a "Kindergarten" story-book with "Living Pictures," acted out by themselves and their parents and kindred *in real life*.

For weeks and weeks the children had babbled of "the Seder," and the reading of the *Hagadah* on Seder Night, for my mother had been preparing the home for the sanctity and joyousness of the festival. Children of to-day who read the JEWISH HOME know very little of how a Seder service was celebrated in olden days—at least, *very* few of them do—so I will describe "A Seder" of a hundred or more years ago.

Of course, the whole house had been renovated for *Pesach* (Passover). Every particle of *Chomez* (unleavened bread and farinaceous foods) had been removed early in the day. Father had even gone through the house the night before with spoon and feather to brush away the last speck of it and gather it up, and had burned it with the remnants of the breakfast in the morning.

The every-day dishes were carefully put away, and the Passover dishes and crockery were brought out for use.

This among the rich and poor alike. In the evening, while the father and sons went to Synagogue to service, the mother and daughters (where these were old enough) set out "the Seder table." To help in this household duty was esteemed a great privilege, like helping to decorate the *Succah* (booth), or carrying *Sch'lach Monoth* (gifts for the poor) on Purim.

First, a clean white tablecloth was put upon the table, the finest the family possessed. Indeed, often, even in the richest families, this cloth was used only on *this* occasion.

Then, a large dish or round platter of china, silver, or gold, according to the wealth of the family, was placed before the seat of the male head of the house. If there was a grandfather

as well as a father in the household, then two such dishes were provided (at least, this was the custom in Germany). Then the "Dish" was garnished in the following manner:

Three unbroken *Matzos* were brought—usually these *Seder-Matzos* were baked separately, larger in size than the others. They were named, respectively, "Cohen, Levi, Israel." A *matzo* was placed on the dish, and a small napkin was spread over it; then, a second *matzo* was added, covered with a second napkin; a third *matzo* over this and another napkin completed the "Dish." It needed but a number of festival symbols to make it ready for *Seder* service.

All the best silver and gold was brought out for this night, and even very poor Jews had at least one little silver cup for the Prophet Elijah.

Now the real interesting labor of love and faith began: the setting of the Dish—as we understand the setting of the table for a meal.

First came some sprigs of *parsley*, with a cup of gold, silver, or glass, to hold *salt water* or *vinegar*, wherein the parsley was to be dipped at the right time.

Next came *horse radish* (*marah*, the bitter herb), the two together symbolizing the bitter life of our ancestors in Egypt. But to show the joyous rebound of the Jewish nature, and to signalize the sudden turning of their sorrow to the joy of deliverance, another cup was held in reserve containing "*charosis*"—the crowning joy of the feast. What the sugar plum is to the modern child, this *charosis* was to the child at the *Seder*. It was carefully prepared by the mother in the afternoon, this delicious paste, the taste of which clung to one's palate for a whole year, until next Passover. It was compounded of grated apples, honey, or sugar, cinnamon, grated almonds, and a little raisin wine. Some explained it to be



"MATZO KLOESSE."

a symbol of the mortar used for brick-laying by the Israelites in Egypt.

The next thing, which I should really have mentioned first, as it is the most important, was a small lamb-bone, roasted, symbol of the Pascal Lamb; and, lastly, an egg roasted in ashes, symbol of death amid all these joyous festivities—or, as some claim, symbol of *life*, rather than death.

The *Seder-dish* was now complete in all its details. A sofa, lounge, or large arm-chair was rolled to the place where the master of the house, or he who presided over the *Seder*, was to sit, and a pile of pillows or cushions was heaped upon it, that he might eat and drink in comfort this night, reclining like a king. This was part of the *Seder* ceremony, and probably recalls the prevailing Oriental custom.

Then, cups or glasses were set round the table for the rest of the family, the guests and the Hebrew servants, for on this night, in olden

times, even the humblest servant was treated as a freedman and a member of the house of Israel. Sometimes there were other guests besides, poor journeymen, travellers, beggars, and Christian strangers, for whom ample provision was made, even the poor reserving a seat of honor for the unexpected guest.

Then, the largest and finest beaker—gold, silver, or crystal—was set in the centre of the table for the Prophet Elijah, who was, *figuratively*, supposed to come to every *Seder* table at a certain moment during the service, as a guest, and to partake of the wine from the cup prepared for him.

I have no warrant for saying this, but my fancy pictures this as a token of Jewish hospitality on this night, indicating that *every* guest is welcome. And the choice of a great prophet, so great a prophet as Elijah, I fancy, may have some trace of relation to Abraham, who entertained angels unawares. This generous cup stands, in like token, no doubt, for the guest who may prove great like unto Elijah.

There may be a better reason, but I like to fancy this one as the truth. Fancies are nearer to the truth than facts sometimes.

Next, a large jug of wine, made from raisins pressed and steeped in water, a delicious drink, is brought in and set upon the table, to be drunk in four *koses*, or "courses," as they call them, in their turn.

Then, chairs are placed around the table for the company. There were, it appears, no other table furnishings; no knives or forks—only a glass is placed before each member of the company, and a small plate. On a side table was a pitcher of water and a handsome towel for the presiding "master" of the *Seder* to wash his hands at a certain part of the service. Lastly, a *Hagadah* was placed beside

each cup, and everything was in readiness for the service.

Here the mother would light the swinging lamp over the table, which hung from the ceiling, and the seven-branched candelabra on the table as well, reciting the usual grace, and awaited the return of the men from the Synagogue,

Meanwhile, the women of the family had put on their best garments; most usually all wore white.

In very ancient times, and up to about sixty years or so ago, the men held this to be so solemn a night that they wore their white linen grave-clothes. This custom obtained in some parts of Europe; but it was not obligatory, only incidental.

The company now being ready, all sat down. The service began by pouring out the wine. The first cup was poured for the Prophet Elijah, and placed in the centre of the table; then, the glasses were filled, the books opened, and "The Seder" service began. The head of the household read the story from the *Hagadah* aloud, sometimes in conversational tone, at certain portions intoning it, reading in Hebrew, and constantly translating and explaining for the benefit of the children, for it was their service also. In fact, in the early part of the service the youngest child in the family, to his great delight, is expected to ask questions concerning the meaning of the festival, receiving answers from his father, who would proceed to explain with much show of zest. The whole family follow the service in a lower key, sometimes silently, sometimes singing in concert the beautiful hymns and psalms scattered throughout the *Hagadah*. Those fine old Jewish melodies are known and beloved all over the world. Wherever Jews are found—in Asia and Africa, as well as in Europe, and even in America—those touching tunes are cherished and esteemed.



FOR THE SEDER.

Early in the service the head of the house goes to the stand holding the pitcher, washes his hands, and then distributes from the *Seder* dish to the company pieces of *matzos*, parsley dipped in salt water, horse radish, *charosis*—drinking wine and refilling the cups at stated intervals. Having told the story of the deliverance, from Moses's visit to Pharaoh down to the ten plagues, and the exodus of the Israelites through the Red Sea and the destruction of Pharaoh with his hosts, the *Seder* dish and all other paraphernalia, except the cup of Elijah, are temporarily removed, dinner is served, and the whole company proceeds to enjoy the savory meal with its special holiday features, that are far more tempting than were the fleshpots of Egypt to our ancestors.

Immediately after dinner, grace is chanted. Then the "*afekomen*" is eaten. This is a piece of *matzo* broken from one on the dish early in the service, and laid away to be eaten after dinner as a sort of "dessert," or

relish to the feast. This *afekomen* causes the children much anxiety and merriment. The father wraps it in a napkin and hides it carefully under his cushions, or elsewhere in the room. The children search for it while he is not looking, and hold it for ransom when the time comes to eat it. The ransom was, usually, nuts and raisins on the morrow among the humbler people, and more valuable gifts, trinkets, etc., among the well-to-do.

After the *afekomen* is eaten, the youngest child present, girl or boy, opens the door for the entrance of Elijah: he is invited to enter, and then the door is closed again. Of course, this is all emblematic merely. The entrance of Elijah is celebrated with the fourth and last cup of wine. Praise is sung for the gift of the vine, and then the real joy (especially to the children) of the *Seder* begins, viz.: the singing of that famous Jewish hymn, "*El Benay*," first in Hebrew, then in German. Other *Seder* songs follow. A prayer for "The Return to Jerusalem" is offered, and it ends in a toast (reclining, with cups held high), repeated three times. Needless to say, the cup is drained with a vim.

A series of riddles, which might have served as nursery rhymes long ago, called "One: Who Knows One?" chanted cumulatively up to "Thirteen: Who Knows Thirteen?" is sung with relish; and last, but not least, is recited the curious old doggerel of the "*One only Kid*," called "*Chad Gadya*," after which, we are told by those who know, the "Song of the House that Jack Built" is modeled. It aims to give in legendary form a history of the vicissitudes and sufferings of Israel.

On this night all prayers at retiring, save the *Shema*, were omitted as unnecessary: for on this night "The Guardian of Israel neither slumbereth

nor sleepeth," and He watcheth over His people as he did on that night of deliverance from the bondage of Egypt when, as a Pillar of Fire and as a Veil of Cloud, He encompassed

them about and led them out, as the *Hagadah* says, "into the Great Light," that they might lead all men to redemption, happiness, and peace. *New York.*

Elijah, the Prophet, Visits Canaway

BY JOSEPH LEISER.

At one time or another, something unusual was fated to happen in Canaway. A circus next summer, or a fire last autumn, or any similar event, was sufficient to keep the townsfolk gossiping.

Herman Lustig was no exception. He was always preparing his boys, Ludwig and Gottlieb, to expect some unusual occurrence. They, too, like all the good people of Canaway, were looking ahead or looking backward. Lustig promised his boys so many things, and assured them that within the ensuing year so many startling events would take place in Canaway, that, were a tenth part to come true, the boys would become either millionaires or Presidents of the United States.

This was a characteristic of the town. So it was quite natural for him to promise them a party or a merry celebration in honor of a Jewish holiday. When the ice broke up on the lake and the March winds blew hot and cold alternately, when along the country roads and fences all snow and ice had melted and spring was on the wing, one might have overheard Lustig promising his boys a *Seder* festival.

It promised to be a rare treat, so Lustig led them to believe. He intended to celebrate in somewhat the same fashion that his good father had observed it in their old Schwersenger home. And, so long as it was something to look forward to, the boys accepted it in good grace and waited.

They suspected, however, that something unusual would take place. For several days their mother, assisted by Mary O'Brien, the house-maid, had cleaned and scoured; all the familiar broken-edged dishes were removed from the pantry; new oil paper lined the closet shelves, the flour barrel was emptied, and the boys made a bonfire in the back yard of the cake crumbs from the cake box. All this betokened something unusual, and their boyish spirits were raised to a high pitch.

At the end of a series of house-cleaning campaigns, Mrs. Lustig concluded that her house was thoroughly renovated, and, one evening, when Herman Lustig returned from his store he called his sons to his side and announced cheerfully:

"Boys, to-night's '*Seder*'!"

"Oh! is that something to eat?" asked Ludwig.

"It's something to eat," Lustig admitted gayly; "but, then, it's the way we eat it that makes *Seder*."

"Oh, I know! It's a party," Gottlieb suggested enthusiastically.

"Well, then it is a party," Lustig conceded, greatly amused at their conjectures.

"Can't we invite somebody?" Gottlieb asked appealingly.

"I will do that. Wait, and you will hear me invite *Elijah, the Prophet*."

Forestalling their inquiries, he added: "I will tell you about him. He's a funny man, and we mustn't talk

about him till it's time to send the invitation. Then, perhaps, he may accept."

"Oh, I don't mean that!" Ludwig explained dismally. "I mean some one we *know*."

"I might have invited Father Margoli, eh, boys?" He paused to see the effect; but they were perplexed. "Do you know," he added frankly, "I think the priest is a Jew?"

But his observation did not impress them. They listened attentively, watched his altering grimaces, and then Ludwig added:

"Isn't he coming?"

"Well, I don't know," Lustig said dubiously. "He was in the store this afternoon with Father English, and they arranged to rent my carpet loft until St. Mary's is rebuilt. I wanted to let them have it free of charge, but they insisted on paying. It's better to be good friends with every one, even if I am a Jew, and they are Catholics. Be good friends with every one, boys, and you'll get along in this world. And they like me. Yes, they *do*. No one in Canaway wanted to rent them rooms, so they came to *me*. 'Take mine,' I said, and they rented them. So there you are."

He laughed, but they did not appreciate the significance of a Catholic service in a Jewish merchant's store.

"Then we can go up there?" Ludwig said innocently.

"That's no place for you."

"Oh, I want to see the new priest!"

"Some day, when you come to the store, you will meet him. He comes into my store all the time. He's a nice young fellow, and he knows lots about the Jewish people, because, whenever I mention anything about our religion, he knows all about it. Why, this morning he asked me:

"Isn't this your *Pesach*?" just like that.

"Yes," I said. "How do you know?"

"Studied it," he said. "And do you hold *Seder*?"

"How do you know anything about *Seder*?" I asked him again.

"Studied it," he said, just like that, and then we laughed.

"Say, Father, how *do* you know so much about the Jews? You know more about the Jews than the Irish."

"Well, sir, you should have heard them laugh. Father English was with them, and he said:

"Why, the Jews and the Irish are the chosen people!" And then we all laughed.

"Oh, well," said Father Margoli. "I like the Jewish people," and he looked me in the eye, as if he wanted to say, 'I am a Jew, don't you know it?' Well, sir, I wanted to take him aside and ask him a lot of questions, but Father English was there and I couldn't. So I just told the young priest I was going to give a *Seder* to-night and invited him.

"Even then he wouldn't stop. He asked me if we had a *Hagadah* (that's what the book is called from which the service is read), and whether my youngest son would ask why this night was distinguished from all other nights in the year.

"How do you know *that*?" I asked him. "Only Jews know these things."

"He wanted to answer me, I know it. I saw him blush and drop his eyes, as if he wanted to let the cat out of the bag. But Father English noticed it and drew him away. He may come, anyhow."

They seemed to be interested in what their father was telling them, but when their mother broke in and told them that she was ready, they seated themselves at the table, and, overcome by the revelation of the dishes and the odd arrangement of the plates, they forgot all about the priest.

Aided by what little information Lustig obtained in the sad years he



MOSES AND AARON BEFORE PHARAOH.

attended the *Schwensenzer Heder* (Hebrew school), he explained the meaning and significance of the *Seder*, and then retold the story of the passing of the children of Israel from the house of bondage to the promised land; of their suffering in days of old and their yearning for freedom. And when the boys wearied of the talk, he allayed their curiosity by explaining the purpose of the burnt meat, the bitter herbs, the sweetmeats, and, finally, the unleavened bread. They listened attentively, watched eagerly the distribution of the various fragments of food, and repeated after their father the blessing over the wine. Lustig was explaining the symbols and incidents of the evening, when Ludwig interrupted him by asking when that funny man would come.

"Yes, papa," Gottlieb echoed, "tell us about Elijah, the funny man. You promised."

"He doesn't come, boys, unless he is invited. Didn't you hear me read: 'Come all who are hungry and eat. All you who are thirsty, come in and drink. This year we are in bondage,

next year we are free men. This year we are here, next year,' he paused, lowered his head and seemed puzzled, —well, next year, boys," he concluded, "we may *not* be here!"

The boys stared at him vaguely. There was something mysterious about it all.

Lustig foresaw that. "You know, boys," he explained, "the Jews used to be driven from country to country. No one wanted to make friends with them. You don't know what that means, because you live in a land of freedom. But suppose Mrs. Ashley would come over here, or Henry Mutschler, the butcher, or Pat Meade and his boys, or anyone on Bristol Street—suppose they would come over here and say, 'Get out of here! You are Jews! You don't belong here! Get out, or we will burn your house and steal your furniture and dishes! This is not your country. You don't belong here!'"

The boys looked very grave.

"That's what happened to our fathers in olden times," Lustig continued. "They had no home. Every

town they came to, some one made them leave it. Either a king or prince or priest made them go, and they had to seek a home elsewhere."

"Did Elijah go along?" Ludwig asked plaintively.

"Wherever they went," Lustig said warmly, "Elijah followed them. If they lost their way, he pointed out the road. When they came to a strange city and were unable to speak to the people, he gave them lessons. Whenever there was any danger ahead he warned the people in time."

"What was his business?" Gottlieb asked intently.

"Traveler," Lustig answered abruptly. "Just a traveler. He traveled all over the world. In those days they had no railroads, so men used to walk or ride horseback."

"What did he look like?" Ludwig demanded eagerly.

"Look? Oh! he looked," Lustig tried to say, "like an old man with a great big white beard and long white hair, and he wore an immense overcoat. Well, sir, whenever he was on the highway, that's the country road, and he saw another man ahead, he would run up to him and keep him company. So, one day, he met a man on the country road, and they walked together, talking about all sorts of things, and they stopped for dinner at a farmer's. They were poor people, but they treated Elijah and his friend to a good dinner, and when they left, Elijah saw the poor farmer's only cow in the field and killed it."

"The other fellow was indignant at this. 'What!' he cried at him, 'these poor people have treated you to a fine dinner, and you return their kindness by killing their only cow?'"

"Don't you know," said Elijah, "who I am? I am Elijah, the Prophet, and I know that the farmer's wife would die. So I caused the cow to die in her stead."

"Could he do that?" they asked incredulously.

"Oh, yes! He was a great man. He could do wonderful things. One day he met another traveler on the road, and they stopped at a rich man's house for supper. But he refused to admit them and sent them away, and they had to sleep in the fields, without food or bed. In the morning Elijah noticed that a section of the man's house had tumbled in, and he propped it up instantly, just like that."

"What!" said his friend. "You return good for evil? That man drove us away from his house, and now you restore the wall of his house?"

"Tut, tut!" said Elijah, laughing at the man. "You don't know who I am. Under the wall of the house is a box of money, and, if that man had rebuilt his own wall, he would have found the treasure. So I rebuilt it, and no one can find it."

All this was marvellous in their eyes, and they eagerly urged Lustig to continue.

"Well, sir, Elijah was good to the poor. If he met a man on the road hungry, he gave him something to eat. If a poor working-man came to him and told him he had injured his arm or his leg and was unable to work, Elijah would take his job and give him the wages. And, boys, do you know that if the schoolchildren couldn't get their arithmetic lesson and they called on Elijah to help them, he did so at once, and they could pass their examinations."

"Did he go all over?" Gottlieb asked.

"Everywhere. Whenever people were in trouble he came to them and helped them. Everybody was his friend. Why, boys, that man would make friends with a clown in a circus! Do you like clowns, boys?"

"Yes," they echoed emphatically.

"So did Elijah. One day he came into town, and saw a clown giving a show in the street. In those days they used to have their circus on the street, not in tents like Barnum's. When

Elijah saw the clown, he went up to him, shook him by the hand, and slapped him on the back, just as old acquaintances do. 'I like you,' Elijah said to the clown. 'You make people laugh until they forget their troubles. You are a good man.' And then he told the clown the story of the one-legged goose."

"What's that?" they exclaimed in chorus.

"Well, once upon a time a rich man gave a party, and ordered his servant to roast a goose. Ah, boys, roast goose's fine! So the servant killed the fattest goose in the yard, roasted it brown, and when he drew it from the oven it smelt so appetizing that the servant's mouth watered. He broke off a leg, turned the goose over, so that one could see only the other leg, and at dinner placed it before his master to have it carved. 'See here!' said the master of the house to his servant, after he had begun carving, 'some one has broken a leg off this goose!' '*Geese have only one leg*,' said the servant, shaking in his boots. No one believed him, but that same afternoon, while he was driving the company to their home, he passed a farmyard and all the geese were standing on the fence with one leg under their wing. 'See there,' said the servant, 'didn't I tell you geese have *only one leg*.'"

"Oh, how the clown laughed when Elijah concluded the story! You could have heard him miles away. So whenever there's a party in a Jewish home they invite Elijah, just to tell stories and make them brappy. Everybody keeps an empty chair and plate for Elijah. Of course, he can't go everywhere at the same time, but we leave an empty place always in his honor."

"Would he come here?" Gottlieb inquired timidly.

"He might. He's travelled all over the world, visiting Jews in every

clime, and wherever he goes he gives something to the poor, tells some of his funny stories, plays with the little boys and girls, sings a song, dances or plays marbles, and then disappears. Everybody looks forward to his visit, and everybody invites him."

"*You* haven't invited him yet," Ludwig broke in.

"That's so. Let's invite him, then. Elijah! Oh, Mr. Elijah!" Lustig called aloud, "Ludwig and Gottlieb invite you to attend their *Seuder*. If you're in town, call on the Lustigs on Bristol Street."

"Will he come?" they asked skeptically.

"I will call again. Elijah, are you coming?"

The sudden ringing of the door-bell lent a moment's terror to the merriment. Lustig stopped, and threw a frightened look at his wife, whose cheeks turned more ashen than those of her boys. Ludwig and Gottlieb's hearts throbbed with expectancy—they were prepared to see a miracle. When Lustig arose, however, they blanched and dared not turn their heads to see what sort of personage their father would usher into the dining-room. Crouching in their chairs, trembling, their hearts a-throb, they waited, fearful of their father's fate, marveling at the odd coincidence, and then wondering, despite its apparent impossibility, if Elijah would *really* visit them.

Their father's hearty laughter, ringing cheerily through the silent household, reassured them. This isn't Elijah, boys," he said as he brought a young priest into the dining-room. "This is Father Margoli."

The young priest bowed ceremoniously to Mrs. Lustig, and smiled in a friendly manner on the boys, who stared at him, more disappointed than curious.

The young priest and Lustig fell to



"THE LORD SMOTE ALL THE FIRST-BORN IN EGYPT."

talking, and the boys attempted to follow their conversation, but it referred to things beyond their understanding. So they inspected the visitor, noting his high-cut clerical vest and the smooth lines on his face. But the far-away look in his eyes and the shadow of remorse and sadness encircling his deep-sunk, hollow eyes made no impression on them.

It amused them to see with what ease their father spoke to him; how familiarly he addressed him. They knew he was talking about the *Scd-cr*, because he pointed to the meat and *matzos*, and re-read pages from the *Hagadah* at the priest's request, and finally both, to their utter astonishment, joined in singing the monotonous, but tuneful, song of *Had gadyah*.

It was a pleasant feast. The boys seemed to have been forgotten, and had they not compelled attention by resampling portions of the edibles and requesting their father to fill their wineglasses, they might have fallen asleep without witnessing the most impressive scene of their young lives.

"You see, the Jews," Lustig was saying, "believe in making life happy. They believe in having a good time in a proper way; they believe life's worth living. They like family life, children, and a wife who can make good *matzah-schalet*."

Mrs. Lustig accepted the compliment graciously.

"That's what we like. We believe in all good things and all good people."

The priest acknowledged Lustig's good-natured remarks with a nod.

"That's why the Jews have families—so that children may learn to know what it means to honor their parents, that they may live long in the land."

The priest dropped his head and mumbled a low assent.

"We always stick together. Good heavens! Had we not stuck together, what would have become of us? Jews want to help one another. I tell you, if any Jewish boy despised his father——"

"Impossible!" interrupted the priest. "That's rather strong."

Lustig stared at him, open-eyed.

"What's the matter, Father?"

"Nothing, sir, nothing. Continue."

"You know, we Jews believe in freedom. So we have great sympathy for those who are *not* free—people who cannot do as they think best, who must sell their souls, who haven't the right to be men or women, but must do as others tell them, although they don't believe it themselves."

"Who told you so?" asked the priest, his eyes aflame with an angry fire.

"Told? No one told me! Won't you have another glass of wine, Father?"

He filled his own glass, and Lustig exchanged a serious glance with his wife, as they watched the glass tremble in the young man's hand. He swallowed it in one nervous gulp.

"You see, Father, *no one* understands the Jews."

"I do—yes, yes, I know them!" the priest exclaimed.

"That's true, and that puzzles me," Lustig returned shrewdly. "I believe you know more about the Jews than I do."

"No, no!" Father Margoli contradicted. "I have only studied them little. I saw—the little my father would—but continue, Mr. Lustig, continue. I am rather excited. This *Seder* festival—why, it reminds me of so many things. It is supposed to be the origin—but never mind me, I am curious, you see; rather unfit for company. Continue."

"I think, Father," said Lustig, "almost every nation must hate the Jews because they believe in freedom. They hate kings or princes or rulers; they want people to do their own thinking, and rule themselves. And that's what every sensible American wants. I am proud of being a Jew, and I should think any man who had Jewish blood in his veins——"

"Well, what of him?" asked the

priest in a hollow voice. "What of him?"

"In that case," Lustig returned blandly, "I should think he would bottle every drop of Jewish blood he had in his veins, and call himself the most fortunate man on earth."

"I am! I am!" the priest exclaimed, rising. "I am that fortunate!"

He had risen, and Lustig, overwhelmed by his performance, had likewise jumped up from his chair.

"For God's sake, Father, what's the matter with you?" Lustig demanded. "Are you sick, or crazy? What's the trouble?"

The priest paused a second, as if controlling his feelings with an effort; his brow bulged and his dark eyes flashed.

"Oh, sir, you don't know!" he moaned. "I *dare* not tell, I dare not! My heart is broken. I do not know what to say. I have dwelt in two worlds. I am your brother, but, odd as it may seem, I cannot reveal what I know. Some day I may be able to explain. Excuse me, but I must leave you. Good-night!"

"That's not Elijah, boys," Lustig hastened to assure them. "No, no! Elijah would tell us, if he had any Jewish blood in his veins, without spilling it. This much is plain: *Father Margoli is a Jew!*"

And the boys believed it, too, after what they had seen and heard on that memorable *Seder* eve.

Kingston, N. Y.

The rude man feareth no sin, nor can the ignoramus be pious; the bashful cannot become learned, nor the impatient be a teacher.

Mrs. Gusher—"Don't you think my daughter has a heavenly voice?"

Mr. Weereigh—"Well—er—it certainly sounds unearthly."

Bible Lesson for the Month

BY RUDOLPH I. COFFEE.

Superintendent of the Hebrew Orphan Asylum, New York City.

I.

THE SOJOURN IN EGYPT.

Why was it necessary for the children of Israel to sojourn in Egypt, when Jacob and his family had settled down to live peacefully in the land of Canaan? To a person ignorant of the ways of God, it seems plausible that He should have appeared in a vision and promised the land as their future inheritance as well as offer it at once. After a long journey through the wilderness, they were permitted to possess Canaan.

Suppose the Promised Land had been given to Jacob *immediately*. How could his people have appreciated it? It would have been an impossibility; and, further, they never would have understood the goodness of God, nor would they have ever been able properly to hold it. Therefore, as a preparation for later usefulness, they were first subjected to the harshness of cruel taskmasters. They had no peace in Egypt, much less pleasure. But the severe treatment was an ideal schooling, by means of which they were hardened so as to be able to successfully withstand the attacks of their enemies. Moses, too, was forced from the palace of the king into exile, because princely luxury was not so effective a training for leadership as the hardships of shepherd life.

So it is with us, who are standing at the threshold of life's serious journey. Why must we endure so many hard knocks, and so often find stubborn people who thrust themselves in our way to our seeming detriment? The history of our people is the completest answer that may be given. These apparent obstacles are not so much for our pun-

ishment, as the necessary steps on the road of preparation for future usefulness. It is sheer nonsense to imagine that these stumbling-blocks can be avoided or skipped over. There is no escape from this discipline. We *must* pass through it. The Emperor of Germany, seeing the danger that was likely befall his son because of the lack of this discipline, wisely subjected him, for a number of years, to the same rigorous training which other youths in Germany obtain.

Instead of fretting over such limitations, we should rather be thankful that they come upon us so soon, for only thus may we profit by the rich lessons of experience.

II.

SELF-RELIANCE.

The watchword of Moses and Aaron, when they addressed Pharaoh in the name of God, was the oft-recurring phrase, "*Let my people go, that they may serve Me.*" This sentence was quoted so often to Pharaoh, that we can almost feel that he must have known what Moses was about to utter as soon as he entered the palace. To a people bound in the fetters of slavery, no more cheering hope than that of release could have been held out. Their first impulse was to be free from the shackles that then surrounded them. In the midst of their gloom they could not be expected to look farther into the future than to ask for temporary relief from their woes. The man who is being flogged by a human brute is merely thinking of some means to relieve himself from pain. Such a sentence, which implied a release from servitude, must have been a genuine refreshment to the souls of these oppressed people.

But, if the rebuke to Pharaoh was a timely one, then it is no less so to-day. The stubbornness of Pharaoh still rules us, for even now we submit ourselves to the yoke of fashion, to the dictates of human caprice, and allow our minds to be enslaved by the popular trend of opinion. There is nothing healthy in this. Such a course stunts our physical as well as our spiritual growth. No true progress can be made till we seek to be relieved of the burden of restraint. *It is essential that we think for ourselves*, and not let newspaper editorials inform us as to what our mind is. Neither should we be bound by tradition or custom, merely because it is such. Above all else, we must rely upon our own strength, apart and alone, if there is to be any hope for individual broadening. When problems arise, whether in business or in private life, there is nothing more wholesome than to cast off the prejudices which we have obtained through the opinion of others. Then is the time to test one's personal liberty, and see to what extent the mind is able to work unhampered and impartially.

Few people are willing to admit how encumbered they are by this reliance on others. *Liberty means to think for one's self, to act according to the dictates of one's own conscience.* This is so desirable a requisite that all should strive to possess it, otherwise the thralldom of Egypt will be our reward.

III.

LIBERTY.

The Divine command, "Let My people go, that they may serve Me," is repeated in chapter 10 of Exodus. The first sign of freeing one's self is to thrust aside, as we have just shown, all hindrances to free thought and action. This, if anything, is the worst kind of slavery, and usually degenerates into anarchy and lawlessness. But we notice that this clause consists of a

second part. If the first clause speaks of throwing off the yoke of tyranny, the second, bidding us to serve God, proves that true freedom is to subject one's self to the laws of God and of Nature. Paradoxical as it may seem, *that man alone enjoys freedom who has voluntarily placed himself under obedience to the law.* Freedom does not spell riot or license, but a desire to act in harmony with the workings of God's commands. That man is not free who eats what he pleases and drinks when he feels in the humor, mindful only of the fact that he can do what he desires. The sure penalty for overstepping the bounds of Nature will show how unwisely he has acted. He alone is free who can subdue his desires, when they may be harmful, and force himself to obey the law of reason.

The children of Israel were not a free people when they left Egypt. They were at liberty to do what they wished, and, like all people in such a position, *they did the wrong thing.* Freedom came when they took upon themselves the yoke of the law, and bound themselves to its observances.

All this should have a direct bearing on us. Freedom, which we all seek, is that which we obtain through making ourselves thoroughly in accord with the laws which rule this universe. He serves God best who abides by the rules for self-preservation, and seeks to make his life-course run in harmony with that of Nature.

Let our own lives be conducted along these lines, so that we may have full control over our baser desires, and cherish in their stead a willingness to abide by such precepts as are conducive to good health and proper conduct.

IV.

THE SONG OF TRIUMPH.

Chapter 15 of Exodus contains the great song of triumph which was recited by the children of Israel when



"THIS IS THE ORDINANCE OF THE PASSOVER: THERE SHALL NO STRANGER EAT THEREOF."

they saw the Egyptians dead upon the shores of the Red Sea. It was symbolic of our people always to rejoice through song. The Grecians decorated their victors, and the Romans ordered a triumphal procession in honor of the conquering hero. But the history of Israel shows that the Jewish method of celebration was *to sing a glad song of joy unto God*. Likewise, in Judges we find that, when Deborah and Barak celebrated their victory over Sisera, it was done through music and song. It is needless to point out how much more sublime the Jewish point of view is. There was nothing herein to humble the conquered enemy, nor anything to stir up inhuman thoughts in the minds of the young. There was merely one idea—thanks unto God.

How far we have fallen off from the ancient conception can best be shown by the contrasts now observable. How many people to-day sing songs to God, or are filled with a higher joy, because of victories in life?

And yet, if ever there was an individual who needs music in his soul, and the brightness which song alone imparts, it is the modern Jew. His struggle for life is severe, and at best a combat on unequal terms, and every help which may be offered him should be eagerly seized. There is nothing more inspiring than music. By its cheerful notes the most tired soldier is urged on, and the gladness it imparts will certainly banish fatigue.

In our own daily lives, too, we win victories. They may be small, but nevertheless there are moments when we feel that some advantage has come to us. In these periods of exultation, why should we not sing our little song of thanks to God for the help He has granted us? If our prayer of triumph will ascend to Heaven, the momentary delight will be lengthened, and thus brighten our lives, as well as accustom us to express our gratitude.

Let us remember this, because it is distinctly a Jewish trait. The song at the Red Sea is not an isolated in-

stance of song in Israel, but it is the sign and symbol of a touching *God-reliance* everywhere manifest in Jewish history. There is *no* reason why,

to-day, we should neglect this practice, but there is *every* reason why we should continue, and thus bring more music and harmony into our lives.

Jewish Tales

III. Filial Devotion Rewarded

BY REV. DR. A. BLUM

It was not always that such bitter feeling existed in the French army between fellow-officers of different beliefs, as we read of now. The following story will illustrate how officers of high rank appreciated valor, truth, loyalty, and, above all, filial devotion; for a devoted son always proves a true patriot:

There lived in the small town of Sarrebourg, in Lorraine, a man named Levy, a real estate dealer, in very good circumstances. His only son, Joseph Levy, had received all the advantages of a good collegiate education, and was preparing to enter one of the French military schools, St. Cyr on Saumur. "Man proposes and God disposes," M. Levy met with reverses, lost nearly all he possessed, and was thus unable to have his son finish his studies.

But the son, who had attained his eighteenth year, did not brood long over the misfortune; he formed the brave resolution to enlist in the French army, and, as he was well-built and strong, he entered the regiment of the Chasseurs d'Afrique, then in garrison at Algiers, for there was a better chance of quick promotion for an ambitious young man. Young Levy, who had a fine education, and, above all, a way of making himself loved by all with whom he came in contact, besides knowing his duty, was not many months in his regiment before attaining the rank of lieutenant. In his exploits with his

regiment he had shown bravery, and was, therefore, advanced to the rank of lieutenant, which meant something in so crack a regiment as the "Chasseurs d'Afrique."

Until then he had taken his meals in the mess-room with his fellow-comrades. The rank of lieutenant in the French army demands that the officer take his meals outside of the barracks, because the pay allows him to live better, and also to have an orderly.

Lieutenant Levy did not live as the other officers did, nor was he seen either in a café or billiard saloon, all of which seemed strange to the rest of the officers. This fact was reported to the general, who sent for him.

Respectful and dutiful, he appeared at once when summoned before his superior officer. Pale, and with eyes cast down, he entered the presence of his general.

"Lieutenant Levy," said he, "it has been reported to me that, against the rules of the army, you do not board where the other officers do. You are a brave and dutiful officer, and I know there must be a reason for your violating this rule; tell me all."

Agitated, and with tears in his eyes, he said: "General, I have an old and poor father at home, in my native town, Sarrebourg. To him I send all I can spare to keep him from want in his old age, and for this reason I live so economically."

The general, who had listened with emotion to the reasons given by Lieu-

tenant Levy, threw his arms around his neck and pressed him to his heart, saying: "You are a noble son. France can be proud of such an officer. From this day on you eat at *my* table, enabling you still more to do your duty to your old father."

A few years passed and Levy had advanced to the rank of captain, never forgetting his duty to his aged father. But one day he received a message that his father was sick; forthwith he went to his general to ask for a furlough, which was granted to him. His general, who was fond of him, gave him letters of introduction to the Minister of War in Paris, and from there he went at once to his home, anxious to embrace his old father.

As one may imagine, everybody was proud to see Captain Levy back in his native town, for he had made a record that was an honor to Sarrebourg.

But reward follows reward; his general had so highly recommended him to the Minister of War that the

board, in turn, had sent word to the colonel of the squadron of lancers, which was stationed in Sarrebourg, to place daily an orderly and a saddled horse at the disposal of Captain Levy as long as he was on furlough.

Imagine the astonishment of the brave Jewish captain when, on the morning after his arrival, an orderly on horseback, leading another horse, arrived at his home, bringing the message of the colonel of the lancers. The prefect of the city and all the officials paid him homage, and a public dinner and reception were tendered him. What happy days must those have been for the old father to see him so honored!

In times like these, when all are still so absorbed in the Dreyfus case, it is balm to the Jewish heart to know that there was a time when the French-Jewish officer was honored. And the time will come again; there are yet men of heart and feeling in the French army.

New York.

To My Mother

BY CHARLOTTE B. DEFORD.

'Tis the sweet touch of little things
That starts the tears,
And longing has a tenderer pain
Than grief or fears.
The thought that thou art over-sea
Has lost its pang;
But when I hear an old-time song
That thy voice sang,
Or happen on a bit of lace
That once was thine,
A handkerchief thy fingers marked
With name of mine—
Then welling love o'erflows the
bounds
Of earth and sea,
And memory breaks the flood-gates
down
To spend an hour with thee.

March

BY HORACE A. BERNSTEIN.

Madly the brook leaps from its icy
chains,
And, gladdening us with cadence
musical,
Ripples across the fields. The may-
flower,
Child of our loved New England
woods and dales,
Heralds the springtime with its sweet
perfume.

—————
If I do not act for myself, who will
do it for me? and if I act not now,
when shall I? and if I am alone, what
am I?



THE DROWNING OF PHARAOH'S HOST IN THE RED SEA.

The Passage of the Red Sea

'Mid the light spray their snorting camels stood,
 Nor bathed a fetlock in the nauseous flood—
 He comes—their leader comes!—the man of God
 O'er the wide waters lifts his mighty rod,
 And onward treads—the circling waves retreat
 In hoarse, deep murmurs, from his holy feet;
 And the chased, surges, vainly roaring, show
 The hard, wet sand and coral hills below.
 With limbs that falter, and with hearts that swell,
 Down, down they pass—a steep and slippery dell.—
 Around them rise, in pristine chaos hurled,
 The ancient rocks, the secrets of the world;
 The flowers that blush beneath the ocean green,
 And caves, the sea-calves' low-roofed haunt, are seen.
 Down, safely down the narrow pass they tread;
 The beetling waters storm above their head:
 While far behind retires the sinking day,
 And fades on Edom's hills its latest ray.
 Yet not from Israel fled the friendly light,
 Or dark to them or cheerless came the night,
 Still in their van, along the dreadful road,
 Blazed broad and fierce the brandished torch of God.
 Its meteor glare a tenfold lustre gave
 On the long mirror of the rosy wave:
 While its blest beams a sunlike heat supply,

Warm every cheek, and dance in every eye—
 To them alone—for Mizraim's wizard train
 Invoke for light their monster-gods in vain:
 Clouds heaped on clouds their struggling sight confine,
 And tenfold darkness broods above their line.
 Yet on they fare, by reckless vengeance led,
 And range unconscious through the ocean's bed.
 Till midway now—that strange and fiery form
 Showed his dread visage lightning through the storm;
 With withering splendor blasted all their might,
 And brake their chariot wheels and marred their coursers' flight.
 "Fly, Mizraim, fly!"—From Edom's coral strand
 Again the prophet stretched his dreadful wand:—
 With one wild crash the thundering waters sweep,
 And all is waves—a dark and lonely deep.

REGINALD HEBER.

King Solomon and his Court or The Ninety-nine Nights and One

BY SULEIMAN EL-MALIK.

(Continued.)

"You are no doubt aware, O great king, that far to the north, away beyond the ice-clad mountain peaks, the cold winds blow continually over large fields of ice and snow. From one end of the year to the other the landscape continues in its icy aspect, and as far as the eye can reach, the scene is uninterrupted by any form of vegetation whatever. Yet the land is not without beauty; for, besides the pure white of the eternal snow, the large islands of ice, whose sharp points project from the sea, shimmer in the sunlight in colors that rival the brilliancy of jewels.

"Overhead, the sky, gorgeous beyond description, appears at night like a canopy of black velvet studded with countless diamonds—the stars. Day and night do not succeed each other as frequently as in other parts of the world. Here the stars twinkle without interruption for half the year, and then, when this light gradually fades before the bright glare of the sun, the

oncoming day continues for six months likewise.

"All this time the great golden sun, which appears like a wheel of fire, moves in circles in the sky, yet never dips below the horizon. And all this time the sky is filled with a display of colored fires and rainbow bridges—the work of the dwarfs that dwell underground, beneath the great mountains.

"In this land, barren as it is, there dwells a race of small men in houses which they build of the snow and ice. The few animals who live in that region furnish them with food and clothes. In the icy waters are fish and seals, and sometimes a great white bear falls by the hand of one of these people, who are expert in the use of the spear. Such occasions, however, are rare, for this powerful beast is a wary creature, and, besides, a dangerous foe. When one of them falls, there is rejoicing, not so much on account of his fur, which they use for

their clothing, or his meat, which makes excellent food, but because this great beast is the enemy of the children. Many a little one has been carried off, a prey to the ravenous appetite of this dreadful beast.

"It is about one of these white bears, Your Majesty, that I am going to tell my story—one of these white bears and a dog. Know, O Liege! that these little folk would find life in the far north almost impossible, were it not for a small breed of dog, resembling in some points the fox, which they employ in nearly every service imaginable. These dogs drag their goods, and the spoils of the hunt, across the ice on sleds, and are very much beloved by the children.

"In one of these little ice-houses that stood in the angle of a huge ice mountain there lived a man with his wife and only child. He had no neighbors, for his little house stood many miles away from the others, and there, in his solitude, he led a happy life with his little family. Alone he would set out with his spears and fish-hooks, and after an absence of several hundred hours, would return the same day with his sled laden with fish and seal skins. At such a time he would always feel kindly towards the dogs—for to these faithful creatures he owed very much, indeed—and, after caressing them and feeding them with choice bits of meat, he would rest at home till the supply of food was almost exhausted by his little family and it was necessary to start out again in quest of more. Then he would take his dogs again, leaving behind only one as a companion to his child, and he would start out with his sled once more over the ice.

"It happened one day, that on several of his hunting trips he met with poor success, and was unable to lay away a morsel for the long night that was soon coming on. The fish seemed to grow scarcer than ever; seals

were not to be met with; and the great white bears were growing more and more numerous. Night was fast approaching, and the poor man felt a weight on his heart at the thought that he and his wife and children would have to face starvation during the long night.

"Matters grew worse and worse, and the question of living through the night was overshadowed by the fact that there was no food to be had to sustain them until that time. There was now only one thing to do. After consulting his wife he came to the conclusion that he must kill and eat his precious dogs in order to live.

"One by one the poor creatures lost their lives by the reluctant hand of their master, until finally there remained but one of them, the companion to the little child. It was a wretched existence at that, for he no longer received the dainty morsels he was accustomed to, and was now almost on the point of starvation. But he continued to frolic about with the little lad who had been his companion in more prosperous times, as though those times were still in existence.

"The man thought for a long time about taking the life of this poor creature, and finally, his love for the faithful beast getting the best of him, he decided that if they must die of hunger, they must die together.

"Once more he set out in search of food, this time alone. But he was not gone long. Weak from hunger, he was forced to return after a few hours, empty-handed. As he approached his little house in the corner of the ice mountain, he was met by the dog, who came bounding to him as if he were overjoyed at the sight of his master.

"'Ah, noble fellow!' thought the man to himself; 'how much longer can we continue to be friends?' and he stooped to caress the creature, who reared himself on his hind legs and

licked the face of his master. As he did so, the man noticed blood on the jaws of the dog. Instinctively he thought of his child, and at once looked about him for the boy. He was nowhere to be seen.

"A horrible suspicion arose in his mind. 'Brute, where is my child?' he said aloud, and, shaking the animal off, raised his spear and with one blow laid him dead at his feet.

"Without stopping to look at the poor creature for whom he bore such great love but a little while ago, he hurried to his house. As he reached the door there came running to meet him none other than his little son.

"The man stopped speechless.

" 'O, father dear!' said the child, who knew nothing of his father's thoughts, 'we have just slain one of the largest white bears that ever came across the ice—I mean, my precious dog did. The big, ugly brute was just going to snatch me, when my little pet jumped on him and planted his fangs deep in his neck. Then you ought to have seen the monster. He rolled his eyes fearfully, and then lay down and died. Our dear little pet was all covered with blood. His jaws were just bathed with it. Just wait a little while and I'll get him.' "

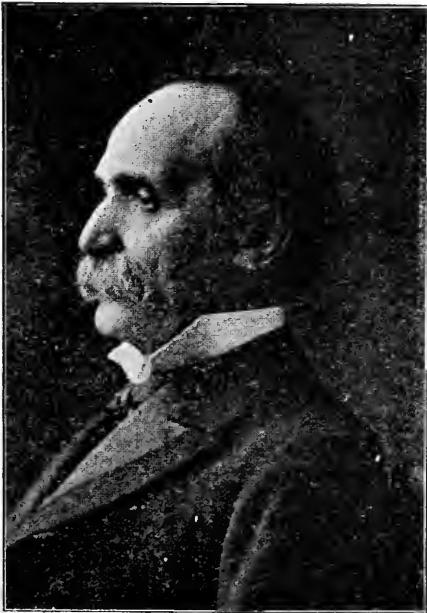
At this point the little story-teller paused.

(to be continued.)

Noted American Jews

VI. Simon Wolf

BY EUGENE H. LEHMAN.



HON. SIMON WOLF.

A recent book from the pen of a Russian co-religionist attempts to force upon the reader's mind the conclusion that it is better to be an American than a Jew. Such a conclusion betrays not only the unripe judgment of the author, but likewise a failure to appreciate truly American and Jewish principles. The conflict between Church and State was fought out in the time of Henry VIII. To-day the essentials of Americanism and of Judaism are attuned in perfect harmony to each other.

This truth could not be better illustrated in a concrete form than by a survey of the career of the Hon. Simon Wolf, recently elected president of the Independent Order of B'nai B'rith. By standing for what is best in Judaism, he has from this very fact stood for what is best in Americanism. Laxity in either would have led to weakness in the other.

Born in Rhenish Bavaria, October

28, 1836, Mr. Wolf at the age of twelve emigrated to this country. After taking his degree at the Cleveland Law School with the class of '61, he immediately entered upon the practice of his profession in New Philadelphia, Ohio. Owing to defective eyesight, his application for enlistment in the Union Army was rejected. He was, however, soon brought into personal contact with President Lincoln and his great Secretary of War, Edwin M. Stanton, and the three men always remained close friends.

Event after event has revealed in Mr. Wolf true Americanism. As a sincere worker in behalf of the Chicago fire sufferers, as chairman of the Yellow Fever Fund, as Honorary President of the German-American Fair in 1870, as chairman of the Republican National League, as a member of the Executive Committee of the Washington Exposition of 1889-92, as Consul-General to Egypt in 1881, Mr. Wolf has shown how thoroughly in accord he is with the essentials of our government.

Likewise, event after event has revealed in him true Judaism. The orphan asylums at Baltimore and at Atlanta are the fruit of his efforts. He was president of the Union of American Israelites in 1876, a liberal benefactor of the Montefiore Home at Cleveland, president of the B'nai B'rith conventions of 1874 and of 1879, author of *The American Jew, as Patriot, Soldier, and Citizen*, and of numerous essays on Jewish topics, and now president of the Independent Order of B'nai B'rith. Mr. Wolf is, furthermore, ever on the alert to defend, protect and advance the rights of the Jews. Never does a worthy cause fail to secure his eloquent support. His efforts in behalf of the Kishineff sufferers were second only to those of Mr. Leo N. Levi.

Let our Russian author reflect upon such careers as this, and he must alter his conclusion concerning the relationship existing between Americanism and Judaism. He will find that one is to the other as perfect music unto noble words.

New York.

Gems from the Talmud and Midrash

The Rod of Moses

The magic rod of Moses was created on the sixth day, and given to Adam while yet in Paradise; he left it to Enoch, and he gave it to Shem; from him it descended to Isaac and Jacob. The latter took it with him into Egypt, and before his death presented it to Joseph. When he died, it was taken, with the rest of his goods, to Pharaoh's house, where Jethro, high-priest of Midian and one of the King's magicians, saw it. Taking it with him to Midian, he planted it in his garden, where no one was able to approach it or move it from its

place, until the arrival of Moses. He read the words of God upon the staff, and took it from the ground without an effort. Jethro, who saw this, exclaimed:

"This is the man who shall deliver Israel from bondage!"

With the staff Moses kept Jethro's flock during forty years in the wilderness, without being attacked by wild beasts, and without losing one sheep from the fold; with it he cleft in twain the seething waters of the sea, and with it he repelled the angel Sammael, who was sent to take his soul.



NEW YORK GLOBE.

Kischineff and Port Arthur

The cold-blooded deed upon the helpless Hebrews,
That the same fate must fall on them;
Little thought the Russians, when they wrought
For Heaven is just and leaves nothing undone
For the wrong suffered by the innocent Jews:—
See the deed at Kischineff and at Port Arthur.

Men, women and children of the helpless Hebrews
But rest they now in their sleep of eternity;
Suffered alike from the ruthless band,
For the Samurai sword is never delayed
To leave its sheath for avenging blow:—
See the deed at Kischineff and at Port Arthur.

When the atrocious deed by Russians at Kishineff
Shocked the world, the brethren of the wronged race
Cried for vengeance: but rest they now,
For swift is the course of the avenger's missiles
That send to the bottom the Russian vessels:—
See the deed at Kischineff and at Port Arthur.

YAE KICHI YABE, in the *New York Evening Journal*.

At Grandma Flora's Country Place

II. A Walk in the Fields

BY FLORA SPIEGELBERG.



Early one morning Grandma Flora started off with her four little grandchildren to the large daisy field at the foot of the hill. They were happy and gay, singing as they skipped along, trying to imitate the songs of the many little birds perched in the branches of the trees that shaded the road.

The children were delighted when they reached the daisy field to walk in among the high grasses, the many white daisies, the bright yellow buttercups, the high and proud-looking black-eyed Susans, the fragrant pink, white and yellow clover blossoms, and the pretty wild carrot weed.

They thought them all beautiful, and had soon picked a larger bunch than their little hands could carry. Ethel had promised to pick all the daisies in the field to make a bouquet for her dear old Grandma, but she soon found it impossible.

Florence picked a large daisy and, with great surprise and pleasure, showed her brother and cousins the many tiny little insects that made their home in among its petals.

The children, after chasing the bright-colored butterflies and bees from flower to flower, tired and warm from their romp, were glad to heed Grandma's advice to rest under the oak tree and listen to some real true stories.

"My dear children, just think! These beautiful, bright-colored butterflies you have been chasing were, once upon a time, big green caterpillars. These pretty brown moths were the ugly brown, hairy caterpillars.

"If you will listen, you will see that God has the power to do many more wonderful things.

"These busy bees you were driving from flower to flower were sipping honey and gathering pollen to make honey and wax for you

in their well-ordered home, called a beehive. There the bees have rooms, called cells, where they make the sweet honey you like so much. In a beehive there are thousands of bees, but only one queen bee. She is the mother of them all. They all must follow her, and all must work. The lazy ones, called drones, are driven out, and often stung to death.

"I am sure if you children were to wander far from your homes, you would surely get lost. Not so with the bees—never mind how far away they may fly to gather honey from the flowers. God has given them such wonderful instinct that they always find their way back to their own beehive.

"Let us look at these pretty wild flowers you have gathered. Yesterday you planted the seeds of cultivated flowers. These wild flowers sow their own seed, and rely on the great and ever-glorious God of Nature to assist them.

"Take this pretty white daisy: Pass your finger gently across its beautiful golden crown and then look at the fine yellow dust on your finger. It is called pollen.

"While sipping honey from the flowers the bees and butterflies carry the pollen off on the many little hairs on their feet and legs.

"When the daisy fades, it loses its white petals, but the golden crown goes to seed. Each tiny little floweret you see will be one seed. When they are ripe, the winds will blow them in all directions to the ground. Other winds will blow dirt over them. There in the ground they will remain all winter. The snow and rain will keep them fresh and moist. Early in the spring, when the nice, bright sun warms the earth again, they will start to grow, just as the seeds you planted yesterday will also grow. As it is with this one daisy, so it is with *all* wild flowers.

"The wind is the gardener who scatters the seed. The snow, rain and sunshine are the good fairies who take care of the little seeds, and help them grow to beautify the woods and fields."

Delighted with these charming stories, the children hastened home to press the pretty wild flowers carefully in their botany books, before they faded away.

New York.



Tommy and the Micmacs

BY JACOB J. LEIBSON.

"I wish," said Tommy to his sister, "that I were living in the time of Christopher Columbus."

Alice looked up from the book she was reading, and cast a questioning glance at her brother.

"You wish," she said; "and pray, what would you do if you were?"

"Do," said Tommy. "Well, I'm sure I'd do more than I can do now. Why, what can a fellow do nowadays, when everything has been discovered, and everything is already invented? But I bet if I were living then, before people knew anything about this new world and before steam engines and sewing machines and electricity and all the other wonderful things were known, I'd do something like those other great men. But no, I've got to content myself with merely reading about them."

"Oh!" replied his sister, with somewhat of a sneer, "you remind me of the story mamma told us last night about Columbus and the egg. After you've been shown the way, you think you could have done as well yourself. But remember, if Christopher Columbus and Robert Fulton and Thomas Edison and other great men were like my brother, I'm afraid this world would make very little progress, indeed. Why, there are plenty of things uninvited this very day, and there are as many opportunities now as there were centuries ago. The great men of those days were great because they did their best, and did not spend their time in idly wishing that they had been born centuries ago."

With this rebuke she resumed reading, and Tommy, who thought it best not to reply, began to tear up the grass in handfuls from the lawn about him, heaping it into miniature haystacks.

He had been reading about Columbus's voyages that afternoon, and could not help wishing that he had been there to witness the great discovery. If he were on one of those caravels, he kept thinking to himself, Columbus would have found a good friend in him, and no one would then have suggested that they throw him overboard. But all these reflections, he thought, were idle, as long as fate had made him live in the nineteenth century. How he wished that he might behold Columbus face to face, and talk to him about that wonderful discovery! His picture, which Tommy had seen in the book, he carried in his mind, wondering whether he really looked like that. In short, he could not dismiss Christopher Columbus from his thoughts.

Springing up from the lawn and brushing the torn grass from his clothing, he started off in the direction of the brook, on whose bank he could lie and think of Christopher Columbus to his heart's content, as he watched the clear water running along on its way to the old, red mill.

Whistling for his dog, he passed through the gate out into the road, where he was soon joined by faithful Roxy, who came bounding along, only too glad to accompany his master. It was a warm day, and the dust rose in little clouds at Tommy's feet as he went along. Here and there he would pause to pick some raspberries that peeped out at him invitingly from between the dust-covered leaves, while Roxy would make short excursions across stone fences in search of a woodchuck.

All at once Roxy began to bark, and Tommy knew by the sound that he had tracked a woodchuck. Quickly drop-

ping the limb from which he had just feasted on ripe, luscious berries, he hastily sprang up, and, squeezing his way through a cluster of sumachs, was over the fence in a jiffy and in the meadow in pursuit of the dog.

Roxy had by this time cleared another fence, and Tommy started after. At first it was a slow trot, which he soon quickened as he followed the dog over the meadow. Roxy kept well in the lead, and Tommy soon found that it was all he could do to keep up with him. Lightly attired as he was, the warm weather had its effect, and soon large drops of perspiration began to roll down Tommy's face under the steady glow of the hot sun. Fence after fence was scaled. In spite of invisible hollows and rocks that were hidden by tall grass, over which he stumbled very often, he kept on and on, guided by the barking of the dog. Now and then he would get a glimpse of Roxy or his tail, as it went scurrying over a fence, and Tommy realized that he must either run faster or give up the chase entirely. Doubling his efforts he bounded along, trying to come in sight of the dog, but Roxy had too great a start, and, making better speed, was soon out of sight entirely. His barking, which was heard only occasionally now, sounded so indistinct that Tommy gave up all hope of catching up, and was only too glad to rest himself on the stump of a tree.

After he had somewhat recovered his breath he looked about him, and noticed that he was in a meadow which he could not remember having been in before. Then he realized how far he had followed the dog, and wondered how much farther Roxy himself had been led by the woodchuck. He was now some distance from home, and, though he had often wandered away aimlessly before, and had tramped for miles and miles over the neighboring country on hunting and nutting excursions, he began to won-

der whether he could find his way back across these unknown meadows. It seemed to him that he had not gone so very far, yet the hill on which his house was situated appeared a great way off, for he could see it from where he sat wrapped in a mist which gave it the appearance of being several miles away. On the other side of him was a small grove, into which Roxy must have followed the woodchuck. Behind this grove was a steep hill, which Tommy had often seen from his own lawn. This was called by the inhabitants of the surrounding country "Blue Mountain." Tommy recognized it and immediately concluded that the cluster of trees before him must be what they called "Indian Grove."

At once all the stories that he had heard about this place crowded into his memory—dreadful tales of witchcraft, and massacre by Indians, which were said to have taken place there during the Revolution. In that spot witches were supposed to hold nightly revels, and rumor had it that the ghosts of an entire tribe of Indians were wont to hold war-dances as of yore. It was in this same spot, too, that Frank Williams had shot three of his toes off last autumn while out hunting, and Chet Mills, who carried him home, said he was sure the place was bewitched. As these recollections went coursing through Tommy's brain, they left him for a moment in great fear. He felt as if he would like to start up and run away in any direction—it mattered not which, as long as he could place distance between himself and that cluster of trees. But his courage soon returned, for Tommy was by no means a coward, and, rising hurriedly, he made for the grove, for he had determined upon an entirely different course. He was going to enter the wood and meet those ghosts and witches, come what may.

(To be continued.)

Parental Duties

BY RABBI BERNARD M. KAPLAN.



RABBI B. M. KAPLAN.

Parents have religious and moral duties towards their children, and these duties are important and imperative. It is not enough for a father and mother to cherish a fondness and an affection for the child, and be prepared to sacrifice much for its material comfort. Parental love, however pure and unselfish, is not necessarily less blind, unless controlled by the moral and rational sense of duty. As the flower which is planted in the soil depends for its bloom and blossom on light and dew, so the flower of parental affection will not come to fruition, unless it be under the fostering care of the light of reason and the ideal of heavenly duty.

"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will

not depart from it." This Biblical proverb of long ago has laid down the principle of child-training for all ages to come. Parents must train their children "in the way they should go." Birds train their offspring to fly; elephants train their young to swim; as rational and moral beings, parents should train their children to live morally and rationally.

A father performs only half of his duty when he merely provides for the material sustenance of his child; nor does a mother do her full duty when she only attends to the feeding and clothing of the child. Do parents think that a child is nothing more than a mere body? Children are more than living dolls, or animals endowed with speech and appetites. If they are different from the lower animals in so far as they are not born provided with future raiment, they are also different from the lower animals in this, that they are born with mental and moral faculties that require training, guidance and care. A child, as the future man, is a combination of mind and body, of spirit and flesh, either of which must be properly looked after if the child is to attain to perfect manhood or womanhood. The body or the flesh requires food and raiment, and the soul or mind requires mental and moral training. What is often neglected in the young is the moral education. As parents will often pay more attention to the dress of the child, rather than to the natural conditions of perfect health, so will they often pay more attention to mental accomplishments rather than to the ethical conditions of the moral life. They who overfeed their children with sweets are not necessarily the best fathers and mothers. They love their children, but not wisely. They would

do their children infinitely more good by giving them those religious and moral ideas which would sweeten their lives in time of sorrow and trouble, and serve as a safeguard and admonition against the allurements and the delusions of life.

Parents who feel that they have religious and moral duties toward their children, will endeavor to be living examples to them in the private home life. The home is the laboratory of practical morality. The son who sees his father respects his mother will respect womanhood. The child who lives in an atmosphere of gentleness, love, patience, decency, integrity, and industry, is bound to cultivate some, if not all, of these virtues.

There is many a child who has parents, but no father and mother in the higher, ethical sense of these terms. A father and mother must do something more than clothe and feed their children; they must also minister to their spiritual wants. You cannot expect a child to develop a taste for the higher ideals of life if his parents, his guides

and guardians, are given up entirely to all the frivolities and vanities of the fleeting hour, with no serious thought of the higher, nobler, and the permanent aims and aspirations of life. The synagogue and the school can do but little if the wholesome home influence is lacking. One good example at home is worth a thousand precepts.

The difference between the ancient system of Hebrew education and that of the Greeks was this: The Jews, from the time of Moses, insisted upon home training; the Greeks did not. In Sparta, the training of the children was left entirely to the state; and in Athens, too, Plato advocated the Spartan system. The Greek moral life was anything but satisfactory, for the home influence was either bad or indifferent. The home, as the unit of civilization, must co-operate with the State in producing true manhood and ideal citizenship. The Jewish home will produce true manhood and noble citizenship, if it will be true to its ideals of wholesome home influence.

Sacramento, Cal.

Salomon Sulzer

BY REV. S. RAPPAPORT.

"The Lord is my strength and my song, for He has become my salvation."

The most prominent name, the greatest and best-known in the history and development of Synagogue music, is that of Salomon Sulzer, whose name is inscribed in indelible letters upon the consecrated walls of every Jewish house of worship.

Salomon Sulzer was born on March 30, 1804, at Hohenems, Austria, to which place his parents had removed from Sulz. The original family name was Levi, but in order to preserve the memory of their old home they assumed the surname of Sulzer.

From his earliest youth he evinced a

strong desire for the study of music, in which he was greatly encouraged by his parents, who were most cultured and musical; and, while pursuing his musical studies with great assiduity, he did not neglect the study of the Bible, Talmud, and Jewish literature.

At the age of 17, he was called to the position of *Hazan* in his native city, which position he held for nearly four years, during which time he continued to pursue his musical studies, preparing himself for that profession to which his parents consecrated him, and which made his name famous everywhere.

In 1825, when but 21 years of age, he received a call to the Cantorate of the Viennese Temple, at the time when the brilliant and famous preacher, Dr. Mannheimer, was elected *Rabbi*.

Here, in the Austrian capital, he continued his musical studies under Professors Ritter and Siegfried, and good fortune brought him into intimate relationship with some of the greatest masters of the "Divine Art," such as Schubert, Liszt, and Meyerbeer.

In 1840 the first volume of his *Shir Zion* ("Songs of Zion") was published. Into this work he breathed, as it were, the breath of a new artistic life, revitalizing the music of the Synagogue and laying a new foundation for its further growth and development.

His second volume appeared twenty years later, and in that volume, also, we are enabled to discern the stamp of his musical genius, his deeply religious and poetic nature, and his instinctive loyalty to tradition.

As Cantor, Sulzer was unsurpassed. His power of expression was extraordinary—his vivid imagination and depth of feeling enabling him to

express in touching tones the sorrows, joys, supplications, and gratitude of his brethren.

Sulzer was an honorary freeman of the city of Vienna; a knight of the Franz Joseph Order; holder of the imperial royal gold medal for art and science of Austria and of the imperial Russian gold medal for art and science.

He passed away on January 18, 1890, at the blessed age of eighty-six. His funeral was the most imposing function of its kind on record at the time, and grief over his loss was universal.

His sacred memory will continue to live with us. His undying devotion to the sacred cause of temple worship will forever shine forth as a glorious and noble example, inspiring to emulation and reverence. As the regenerator of our liturgical music, he will long be recognized, not only by colleagues and disciples, but by every Jewish congregation throughout the world.

"Yea, music is the Prophet's art;
Among the gifts that God hath sent,
One of the most magnificent."
New York.

Bible Commentaries in Anecdotes

CAPTAIN PHILIP'S PRAYER MEETING
ON THE TEXAS.

Nehemiah 12:31, 40.

The story of the scene on the deck of the Texas, after the battle which destroyed the Spanish fleet off Santiago, has been told many times and with considerable variation. Congressman Landis, of Indiana, in the course of a conversation with Captain Philip on the Cuban campaign, ventured to ask for his own version of the occurrence. The captain was much embarrassed, and hesitated considerably. Then he said:

"Well, it was this way: I—that is—it was—there, if you drop your hat on the street and some one picks it up for you, you say, 'Thank you'; or, if you fall down on the street and some one helps you up, you always say, 'Thanks.' There was that boat, with a storm of iron and shot going on one side and then on the other. Then they would fall in the water all around us, and then there would be a perfect cloud of them pass over our heads, and yet we were not struck. When the fight was over and I had made a hasty inventory and found that we were not hurt, it seemed to

me no more than fair that we should say, 'Thank you,' so I had the crew called on deck and told them so. Every man took off his cap, and you could have heard a pin drop on that deck; and after it was over and I walked past that crew, I saw tears on the faces of many an old sailor that I supposed did not know how to cry."

This is what Captain Philip said to his crew:

"I want to make public acknowledgment here that I believe in God, the Father Almighty. I want all you officers and men to lift your hats, and from your hearts offer silent thanks to the Almighty."

PHOTOGRAPHING SIN.

Numb. 32:23; Gen. 44:16; Psal.
139:11.

In the Bank of Paris there is, above the desk of the cashier and paying teller, a door, behind which is a photographer with his camera. When one of the clerk's presses a button, this door quietly opens and the picture of the man in the act of signing a cheque is instantaneously taken. Many a suspicious character has thus been photographed; forgers have been caught, and their denial before the court has amounted to nothing, because the bank could produce their photographs in the very act of forging a cheque. And thus our sins are being photographed on our very faces, our consciences, our inner souls, and upon others whom we influence.

HEAVEN AND SELF.

Micah 6:8.

A little girl walking in New York with her father saw some workmen on top of a building, twenty stories high, and she asked, "Papa, what are those boys doing up there?" He replied

that they were not boys, but men who looked like boys, because they were so high. The little girl meditated for a moment, then said solemnly, "They won't amount to much when they get to heaven, will they?" The question gave the father food for thought. As we rise toward heaven, self becomes smaller, until, by and by, when we reach the height of heavenly character, self will not amount to much.

SYMPATHY WITH ONE ANOTHER.

Job 30:25.

Dr. Len G. Broughton, of Atlanta, speaking on the "Mastery of Discouragement," tells this story of the late Henry Grady, the famous southern editor. As a young man, Grady was employed on the New York *Herald*. As he was leaving his boarding-house one morning, he saw a hearse standing in front of the adjoining house. "Who is dead?" Grady asked of his landlady. "Sure, I don't know," was her reply, with such a tone of indifference that it fell like a clod on the heart of the sympathetic young Georgian, who had sorrowed from his youth in every grief coming into the family of a neighbor. As he started down to his office, a little coffin was being borne down the steps, followed by a mother, who was crying as if her heart would break. He turned to ask his landlady if she was going to the funeral, when she said: "Sure, it's none of my affairs." This seeming heartlessness made such an impression on Grady that he said to his wife, "Pack your trunks. I am going back to Georgia, where people have time to shed a tear with their neighbor, when death removes their child, and where it is an 'affair' of the whole neighborhood when grief invades the home. It is no home for us where our next-door neighbor is heart-broken, and nobody cares about her grief."

In the Public Eye

Isidor Rayner



HON. ISIDOR RAYNER.

Mark Twain has written to the effect that if the Jews possessed the Irish knack for politics and organization, they would have long ago eradicated religious prejudice. This national defect in Jewish nature arises largely from a lack of opportunity. In America, however, with the presence of opportunity is coming an aptitude for politics.

Isidor Rayner, in spite of the opposition of Mr. Gorman, has been elected to the Senate from Maryland. Mr. Rayner's success is due more to his personal popularity and to his impassioned eloquence than to strict observance of religious principles. A Baltimore colleague describes him as "the blank page between the Old and New Testaments," and adds that "he used to attend the Jewish Synagogue, of which his father was president, every Saturday, and then accompany his wife to the Presbyterian Church on Sunday."

Mr. Rayner was born in Baltimore, April 11, 1850, and was graduated from the University of Virginia in 1870. He has held office in the State Legislature, and was elected to the Fiftieth, Fifty-second and Fifty-third Congresses, as well as to the Attorney-Generalship of his native State.

It is probably more as the defender of Admiral Schley before the Court of Inquiry than as an office-holder that Mr. Rayner has become a national figure. His eloquence before the court was almost Websterian, his fervid words coming hot from his heart and going straight to the hearts of the Judges. This effective power of speech will, no doubt, make him a forceful man in the national Senate.

E. H. L.

New York.

Our Lost One

BY HAZEL DRYFUS.

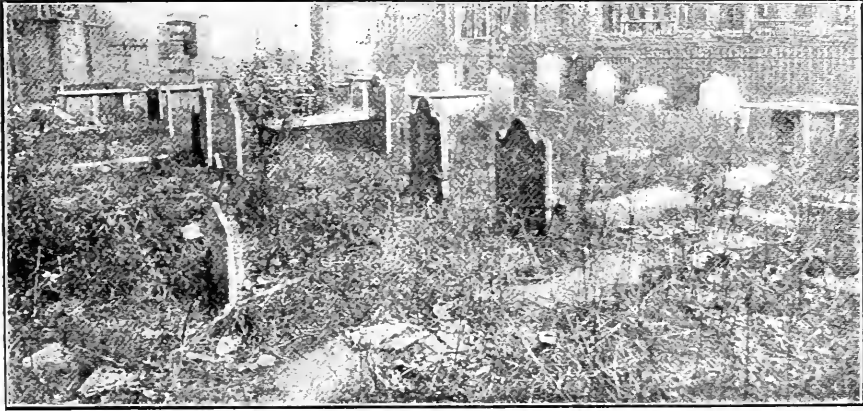
A spirit of goodness was her soul,
It shone in her very eyes;
It passed to heaven from earth, one
day—
In angels' keeping it lies.

An angry word ne'er crossed her lips,
A smile e'er wreathed her face;
We mourn her as a treasure lost,
Which earth can never replace.
New York.

The Old Curiosity Shop

A Corner in Oddities

BY JOSEPH B. ABRAHAMS.



THE OLDEST JEWISH CEMETERY IN
NEW YORK.

Down on Chatham Square, in a district hedged in on the one side by the teeming Jewish population of Henry Street and East Broadway, and on the other by typical Irish and Italian settlements, is located the oldest Jewish cemetery in the city, and perhaps the oldest, with the possible exception of that in Newport, in the United States. It is situated now in the very heart of the city, whilst at the time of its purchase by the Spanish and Portuguese Congregation it was, perhaps, far remote from the busy life of Manhattan. The subjoined illustration shows the present appearance of the burial-ground, hemmed in on all sides by tenement houses, and presenting a marked contrast to the activity round about it. There are many tombstones, with inscriptions in Hebrew and Spanish, still legible, recording in glowing verse the merits of the de-

ceased, among whom are numbered some rare personalities who have done a great deal towards the upbuilding of our metropolis. The oldest-dated tombstone is over the grave of one Lousada, from 1644, but that is now proven to have been the stone-cutter's error. There is a rather elaborate epitaph in memory of Benjamin Bueno de Mesquita, who died in 1683. This last-named, it may be added, was the original purchaser of the cemetery, in May, 1681-2.

The Historic and Scenic Preservation Society of New York, intent upon preserving the local relics and sites of importance in the city's history, has recently erected a memorial tablet in the New Bowery, which calls the attention of the passer-by to this interesting relic of mortality.

Make thy study of the Law a fixed duty: say little and do much: and receive everybody with a friendly countenance.

Literary Notes

"RUSSIA Before the Bar of the American People," edited by Isidore Singer, the managing editor of the Jewish Encyclopedia, is announced to appear this month. This is a compilation of authoritative information concerning the Kischineff massacre, accounts of the leading mass-meetings held in this country in denunciation of the crime, the history and text of the petition sent by President Roosevelt to the Czar, and much valuable literature, for the first time published in English, relating to the attitude of Russia toward the Jews during the last hundred years. This work will possess to the student of affairs a value far more practical and vital than that which appertains to a mere historical monograph. (Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York.)

"SEVASTOPOL," by Leo Tolstoy, a new translation by Aylmer Maude, specially authorized by the author, has just appeared. This book, relating as it does the author's experiences, sensations, and reflections during the most noted siege of modern history, was the first of Tolstoy's works to receive international recognition. The translation has been authorized by Tolstoy, who has especially recommended it for its accuracy, simplicity, and directness. (Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York.)

A Hebrew Primer, by Professor Charles Prospero Fagnani, of the Union Theological Seminary, New York City, fills in part the need of a good text-book for beginners. Many of the grammatical principles are stated with greater clearness and simplicity than are found in the one or two other satisfactory books on this subject. Still, the exercises are too few

and the vocabulary poorly placed. As a whole, the book is a start in the right direction, and should widen the circle of students able to read the Old Testament in the original. It is published by Charles Scribner's Sons, and the price is \$1.50.

E. H. L.

THE March number of *McClure's* is especially interesting to Jewish readers for the very clever sketch by Miss Myra Kelley, the talented teacher in one of our East Side schools. She gives a comical tale of "When a Man's Widowed," and later, when he's married. Miss Kelley's stories, dealing mainly with the quaint Jewish children of foreign extraction that attend her school and based on actual occurrences, have already given her a high literary reputation. The entire number of the magazine is replete with excellent articles and fine illustrations.

THE April number of *Lippincott's Magazine* will keep the pace set by recent numbers, which have been getting no end of praise. The complete novel for April (issued March 21) will be "Incognito," by Helen Sherman Griffith. It is as diverting in text as it is inventive in plot, and it gives a social picture that will appeal to everybody. The short stories of the number will maintain that infinite variety for which so much commendation has lately been received.

Pearson's for April will contain the first instalment of "The Life of Thomas Nast, the Famous Cartoonist," by A. B. Paine, richly illustrated with Nast drawings. Other interesting features will be: "Thirty-two Against Three Thousand," an account

of an Indian fight, by Cyrus T. Brady; "The Patriotism of the Japanese; The Revelation of an International Spy." Among the short stories: "Why Williams Stayed," a fire story; "Sir Hornbrooke's Understudy," "An Unavoidable Detention" and "Paxley's Baby."

THE *Woman's Home Companion* is especially notable for the timeliness and general interest of its articles. The March number contains: "Colonial Dames of America," "Wireless Energy: The Wonder of the Twentieth Century," and "The Coming War," by Hudson Maxim. Mrs. Will H. Low tells housewives how the French cook meats; Miss Gould, the fashion expert, gives hints of spring fashions.

THE news of the war between Russia and Japan has been so voluminously reported, and with so many contradictions, that it is a relief to turn to the editorial statement which is presented in the *American Monthly Review of Reviews for March*, which, in graphic, discriminating style, carries the reader through the mass of reports and rumors and lands him safely in the few, but intensely interesting, facts. This record is copiously illustrated, and is supplemented by two descriptive articles on the men who are "doing things" for both Russia and Japan.

THE *Popular Science Monthly* for February contains: Scientific Investigation and Progress, by President Ira Remsen; Comrades in Zeal, by President David S. Jordan; The Predecessors of Copernicus, by Dr. E. S. Holden; The Conservation of Energy in Those of Advancing Years, by Dr. J. M. Taylor; The Geographical Distribution of Meteorites, by Dr. O. C.

Farrington; Washington University, by Charles P. Pettus; What is Group Theory? by Prof. G. A. Miller. Published by the Science Press, Lancaster, Pa. \$3.00 per year.

An Interesting Announcement

"The Jewish Encyclopedia" offered to
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In the advertising section of this publication appears an announcement of the Jewish Encyclopedia, and particulars of an easy payment plan by which "Jewish Home" readers may obtain this massive and important work upon very easy terms. With the publication of Vol. VI. (now about ready) half the entire work is completed, and each of the successive six volumes will follow regularly at intervals of about four months.

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STAMP NOTES.

The Value of a Guarantee

The following quotation is selected from an advertisement which recently appeared in a weekly contemporary. In making this selection we are not in the least biased by personal or business relations with the firm who inserted it; in fact, our attention was first called to it when it was reprinted as reading matter by an English magazine:

"The ordinary stamp collector is not an expert. When he buys, he must, to a great extent, rely upon the honesty and knowledge of the dealer with whom he trades. Dealers whose announcements are admitted to the columns of reputable periodicals must be known as honest before the publishers will accept their advertising. Presuming that the dealer with whom you trade is honest in his intentions, there are still to be considered his *ability to make good what he guarantees and his knowledge of stamps*.

"Suppose you buy a stamp to-day, and five years from now you discover something the matter with it. Will the dealer who sold it to you make good his guarantee? Are you buying it from an *established reliable concern*, or from some man or boy who is dealing in stamps as a recreation, to make a little money evenings, who is in the stamp business to-day with the best of intentions, but who will be, five years from now—perhaps in the stamp business? Ten to one, *not*, as a comparison of the advertising columns of this paper with those of five years ago will testify. Of what possible per-

manent value is the 'guarantee' of any concern that is not in the stamp business to *stay*?

"But a guarantee should mean *something more than* that the dealer will refund your money if the stamp isn't all right. It should mean that it is right, that the dealer *knows* it is right. That is where *knowledge of stamps* counts. A successful stamp dealer must be not only a good business man, but a student of stamps—a philatelist in the best sense of the word. No permanently successful stamp business was ever built upon any other lines. The concern which pays attention only to dollars and none to stamps, which considers its stock 'only as any other kind of merchandise,' which bases its guarantees on the sources from which the stamps came—the knowledge of others, the 'ten-day' limit of a 'snap' picked up at some auction sale—that concern is sowing a harvest of disappointment for its customers to reap."

There is much food for thought in these lines, and the matter is very well expressed.

The collector who buys his stamps from long-established firms does not get as large discounts, or as many ostensible bargains, as are offered him by more ephemeral concerns, but he does get the benefit of long years of business experience and of expert knowledge of stamps. When the time comes to sell his collection, he will not have the unpleasant experience of seeing more or less of his supposed treasures thrown in the waste basket.

The man who sells you a stamp about which he knows nothing, any more than that it "looks all right" or because it "came out of a fine collection," probably does not intend to cheat you, but he frequently does, just the same. Ten years hence, when he is out of business, and you discover that you have paid good money for worthless articles, it will be very small

satisfaction to know that the vender "meant well."

It is a good thing to have the guarantee of a firm who will, at any time, repay the cost of a stamp, which they may have sold you without knowing it to be bad; but it is a much better thing to have the guarantee of a firm who *know* the stamp to be good when they sell it and so do not need to refund in the future.—*American Journal of Philately.*

PUZZLES

Puzzles for March.

I.—WORD SQUARE: 1. Cistern. 2. Kind of monkey. 3. Something to drink.

II.—TRANSPOSITIONS: 1. Transpose a vehicle and get a part of a circle. 2. Transpose to wither and get a lack of one of the senses. 3. Transpose a hold and get a thief.

III.—DIAMOND: 1. A consonant. 2. Verb. 3. A skeleton. 4. A bird. 5. Vowel.

IV.—BEHEADINGS: 1. Behead face and get a row. 2. Behead the frame of a window and get a tree. 3. Behead frolic and get a harbor.

V.—CURTAILINGS: 1. Curtail to repair and get beings. 2. Curtail fixed and get a tree. 3. Curtail to be frugal and get a part of a ship.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN FEBRUARY NUMBER.

I.—Word Square.

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A V O N
M O O D
E N D S

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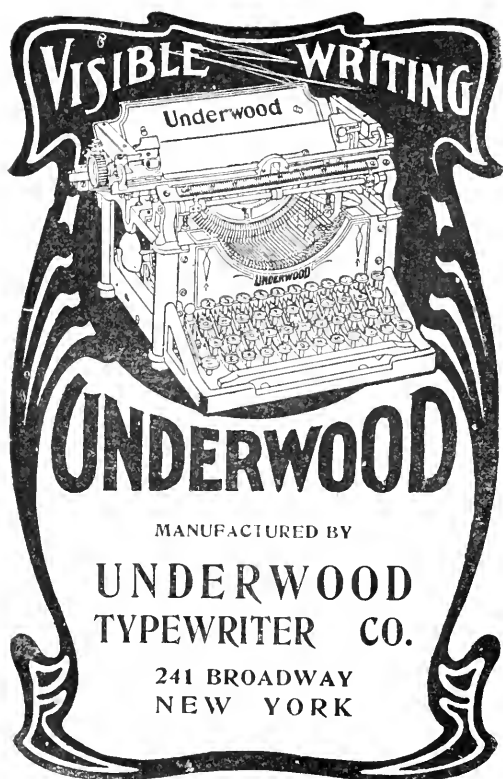
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II.—Transpositions.

B A D—D A B
T O N—N O T
T O O L—L O O T

III.—Diamond.

C
B I B
C I V I C
B I E
C

IV.—Beheadings.

H E L M—E L M
S H E R D—H E R D
S T U B—T U B

V.—Half Square.

I T A L I A N
T A B A R D
A B A T E
L A T E
I R E
A D
N

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is awarded to Howard Rosenfeld, of
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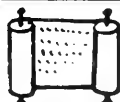
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VOL.
X

APRIL, 1904

NO.
8



The
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AN
ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE
for the
JEWISH FAMILY AND SCHOOL



BLOCH PUBLISHING CO.
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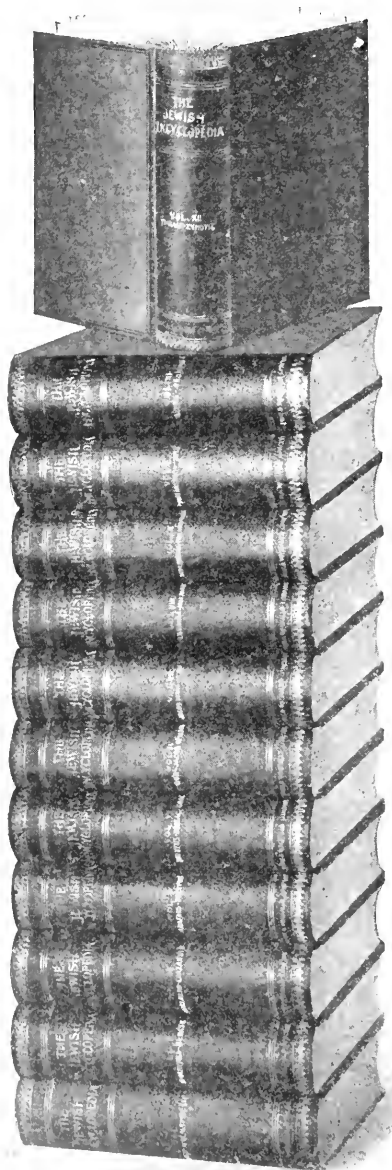
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The Jewish Home

FORMERLY "HELPFUL THOUGHTS"

An Illustrated Magazine for the Jewish Family and School

GEORGE ALEXANDER KOHUT, Editor

Vol. X

April, 1904

No. 8

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The Jewish Home

VOL. X.

APRIL, 1904

No. 8

EDITORIALS

Calendar for the Month.

April 16, (Saturday), *New Moon*, Iyar 1.

April 29, (Friday), *Pesach Sheni*, (Second
Passover), Iyar 14.

May 3, (Tuesday), *Lag B'Omer*, (33d Day
of 'Omer), Iyar 18.

The Quality of Mercy. There has been much talk of late, among unthinking Jews, of the propriety of offering aid of money and arms to Japan, in her desperate struggle with Russia. At one time, excitement ran so high in certain sections of our country, that a subscription toward a fund to build and equip a battleship for Japan was started in some southern community, the Jews of which can point to a distinguished past. This good ship was to be called *The Kishineff*, and was to wipe out the guilt of Russia. We need not say that this agitation is unfortunate and uncalled for. "The stars in their courses fight for Sisera"—and Israel needs no instrument of destruction to vindicate her. This feeling of bitterness and hate, which is perhaps the most natural trait in the human character, must be stifled and held under wise control, not merely because an outspoken animosity toward Russia may do incal-

culable harm to our brethren residing within the Pale, but because it is inhuman and savage to harbor revenge. "Vengeance belongeth to the Lord," it is written in the Book of Books. We can safely leave retribution to the Eternal, Who, as is so quaintly expressed in the same Book "is a Man of War." He will surely requite us for our pains, and compensate us for the evil which the people have wrought since the birth of ages. Has not Jewish History demonstrated this always? Have not all the proud races of antiquity, who have oppressed and maltreated Israel, perished out of sight, and does not Israel survive, a living testimony of the Providence of God and of that Divine Retribution, which is a law of nature, strong and immutable?

Rather weep for the brave and heroic Makaroff and his valiant crew of 600 men, hurled to destruction in the twinkling of an eye! When the Egyptian hosts were perishing in the Red Sea, and the Israelites raised a shout of joy and triumph, there was heard the echo of a voice from heaven: Exult not, O Israel, now that the enemy has fallen, for are not those myriads of hosts gone to their death, my creatures? So it is written in the Records of the ancient Rabbis.

Let us remember the touching rebuke of Captain Phillips, of the Texas, who, when his crew was wildly enthusiastic at seeing the sailors of a Spanish battleship drowning, amid the general carnage, said to his men:

"Don't shout, boys, the poor devils are dying!"



UP FROM THE DEPTHS.

—Philadelphia North American.

The Vindication of Captain Dreyfus

Draw nearer to the throne of outraged France:
 She waits for thee expectant, and holds out
 Her welcome arms to clasp thee, *not in doubt*;
 She looks not at thy pallid face askance,
 But, moved to deep compassion for thy fate,
 She beckons Justice nigher, that she may
 Persuade thee that her guilt is washed away,
 And that thy pain has purged France of her hate.
 Now doth the Goddess lead thy faltering feet,
 And thou hast need of courage but to take
 Thine own again, for thy great country's sake.
 Behold France rising from her sovereign seat
 To offer thee thy broken sword, repaired,
 For, verily, thou'st dared what none have dared!

New York

G. A. K.

"Dutch"

The Story of a Real Boy

BY SAMUEL F. FRANK.



SAMUEL F. FRANK.

This is the story of "Dutch." I am afraid that it is not the story you expect,—a story full of heroes, and goblins and dragons; of fairies, with their star-tipped wands; nor of beautiful princesses, cobweb-crowned and glorious. But, then, we don't meet fairies every day; we can't all be beautiful princes or princesses; and all our enemies are not goblins or monsters that will die at a single stroke.

So perhaps you will care to hear a story of a real boy; a story you can read and think about, without gazing wistfully into the clear sky to whisper, "O, if there only was a fairyland." For we do live in a fairyland,—so real, so vast, and so beautiful that we cannot understand it all. But the fairies have not all golden wings and floating draperies. There are many—

o, so many of them—about us, hidden beneath the unseemly exterior of people we see and pass, and some of those we love and know. If we could only have magic spectacles to look into the hearts of those about us, we would find many a fairy prince, and princess, too; and maybe you, with the magic spectacles of your sympathy, can find a hero in my poor friend, "Dutch." And, then, you will not have read this story in vain.

"Dutch" was the undisputed master of the "dock." On the posts of the pier he basked lazily in the rays of the July sun; and occasionally he would drop overboard with a dull splash—like a turtle. On such occasions, not even the boldest would dare to hide his clothes; for the prowess of "Dutch" was a by-word among the "gang." Short, stout and strong he was, with curly black hair, and a round face, from which two black eyes shown ever intent on mischief. Restraint he knew none,—for his parents saw little of him, or cared less; the other boys dared not meet him in combat; and the stout policeman, who patrolled the dock, was too big to catch him by running, and too dignified to attempt to reach him by swimming.

So, on this particular July day, he sat sunning himself by the river, as ready for mischief as a playful kitten.

He overheard, in a listless way, what the other boys were discussing;—a "summer school"—a playground, where boys practised gymnastics and played to their hearts content, in their own rough-and-tumble way.

"Dutch" felt bored. He had done nothing to distinguish himself since he had escaped from the policemen

by jumping overboard and swimming away,—leaving his coat in the officer's hands. So he proclaimed, with pretended indifference: "Say, let's clean out the school."

The "gang" were always ready for the new schemes of mischief that "Dutch" devised. But this one, so daring and hazardous, daunted them. "Dutch" was fired with the idea. He rose and sauntered off: with the "gang" following in eager attendance.

A short walk brought them to the school-yard. As they approached the door, they saw the boys tumbling about, on bars and mats and rings, shouting and enjoying life to the utmost. "Dutch" surveyed them with contempt. Why do those "kids" stay there, under restraint, he thought, when they could roam the streets and docks, at their own will.

He looked for the teacher,—a young fellow, scarcely as old as some of the friends that "Dutch" had familiarly called to as they passed the saloons upon the corners. But then, he looked "different"; "Dutch" almost shrank from his plan. But there he stood in the expectant eyes of his "gang," and he knew he could not falter. So he swaggered across the yard, overturning a few less hardy children on his way, and, looking squarely at the teacher, proclaimed: "Say, we're going to clean out the school!" Suiting the action to the word, his faithful followers swarmed around, ready to aid in the fun.

But then something happened! About one hundred pounds of "Dutch" rose from the floor, flew through the door, and came down hard upon the pavement.

"Dutch" was surprised. He was not quite sure whether the house had fallen down, or the gas tank had exploded. He struggled to his feet; but a grip, as of a man, seized his collar, lifted him to his feet, and carried him somewhere.

He did not know or care where. His courage had fled; he was truly pained. That he should be outrun, out-generaled and whipped,—and all the "gang" to witness it! He opened his eyes, and saw the coiled muscles under the pink skin of the arm that rested against his face. Then he gave up—he felt that he was conquered,—and, for the first time, he knew he was "under orders."

He looked up to see a pair of blue eyes looking curiously at him; he was surprised to see the amused smile on the face that surveyed him.

"Well, young fellow, you didn't clean out the school, did you?"

"Dutch" thought of escape,—but he looked at that face, and thought of the arm that he felt. So he braced himself and listened. He could only get a week for this, he thought,—he was reconciled to that.

"Speak up, now, Johnny! I hope I didn't take away your speech with your breath. Well, now!"

"Dutch" was more surprised every minute. Here was no policeman, no talk of arresting, no storming. This giant was laughing at him, and that hurt very much.

"Well, a clumsy, awkward, little weakling like you!" Another laugh, and "Dutch" felt something rising in his throat. He wasn't clumsy,—or a weakling—he could outfight any one in the "gang." He wanted to answer—but he dared not. O, if he were only on the dock!

"Why, you couldn't even pull yourself up to the bar."

"Dutch" rebelled at this; so he ventured, in a half-frightened tone, "Yes, I can."

"Well, we'll try you."

"Dutch" followed his captor into the yard, avoiding the eyes of his whilom companions; and looked up to see a boy gracefully circle the bar, twist about and alight.

He threw aside his coat and sprang for the bar. He tugged and pulled, exerting every ounce of his strength, and rose slowly. He lifted his legs—with a cry he fell, but a strong arm caught him, and placed him upright. A roar of laughter greeted his attempt; and he felt bad, deep down. He would have resented it, then and there, but that arm—

Undoubtedly it was a melancholy day for "Dutch." The arrow was being driven deep into his heart. It was a sad day, indeed; and he disappeared in the gathering dusk,—amid the laughs and jeers of his former friends.

The street lamps on the corners glared upon the pavements, but "Dutch" hurried away beneath them to hide.

Down there, by the river, he fled; and lowered his head in humiliation. But a deep resolve formed itself in the breast of "Dutch."

The street lamps were already lit when Walton, the teacher, started homeward. He sauntered along, musing. Suddenly a figure shaped itself from the surrounding gloom; it was "Dutch." But the swaggering air was gone; he stood there, apologetic, hesitant, almost meek. It had been a hard struggle for "Dutch"—but he had choked down his pride, and, by sheer effort of will urged himself to speak.

"Say, mister, can I learn that? I won't be fresh if you give me a chance."

Walton stopped for a moment. He looked at the boy, undecided. He studied the earnest, swarthy face that gazed up to him. There was nothing of evil in it, but much of ignorance and untaught wildness.

"All right, come around in the morning."

I cannot tell you now, as I should like to, of how "Dutch" came on the morrow, or of his struggles, his failures, his successes on that day, or on

many another day in the long season of the summer.

But his figure was seen less on the dock, and the people of the neighborhood seldom hurried to the windows to watch some new escapade of "Dutch" and his companions.

At first he stood in wonder, and watched Walton circle the bars, or leap high into the air in a somersault, and alight with precision and in safety. Then, patiently, and painfully sometimes, he would follow the example. It was a new feeling in the breast of "Dutch" to feel that there was somebody in the world to whom he was but an humble follower, some one bigger and stronger, some one who knew and did everything—and it was *right*.

Day after day "Dutch" worked away; and it seemed that a new world was open before him. He faced his companions, as of old, and dared them to tests of his skill.

He had many trials and triumphs, but his heart and mind were changing, too. There was a new light in his eyes when he washed the cut and bleeding head of a little schoolboy; and the boys still tell how he had saved Abe at the risk of his own arm.

Did you ever notice how, in the fairy story of life, we seem to live whole years in some days, and how we sometimes pass through many eventful weeks? We seem to pass from one great day to another, as if there were no days between at all.

So let us bid this picture vanish, to watch "Dutch" reappear in some other scene.

It is the day of the great competition; and from all over the city the boys are gathered to compete for the prizes. Some in their best, and some in tatters (which were their best), some with fine new shoes of white canvas, some barefooted and unkempt—but all eager, enthusiastic, and determined.

Amid bustle and excitement, the boys find their way to their stations and the competition begins. Little, clean young fellows drop into position of attention, vault into the air, and circle over and about the rings and bars. The crowds applaud, and the friends of the performers shout their approval. As some especially difficult feat is shown the attention becomes tense—a thousand straining eyes follow the swelling muscles and twisting bodies of the little gymnasts. The amazement grows as, with some sudden jerk or dextrous turn, a boy leaps to a graceful finish of his performance.

Keenly they vie with each other, and the cheers of encouragement ring out. But what is that cry of exultation? A new champion has arisen! There he stands, his hands resting upon his hips, his heels together, every line of his figure erect and controlled. His breast rises and falls more than is his wont after a feat.

Watch him, there, again—a few confident steps, and he leaps to the bar. His muscles swell at the shoulder; a quick twist, and he seems to rise, as if upon wings. He stands inverted for a moment, every curve of his body outlined against the blue sky. He drops rapidly, then, as he swings up again, his hands leave the bar. Through the air, straight as an arrow, he shoots. The people gaze in astonishment. With a curve and a twist, he turns a complete somersault and alights once more upon his feet, smiling, self-confident, and self-controlled.

A wild cheer goes up; the other schools are beaten. Who is there to equal this?

From out the crowd hurries a tattered figure. It steals to Walton's side to say: "Let me try that." It is the figure of "Dutch."

Walton shakes his head. But, in response to "Dutch's" entreaty, he lets him go.

Amid cries of favor, of warning,

and of scorn, "Dutch" leaps for the bar. He does not rise, as the other did, cutting sharply to his position; as if he rose involuntarily, and in response to some hidden law, but awkwardly, and by force of pure muscular power. As his hands touch the bar his short arms grow rigid with knots of straining muscles, and he rises to his hand-stand. The crowd is breathless now. They no longer see an exhibition of clever and supple gymnastics; they are watching, with more of human interest, the determined effort of a ragged boy to match courage, strength and determination against skill and training.

The body curves into its balance, then straightens out into a line and, like a pendulum, begins to descend.

There is a cry, as the claspng figure strives heroically to maintain its hold against the momentum of the action. The crowd starts to its feet as "Dutch" flies, uncontrolled, through the air and falls, limp and helpless, in the dust.

The boys of the other schools even forbear to shout at his failure to equal their record. The crowd watch, breathlessly anxious.

Walton kneels at "Dutch's" side and tenderly wipes the dust and mire from the face beneath him, which is pale and quivering.

As he dashes water upon the bruised forehead, "Dutch" faintly opens his eyes to gaze wonderingly about him.

"What's the matter? Where am I?" he gasped.

"You're all right, my good little fellow; be still!"

"Did I do that trick?"

"No, but you tried pluckily; it's all right."

"Dutch" raised himself with an effort. "Then we *won't* win the prize?" With slowly returning consciousness came the sense of despair and disappointment. He seemed to feel again and again the resolutions he had made, the

plans, the hopes, he had built during the tedious days, which had inspired his tireless efforts.

How he had pictured it! Victory, cheers, applause; and he, "Dutch," the street gamin, repaying his debt of gratitude by this victory.

And now—another dash of water brought him sharply to a realization of the present; and he seemed to feel the world slipping away again.

He staggered to his feet, thrusting aside the proffered arms, and stood beneath the bar once again.

Almost before anyone understood it he had leaped once more at the steel bar, which glistened in the sun.

Walton cried out: the crowd screamed, and then grew nervously, fearfully quiet. Again that sturdy, and yet awkward, form rose into the air, balanced itself to a hand-stand, and then swept around in a flying circle. Again the fingers left their hold of the bar; but this time "Dutch" rose higher into the air: his leg twisted over his head, and he alighted firmly and safely upon his feet. The crowd gave play to its nervous tension in cheer after cheer. All party feeling was lost in the wild excitement.

"Dutch" stood there facing the sun, the bright light gleaming into his blinking eyes. He heard the noise and the cheering, but he did not care. Oh, if you could have seen his face then! Through the mud and the dirt, and the trickling stream of blood, it shone with triumph and delight. He

reeled unsteadily for a moment; and, as the crowd closed in to cheer him, the whole scene faded from his view, and he seemed to fall into a deep blackness, to which there was no end.

Did I tell you that this was a fairy story? Well, so it is. The whole scene of light and pleasure is gone—as inevitably as though the enchanter had bid it perish beneath his magic wand. Somewhere, amid the maze of unending city streets, you may find "Dutch." In vain will you search the docks that knew him once, or seek to find him by the alarms of his neighbors as of yore.

Tell me, if you can, of any magician in your story-books who could have made a change more potent or more wonderful. Tell me of your enchantress who showed the princess in the serving-maid; and you will see that I have shown you the qualities of a hero in the gamin of the streets.

Show me the magician of old, who found jewels in the dust, and I can show you how courage, devotion, and love were found in the city's lowest depths.

Show me all the wonders of your story-books, and I will show you things a thousand times more wonderful, in the fairy world about us, around us and above us. We could know them and see them and live them, too, if we only knew—oh, *if we only knew!*

New York.

Pharaoh's palace had 400 gates, 100 on each side; and before each gate stood 60,000 trained warriors and two she-lions, which did not suffer anyone to pass through without the express command of Pharaoh. Bears and other ferocious beasts guarded the approach of the gates. When Moses and Aaron came before Pharaoh they

had to pass these sentinels. The lions leaped up on seeing them and would have torn them to pieces had not Moses lifted up his staff. Thereupon the chains which the lions wore fell off, and they gathered about him and licked his feet, and followed him joyfully into the palace, as a dog follows his master after a long separation.

The Home and the Child

BY REV. DR. JOSEPH SILVERMAN.

Except the Lord build the house, in vain do its builders toil thereon.—Psalms cxxxvii, 1.

Man is more the creature of environment than of inheritance. The doctrine of innate evil is at variance with the teachings of science and of higher theology. In some subtle manner, climate and food affect, and even control, the spiritual as well as the physical life of a people. In a similar way the character of a man is conditioned by the home into which he, as a child, was first ushered, and where was unfolded to him all that he, for many years, knew of life, of humanity, of the world.

The child! How like a new star, just torn from the conflict of Nature's elements, and bursting as a new light through the black curtain of the night upon a world it had never known! The child! How like a flower, kissed by the light and dew of Heaven, it opens its eyes in wonder at the strange beauty of its home!

What may this home not be? A frozen snow-house in the Klondike, or an orange grove in the tropics; a tent upon the arid desert, a lodge in some forest, a hut on the mountain top, a mansion by the sea, or a dingy room in a congested tenement. It may be a habitation among simple, honest peasant folk; among rough, sturdy mountaineers; among the pioneers of the west, or the *blasé* denizens of a metropolis; among the ignorant or the wise, simple or saints. Whatever home may be and wherever situated, there is always the same sweet, pure bundle of human unconsciousness that would become a prince in a royal house, a pauper among mendicants, or a criminal among outcasts. The child resem-

bles oft the seed which the wind now casts upon the barren rocks, where it decays and dies; now upon fertile soil, where it takes root and flowers into beauty. Let us bow in reverence before the child, the embodiment of all possibilities.

The child and the home are the two most important figures of the world—the very cornerstones of humanity. The child—the picture of sweet helplessness and wonderful potentiality. The home—its creator, its protector, its providence, its all but God. These two, the child and the home, are the makers of posterity, and will condition the weal or woe of unborn generations.

Why, then, are we so busy with crops and stocks, with commerce and industry, politics, armies and navies, effete monarchies and new republics, while millions of babes are being misshapen, myriads of children are growing into bad ways, because thousands of homes are schools of ignorance and nurseries of weakness and wickedness? Let us withdraw for awhile from the maze of political scrambles, business struggles and social strifes, and look into our homes and attune them to the sweet harmonies of heavenly virtues.

The home is the preliminary battleground where evil is to be fought in its incipency and conquered. There Satan must first be met and overcome, and the young soul taught how to retain its native innocence. From the sacred precincts of the domestic hearth every impurity or taint must be expelled. Let no word be breathed there save that which the angels may unblushingly hear. Truth, simplicity, love and modesty are the weapons of the fireside with which to fight the de-

mons of unrighteousness. The home in which the young are taught gambling by precept or example, is not a true home, but an agency of the gambler's den, preparing the recruits who shall later become its patrons. The real home is an exemplar of simple and holy living. It must become, also, an intellectual centre, where thought quickens thought, makes life real and happiness secure.

To create such a home of love, holiness and intellectual life, to make of it a battery where our children can be charged with that spiritual force that can fortify them against all the temptations and allurements of the world, something more is needed than is found in the average home. Wealth,

culture, music, literature, education, are not enough. "Except the Lord build the house, in vain do its builders toil thereon." In too many instances has that spiritual life, that made our ancestors proof against the encroachments of worldliness, been lost. The old familiar device, "God bless our home," is disappearing from its wonted place. That is the secret of unhappy and inefficient homes.

May God come to his own again! Parenthood is but a feeble substitute to the child for Deity. The heavenly Father and Mother must stand by the earthly parents to aid in the sacred work of preparing the child for true manhood or womanhood, and developing it for life and eternity.

Jewish Life in Palestine

BY MARTIN A. MEYER.

VII. A Day in a Jewish Colony



A NOOK IN THE PLAIN.

You will surely remember the wedding I described to you sometime ago. I mentioned that the groom was a young colonist. I had promised to visit him, before leaving Palestine; so after many vexatious delays, I set out to redeem my promise. It was in the early spring, when the land looks like a garden, particularly in the lowlands along the coast. In every nook and cranny, covering every dead stone and hiding every ruined heap, flowers of the most beautiful colors abound. The plains are red with the deep glow of the anemones; every rock shelters in its shade a modest cyclamen; the hillsides are beauteous with green and red and white; and the air is redolent of the sweet balm of spring. Carpeted with long fresh grass, and roofed with the bluest of skies, the Lowlands are the prettiest of places in the birthtime of the year.

Attended by our Arab servant,



THE PLAIN OF SHARON.

Ahmed, a veritable giant in size and endurance, I set out, on just such a morning, from Jaffa, to visit Isaak and his wife at their home in *Petach Tikvah*. The colony is about two and a half hours' ride from Jaffa, to the northwest, on the site of a former Arab village. The Jews renamed it, as they did all the sites they have colonized; expressing in the names the hope that animated their hearts—to revive the land of their Fathers. *Petach Tikvah* means the "Gate of Hope," and to the original colonists, refugees from Russian persecutions, this was the renewal of hope for a free life in the Holy Land. Other colonies were called *Rosh Pinah*, the "Corner Stone; *Rishon le-Zion*, the "First for Zion;" *Zichron Ja'akov*, the "Remembrance of Jacob;" and so on, through a list of twenty-six of them.

For a time, we followed the sandy beach along the blue Mediterranean, meeting an occasional herd of camels or sheep, in the charge of a solitary Arab herder. The rich pasture land attracts many of these wanderers, and the scene is usually an animated and

varied one; for to-day, even as in the days of Abraham, the shepherds of the land must seek the most promising pasturage for their herds. As the rains had but recently stopped, the streams were full and overflowing, and the mills, along the Aujah, were busy grinding the produce of the last harvest. The daily post-wagon, between the colony and Jaffa, passed us about half way, with its load of chattering wives and farmers. Here and there, an Arab, more industrious than his fellows, was out with his primitive plow, turning over the surface of his land, to prepare it for the crops; and close at his heels followed his boy, or his wife, with gowns well tucked up, distributing the seed from the corner of their robes. The yoked oxen, or, as is frequently the case, an ox and an ass, pulled their Adam-like plow lazily over the soil, accompanied by the mingled curses and encouragement of their master. Now and then, when all went well, he would break out into song, in a high falsetto voice, and pour out his love for his camel and his son unto the solitary plain. Or he would sigh out his heart in



PRIMITIVE PLOUGHING.

plaintive, pleading tones; or chant, with fiery vehemence, a few verses from the Koran, the recital of which, he thought, would surely bring luck for his future crops.

The unkept character of the plain soon disappeared, and we rode along a good macadam road, between neatly planted and well kept vineyards, which were alternated with orange groves and wheat fields, as well as barley and sesame. Olives were not absent; and well-fed, sleek herds of cattle, restrained within modern fences, and in the charge of barefooted youngsters in European dress, warned us that we were no longer in the land of the Arab, but approaching an outpost of civilization. In the midst of a thick grove of eucalyptus, the town houses made their appearance. The grove was planted a few years ago to drain the soil and improve the sanitary conditions of the settlement. These trees grow rapidly, and prove an excellent protection to the colony, as well as a profitable investment. The streets were broad and well kept, like those of an up-to-date Western town in our

own land. The houses were built of wood and varied in size from the tiny cottage of the laborer to the pretentious home of the director. A pretty park occupied the center of the town, but since the inauguration of the more economical methods of conducting the colony, it has been neglected, and the funds and time bestowed upon it turned into more profitable channels. The village has two large artesian wells, a synagogue and two schoolhouses, one for boys and one for girls. It is in charge of a director, appointed by the Jewish Colonization Association, who manages the affairs of the colony in general; besides him there is an agricultural director, whose sole function it is to direct the agricultural affairs of the colony, advise the farmers in the conduct of their affairs, and conduct experiments to discover what the local soil is best suited for. The colonists elect a board of their own number to conduct their local business, to provide water, police, and sanitation for the town, and to advise with the Director.

A few inquiries showed us where we could find our friends, and the neat little home, with its yard, offered us a tempting welcome. Large numbers of chickens and other poultry spoke of the industry of the housewife; while the carefully trained vines and flowers testified to her good tastes. Our coming was a surprise, though not unexpected. The table was soon spread and the never extinguished samovar provided a delicious cup of tea for our refreshment. Fresh dairy products, home grown vegetables and fruits, made a tempting lunch, and we could not but compare the ease, comfort and luxury of such a life with the squalor, poverty and misery in Jerusalem and in other crowded cities of the country. After our refreshment and rest, and the first interchange of inquiries about those at home, the conversation turned to colonization in Palestine, and the history of its growth and development. Isaak's father was what is called an independent colonist, who had immigrated of his own accord, and had set himself up on his own resources. He had been moderately successful, but none of the family was willing to leave the farm, despite the more brilliant prospects which the outer world offered. Others of the colonists were not so successful or contented; but the great majority had no regrets that they had taken this step. The early days of the colonies were full of excitement and adventure; the

neighboring Arabs were very troublesome and stole and murdered in most approved style, until they were taught a most wholesome lesson by the Jews. Now peace reigns between the two, and the Arabs look upon the colonists as their best friends; and would consider it a calamity if they should be deprived of the benefits of these towns.

Later in the day, Isaak took us to view the town, to show us its extent and its points of interest, and to meet its leading citizens, as well as to inspect his own well-tilled fields and groves. The schools were visited, and not least interesting was the fact that all the recitations were conducted in the Hebrew tongue. The children are being trained to talk this language to the exclusion of all others, and the effect of this movement will ultimately be to exclude the miserable jargon which they now speak. And what a fine looking set of children they were! No pale faces, no bent and crooked backs, no narrow chests and wheezy voices. They all showed the effects of their life in the open fields, showed the effects of hard work too, but the effects were all good and promising. For, just as there were giants of yore in the Land of Israel, so will there be giants again in the future, nurtured in these colonies, which are indeed the "Gate of Hope" for Israel's future.

Albany, N. Y.

It may perhaps be interesting to know that the Talmud speaks only once of drunkenness in its relation to responsibility for contracts or for crime; the Jewish law holding that "a drunken man's purchase is a purchase; his sale is a sale; if he commit a capital offense, he is put to death; if he do an act punishable by stripes, he is

flogged; in a word, he is deemed of sound mind for all purposes, except that he cannot participate in prayer." These principles, laid down by our ancient sages, are found to tally with those of the English-American law of to-day, and, as a consequence, there is scarcely any drunkenness among the Jews.

Refinement

BY FALK YOUNKER.

In discussing refinement, I would divide it into two classes. One, as true refinement; the other, the false notion of it, which, unfortunately, a great many people entertain. This false notion of refinement is, as a rule, held by those who devote all their time and energies towards gaining worldly advantages, who neglect to cultivate the higher tastes, and to exercise a due regard for what is right and proper.

Let us first consider what some of these false notions are: Making wealth and position as the sole standards by which to judge people; talking and boasting about worldly possessions; trying to impress people with a notion of self-importance; treating employees as inferiors; a haughty demeanor; seeking notoriety; lavishness in the display of jewelry, which is, perhaps, an inherited trait; trying to move in a sphere in which one does not belong; disowning poor relatives; refusing to recognize poor friends who have been faithful; to think that it is unnecessary to give children religious training; to be affected in manners and speech; to think that, because of wealth, we are superior to others; to think that it is not good form to uphold and support religious institutions of our own faith, and even denying the religion of one's birth. These are some of the false notions of refinement.

Now, let us consider what we must do, and what tastes we should cultivate in order to become truly refined. We should be modest and unassuming in our conduct; kind and gentle and thoughtful of others; dutiful to our parents, elders, and teachers; honor and respect old age, and yield to our intellectual superiors; be kind to the weak, and ever ready to assist those who are in need and suffering;

never say or do anything that would wound the feelings of any one; try to be pleasant and agreeable at all times; aid and uphold religious and charitable institutions, so far as it lies in our power; *be loyal to our Faith*; cultivate a taste for good books; be polite and attentive to strangers, seeking information; take an interest in movements undertaken for the public good; try to promote the happiness of others; treat employes with kindness and consideration, and remember that kind words act as an incentive to better effort. We should avoid loud talking, and the habit of making gestures, especially in public places, and never forget that if we do not act in a modest and becoming manner, there is but one conclusion, that any intelligent or refined person can come to, and that is: That our home influence, training and surroundings have not been of the best. This opinion will surely reflect upon those nearest and dearest to us. We should refrain from such out-door amusements on the Christian Sabbath, especially at summer resorts, in which our neighbors do not indulge, and always remember that, by respecting the feelings of our neighbors, we are likewise respecting ourselves, and thus helping to dispel a great deal of the prejudice which exists against our people. We should make it a rule to be punctual in our attendance at religious exercises; follow the services, and join in the singing and in the responses, listen attentively to the address of the minister or layman, and not whisper during the discourse. After the closing hymn has been sung, stand silently and not put on our wraps until the benediction has been pronounced. Then we may leave the building, feeling elevated by the service and the lessons taught, and imbued with new

hope and strength for our daily task.

Let us take the character of Abraham Lincoln as an example of refinement. Shall we consider his personal appearance? We know that his was not an imposing presence, like that of some men. No, we must look for other tokens than this in forming our estimate of true refinement. I have in mind his great big heart; his nobility of character; his simplicity of manner; his charitable nature. In his last inaugural address, delivered only a few months before his untimely end, in speaking of the issues of the war, and the claims of the South, he makes use of these words: "It may seem strange that any man could dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces." He shows his great character when he says: "But let us judge not, that we be not judged." When we consider his humble birth, and the struggles of his youth; how he rose, step by step, until he was finally elevated to the highest office in the land, at a time of much peril and excitement, and, despite the power placed in his hands, still remaining the same upright, noble, God-fearing man, devoted to principle, simple in manner, and ever retaining his love for his early home, we must, indeed, recognize in him a true model of manhood at its best.

Now, for another view of refinement: All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, folks say, and we must all have our little pleasures. *We should cultivate refinement in the amusements that we seek and in the plays that we go to see; likewise in our games.* I witnessed an incident at a summer resort, some years ago, which made a lasting impression upon my mind. Accompanied by a few friends, we stopped at a well-known resort, for a brief visit. An entertainment was announced to be held, at one of the large hotels, for the benefit of

some charity. We decided to witness the performance. It was held in the spacious ball-room of the hotel, and was largely attended. After we had been seated a short time, I noticed that space was reserved for all the employees of the hotel, of whom there seemed to be a goodly number. It was a most pleasing and interesting sight to see their smiling faces, and to observe how thoroughly they enjoyed themselves. The proprietor of the hotel must have felt more than repaid for this act of thoughtfulness on seeing such expressions of delight on their faces. After the entertainment, the floor was cleared for the dance. The audience was almost exclusively non-Jewish. We were not acquainted with any of the guests, but it was such a pleasing sight, that we decided to remain and watch. The dance began. All entered into the spirit of the occasion, and enjoyed themselves heartily. Later in the evening, favors of various kinds were liberally distributed. Confetti were thrown about in great profusion, and electric light effects lent brilliancy to the scene. It was one of the most animated sights that I have ever witnessed. There was no loud or boisterous conduct; no one forgot himself. The young men, although full of fun, were not forward in their conduct; the young ladies, while enjoying themselves immensely, maintained a certain reserve, and altogether, there was an air of refinement that was charming to behold. At the approach of their Sabbath hour, the music ceased, the lights were lowered and all quietly dispersed.

Before concluding, let me quote to you what great Lessing, the German scholar, says: "If any one of you has been born and brought up in the religion of your fathers, think always that this religion is the best; and to give the world the proof that it is really the best, act kindly to others;

be gentle and unassuming in your demeanor; assist the helpless and needy; further the progress of education and enlightenment; advocate the doings of love and humanity; and make the spirit of refinement dwell in the human heart."

And so let us all strive to improve ourselves in every possible way; let us cultivate habits and tastes of true refinement; let us show the world that

we love justice and right; that we have high ideals; that the spirit of patriotism beats in our hearts; that we stand for all that is good and noble; and that we believe in the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man. Let us bear this banner for the honor of ourselves and the glory of Judaism.

New York.

My Father's Bible

In Memoriam: April 22, 1842

I.

My many books are filled with costly tomes,
All variously old, and wrapped in skins,
Like sombre monks, enveloped in their sins;—
There are among them bindings from the homes
And workshops of the masters of the trades:
Parchment, vellum, sheepskin, half morocco,
Smell of midnight oil, and stale tobacco,
That breathe the scent of their possessors' grades;—
There are, too, new books, sumptuously arrayed
In modern garb—uncut and deckle-edged—
Resplendent in their gilt, and deftly made,
Which, more than once, in trouble, I have pledged,
But *none of these respond to my caress*,
When I'm in quest of long-lost happiness.

II.

There is *ONE BOOK*, far dearer than the rest,
Upon my treasured shelves: It is not bound
In costly skin or vellum, yet profound
Is the esteem and reverence in my breast
As I now lift it from its wonted place,
To bless it first, and read it for a space:—
It gives me comfort now, though time was when
Fierce anguish smote my soul, as, all unseen,
The crumbled leaves I turned, and saw between
The crystal drops of sorrow once again
Which wrung my blessed father's spirit then;—
But now I read it, ever so serene,
And close the *BIBLE* gently, when I've done,
And kiss its covers, too, when I'm alone.

GEORGE ALEXANDER KOHUT.

New York.

"Connit Ferstan"

BY REV. H. S. STOLLNITZ.

Once upon a time a man, discontented and bewailing his lot, decided to leave the place where he thought so much misery had befallen him, to try his luck in another land. Holland was his destination, and when he arrived in Amsterdam, the first commercial city in Holland, penniless, hungry, and exhausted from his travels, he forgot his own condition and gazed in wonderment at all that met his eyes. The hustle and bustle of that lively city appealed to his mind, and instilled new courage into his dissatisfied soul, and, with hopeful anticipation, he said to himself: "Surely, I have found a place where happiness and contentment are at last awaiting me. What a difference between the miserable huts, the narrow streets, and the poorly-clad and half-starved people of the place whence I come! These beautiful palaces, spacious streets, fine promenades and public parks, and the well-dressed, ruddy-looking people, seem to breathe contentment into the air. I am happy that, at last, I have gathered enough courage to end the misery of my former life and to begin anew."

On beholding the wonderful building which had once been the "Stadhuis" (city hall), but which had afterwards been converted into a palace for King Louis Bonaparte, he could not withstand asking a passer-by: "Pray, what is this building? To whom does it belong?" "Connit ferstan," was the short reply of the man accosted, who then went on his way. Strolling along the street, he was again attracted by the beautiful "Nieuwe Kerk" (New Church). Again he inquired: "What building is this?" And again came the answer: "Connit ferstan." "Quite an important person," he thought to himself,

"that Connit Ferstan." He proceeded until he reached the piers which are built into the North Sea, and gazed wonderingly about him. There were the numerous canals of the Amstel and the Ij (pronounced Eye), the three hundred bridges which connect the small islands with the city, the fine view from the harbor and the Amstel, the numerous church towers and spires which relieve the flatness of the prospect, the grassy meadows surrounding the city, the renowned windmills for grinding corn and sawing wood, the houses of the three principal residence streets—the "Heren gracht," "Keiser's gracht" and "Princen gracht," with their gables to the street, and, finally, overwhelmed by the sight of the numberless ships, canoes and craft of every description, he cried out: "To whom do all these belong?" Again the same reply: "Connit ferstan." "Ah, Connit Ferstan!" he muttered to himself. "What a rich man that Connit Ferstan must be! It seems that he owns the entire city."

By this time the pangs of hunger became stronger than his interest in the marvellous sights of the city, and he began to think of how he would procure something to eat. Necessity knows no law, so, much against his feelings, he decided upon a step he had never before been compelled to take—to ask help of a passer-by. This he did. Once more the answer "Connit ferstan" met his ears. "He sends me to Connit Ferstan," thought he. "An easy matter for such a Croesus to be charitable. I wish I had his wealth, or at least a part of it. How happy would I be! I, too, would be charitable." While thus meditating, the mournful notes of a funeral march came floating to his ears, and with

slowly-measured tread the *cortège* soon appeared. The many carriages draped in black, and the great loads of beautiful flowers, tributes of loving friends, gave evidence that it was a person of prominence whose earthly career was ended. "Who is it that has died?" queried he. "Connit ferston," was the regretful answer. Great emotion filled his breast, and he burst forth loudly this time: "Poor Connit Ferstan! Of what avail are all your riches to you now—the fine buildings, the beautiful gardens, the ships, and all your money? I envy you no more! You are dead and I

am alive! I have no right to be dissatisfied! After all, it was my own fault that I was reduced to such misery, for had I expended my time and my income properly I need never have had cause for discontentment. I will try henceforth to utilize every fraction of my time, and will be *satisfied* with the fruits that my honest labor yields."

He returned at once to his old home, where he lived the remainder of his days, never permitting envy to darken his soul.

Corsicana, Texas.

A Jewish Military Academy

BY RABBI MAYER KOPFSTEIN.

When Judea was a province of powerful Rome, during the early days of Christianity, the report was spread abroad through Rome that the Jews were planning a revolution, with the intention of seceding from the State, and becoming an independent nation.

The Senate of Rome hastily appointed a delegation to investigate into the matter. They reached Jerusalem, the capital of Judea, in the guise of ordinary civilians, sent upon ascertaining the full strength of the Jewish arsenals, garrisons and armories. Meeting a Jew on the street, they asked to be directed to the fortified places. Though much astonished at the request, he took them through the narrow streets of Jerusalem, showed them the great plazas and the beautiful gardens of the capitol, conducted them to the great temple, halting, at last, before a huge stone structure, whose massive old walls would lead one to suppose that its inhabitants were afraid of an invasion from the enemy. He opened a small door, and led them through the dark corridors of the house, until they reached an open court. Here the emissaries

looked in vain for weapons of defense, for ammunition, arms and other means of war. Their curiosity was more and more aroused, when a faint noise reached their ears. Urging their guide to lead them on, they were astounded when he threw open one of the many doors, and they beheld a schoolroom, filled with young boys and venerable teachers. Then the Jewish guide, full of pride and contempt, called to the Roman spies: "These are our soldiers and these our generals."

New York.

April

BY HORACE A. BERNSTEIN.

And now with sunny meadows, where
the lark
Pipes his soft notes, the season wooes
us; then
Repels our love, with wind and storm,
and now
Invites us forth again, rejoicing.
Thus
Lingers, 'mid smiles and frowns, the
wayward Spring.
New York.

At Grandma Flora's Country Place

III. A Walk Through The Woods

BY FLORA SPIEGELBERG.

It promised to be a warm day, so Grandma Flora decided to take her grandchildren to the cool woods, on the other side of the hill.

It was quite a little walk to these woods, but the road was bordered with big shade trees. A pretty green field of young corn was on one side and men, busy raking fresh-mown hay, on the other side.



DAISIES.

The children had grown to be very observant, and fond of admiring the many beauties of nature. They all stopped to inhale the sweet odor of the fresh-mown hay.

Ethel, whose bright black eyes were ever watchful, called the children to admire the many tiny dew-drops, for it was quite early in the morning. They were glistening like diamonds in the sunlight, on the slender blades

of grass, on the shining yellow petals of the buttercups, and on the spider's web, for the lazy little fellow was still asleep.

Little Dorothy cried: "Now I know who washes the faces of the pretty flowers every morning. It is the little dew-drops and then God lets the warm, bright sunshine dry them off."

Florence saw a lazy little snail, with his four horns, crawling slowly across the grass, with his wonderful little house on his back, leaving a silvery trail behind him.

Ethel found a large ant hill in a dry corner of the road. They all stopped to watch the ever busy little ants, running to and fro, carrying wings, and legs of dead bugs and flies.

Often three or four ants together carried a dead beetle, tugging and pulling, as best they could, until they reached the ant hill, when more ants came out to help them.

Grandma pulled out several of the ant eggs to show them to the children. They were surprised to see that the oblong, soft, grayish eggs were almost as large as the little ants themselves. How quickly these busy insects carried their little babies back to the ant hill.

Willie called the girlies to come and look at a soft downy nest of four little baby birds, built in a hollow branch of an old oak tree.

The birds were too small to fly, and were crying for their breakfast. Soon the mamma and papa birds appeared with worms in their bills.

Dropping a worm in each little open bill, they flew away for more worms.

After reaching the woods, they all sat down to rest on a fallen tree, in



a shady nook, where the pretty green ferns were growing almost as thick as grass. It was so cool and quiet.

The sweet, fresh odor from the bright new green on the tips of the pines and cedars, and the real woody smell from the dead leaves and ferns were much enjoyed by the children.

At times the sun shone on the bright green leaves of the birch trees. When the wind blew gently through the branches, the children were amused, watching the dancing sunbeams.

They gathered pretty wild flowers, some rare ferns, and were much interested in the many fungus growths on the dead trees. They had such funny shapes.

How strange to find so many bugs, worms, beetles and spiders living in and under the bright-colored toadstools. The children thought these insects had just lovely homes.

Ethel called the children to watch a little fly that had been caught in the web of a big black spider, with yellow stripes across his back. The sly, old spider sat motionless in a corner of his web, watching the poor little fly trying very hard to get his feet out of the web, and listening to the buzzing of his wings. The more he tried, the more the many tiny little hairs on his feet entangled him. Soon he was too tired to move. Then the sly old spider crawled quickly up to the fly and sucked his blood. After this feast he went back to the corner of his web to sleep until another silly fly should wake him up.

On their way out of the woods, the children had stopped many times to look at the beautiful moss-covered rocks, and to feel the soft velvety moss. They admired the pretty ferns and wild gooseberry bushes, growing, half standing, half hanging, out of the crevices of these rocks, where only the wind, the great and powerful gardener, could have blown the seeds.

How pretty it was! To have one of those moss-covered rocks in his own garden in the city was the wish of each child.

With great pride, Ethel showed five different varieties of mosses and three of ferns that she had picked in the woods. She wonderingly asked if these were the only varieties. All were much surprised to be told that there were perhaps more than a hundred varieties of mosses and ferns.

As soon as they were out of the woods, each child, with his basket on his arm, they started for the raspberry hedges.

The berries were nice and ripe, and tasted so good that they always ate two or three before putting one in the basket. Good old grandma helped them pick, and soon the little baskets were filled. Their little hands and faces were so stained with the ripe red juice of the berries, that they looked as though they had been painted red.

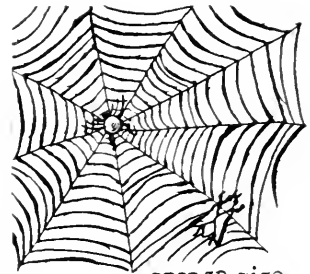
Walking home under the shady trees, Grandma Flora told them a long-promised story about their mammas when *they* were little children, like themselves. The story was: "How naughty Harry robbed a nest and killed the bird."

One day, after school, Betty and Rose stopped to pick some flowers that grew in the garden, back of the school house, for their mother.

Suddenly they heard a noise in the big maple tree and, looking around, saw Harry with a little live bird in his hand. They called to him not to harm it. Before the girls could run to the tree, this naughty, wicked boy had killed the poor little bird, and stood at the foot of the tree with the dead bird in his hand.

The girls were very angry, and took the little bird away from him. Betty held him fast, while Rose, the stronger one, whipped him as hard as she could.

He ran away crying, but the girls



SPIDER-WEB.



FERN.



RASPBERRY.



TOADSTOOLS

L.J.S.

followed him to his home. They told the story to his mother, who whipped him again, and put him to bed, without his supper.

When he said his prayers that night he promised his mother never again to kill or rob a bird's nest.

Betty and Rose buried the poor little bird in their own garden, under a cherry tree, and planted some pretty blue forget-me-nots on his grave.

This was grandma's story.

At the garden gate, when they returned to the farm, the children found their mothers, Betty and Rose, awaiting them.

They hastened to present the little baskets of raspberries they had picked for them, saying they had spent such a lovely morning with good Grandma Flora.

New York.

Jewish Tales

IV. The Preacher of Cordova

BY G. BEN LEVI.

"I tell thee thou makest me miserable. I would rather see thee dead than ignorant. Thou wilt be soon thirteen years of age, and thou wilt learn nothing. I pray to God that he may graciously release me from thee." Thus spoke a learned Israelite, of Cordova, to his son, who, overcome by his passion, he struck in the face, and returned to his chamber, without even casting a look at him.

The poor lad could with difficulty see that the injury he had just received caused the blood to rush from his face, when, at the same time, his eyes were filled with tears at the sight of paternal distraction. He remained absorbed in doleful reflections, and then resolutely said, "Come, I must take my departure; my father is right. I *am* an idler. Either my intelligence has not been well developed, or I have been taught in a defective manner. I learn nothing here, and am an object of shame and grief to my father. Let me travel; the world is large. I feel within me a desire to be instructed, and a secret voice tells me I shall succeed."

Some days afterwards, the son of Maimon arrived on foot, at Lucena, and went to the house of Rabbi Meir-ben-Joseph, who, taking him for a poor orphan without resources, received

him, and commenced his education. Stimulated by the desire of regaining the good graces of his father, the young man labored with zeal, and became one of the most distinguished of Rabbi Meir's pupils.

In the meantime, the father knew not what had become of his son, whom he tenderly loved, and thought was lost to him for ever. He reproached himself for his rigorous conduct, and did not allow a day to pass without thinking of, and praying for his outcast son.

Twenty years passed, and still no tidings of him. One day it was rumored at Cordova that a young Rabbi had come to obtain permission to preach in the synagogue. As they extolled the knowledge of this preacher, Maimon joined the crowd which filled the synagogue the following Sabbath to hear him. He beheld in the pupil a handsome young man, with a quick eye and modest demeanor. His paternal heart palpitated, as he said sorrowfully to himself, "If my son yet lives, that is the age he will be. What happiness for my old days, if I could also hear him preach in the synagogue." The young preacher commenced, and all were astonished at his wisdom and eloquence. But the tone of that voice troubled old Maimon; a dimness cov-

ered his eyes; his knees trembled; and when the sermon was concluded, amid a clamor of praise, the pale old man fixed his humid eye with anxiety on the young preacher, who, whilst speaking, had not taken his look from him. On leaving the pulpit, the orator tore himself from the eager congratulations of the elders, and approached old Maimon, saying, "I am *your son*; do you find me worthy of returning before you?" The father pressed his son to his

heart, overwhelmed him with caresses, and exclaimed, "Now then, I can die." "You shall live, my father, to sustain me in new studies which I will undertake, to prove myself worthy of your guidance."

This modest young scholar, this good son, called himself afterwards Maimonides, and was surnamed the light of Israel. His name is canonized as a Talmudist, philosopher, and physician.

A Song of Spring

BY HELEN HINSDALE RICH.

Groping, groping under the snow,

Wee white fingers are reaching about,
Feeling for sunbeams, warmth and glow.

Here comes peering a cautious scout:
"Ha! little violet, modest minx,

Why did you venture abroad, to-day,
Stealing a march on the grassy pinks?—
Back to your bed, in a jiffy, I say."

Sleep till April, you venturesome child,
Hasten and cover your head with mould;
Beguiling sunshine has made you wild.

Wait for the song of the robin bold;
List for the frogs, at their vespers loud;
Wait for the babble of happy streams;
The thunder will come from a murky cloud,
And wake you out of your winter dreams.

Hark! for the beat of the partridge drum,
To her reveille for her dozing brood;
Hear if the crow, with his croak, has come:
When the blackbirds cry in the distant wood;
Stay for the timid anemone;
Pause for the zephyr's arbutus-kiss,
Then you can stand in your beauty free
To nod and smile in a silent bliss.

Wait, my heart, for the slow glad hours,
The dreamy round of the sunny days;
Longing in hope for the dew-sweet flowers;
To set the world in a lovely blaze
Of bud and blossom and happy song,
Of soft-toned wild bird to usher May;
Winter is death, and its sleep is long—
Spirit of beauty, ring in the day!

Chicago.

Bible Lesson for the Month

BY RUDOLPH I. COFFEE.

Superintendent of the Hebrew Orphan Asylum, New York City.

I.

GRUDGING OTHERS.

In the 18th chapter of Exodus we read that Jethro, the father-in-law of Moses, came to the camp of the Israelites. When he heard of their remarkable deliverance from Egypt, the Bible informs us that he rejoiced and said: "Blessed be the Lord." Our Rabbis, however, say that although the face of Jethro may have presented a pleasant smile, there was no joy in his heart. Despite his apparent gratification, he was tormented beyond measure. It hurt him that Moses should have received such glory and Israel such honor, while he enjoyed none of it. Outwardly, he was delighted, but, within, he grudged his freedom to the Israelites.

There is no trait in human nature worse than this. Here was a man, whose very life was embittered because pleasant things were told him concerning others. I fear there are many persons to-day, who allow joyful news concerning their friends to affect them the same way. The success of our friends should not embitter us; on the contrary, we should feel happy that they have attained unto a higher station in this world.

To grudge happiness to others; to wear the mask of hypocrisy, by pretending one thing, and feeling another, is a very dangerous thing. We are fostering a pernicious habit, and the sooner we learn to avoid it, the better we shall be for it. How much nobler to hear glad tidings of our friends in brotherly sympathy, and allow our feelings to join in the general chorus of sincere congratulations. The world is so large, and the oppor-

tunities so numerous, that there is absolutely no reason to grudge anyone the honor that has been bestowed upon him. Let us withhold from others nothing, but grant them all joy, and thus bring pleasure into our own lives, when they succeed.

II.

FEELING FOR OTHERS.

With the 21st chapter of Exodus the second half of the Pentateuch begins. Up to this point, we have been chiefly in the realm of history. Now we are concerned more with laws for the ruling of Israel.

One cannot help but notice, in the very first chapters, how much insistence is placed on this idea of feeling for others. The slave, who was in any way mistreated, was allowed to go free. The property of every person was very securely guarded, and even the wages of the hired man could not be kept from him overnight. Laws for the safety of animals were devised, while, time and again, we are earnestly charged *to be kind to the stranger*.

Aside from the various purposes of these laws, there is the higher thought running throughout *to be interested in the welfare of others, and to feel for them*. The man who not only attends to his own business, but interests himself in his employees' welfare, develops, at the same time, a breadth of character of the highest order. The mother who extends her loving activities beyond the confines of her own home, is amply repaid by the helpful experience she obtains, and is enabled to rule her household the more wisely. The young man who will give constant thought to a colleague, whose

careworn face betokens a deep sorrow, is both aiding a friend in the time of need and enlarging his capacity for future usefulness.

There is still another aspect of this problem. Those who are interested in others, and feel for others can never become self-centered, or one-sided.

Let the cry of the widow, the plea of the orphan, and the mute appeal of the dumb animal be noticed by us. Let us help them, for thereby we help ourselves.

III.

PRECISENESS IN ACTION.

The manner in which the tabernacle was to be built is described in the greatest detail. We find verse after verse given over to a description of every article which Moses was ordered by God to fashion and to place within the tabernacle. There was a tradition, which in the Middle Ages almost amounted to a superstition, that this earth of ours was to be patterned after the tabernacle, and because the tabernacle was built rectangular in shape, so also was this world a rectangle. For us, the tabernacle has a lesson as regards its interior more vital than this exploded theory concerning its architecture. The earth is constructed just as precisely as was the tabernacle, and our own lives may properly be said to have a similar mold or build.

Many people are quite unaware of this, but herein consists the difference between a person who builds on straw, and he who erects his life-structure on a solid basis. The man who gives heed to details, who is exact even in small things, builds securely. If we fashion our careers with care and do not allow small matters to pass our notice, the greatest problems become comparatively small, because they have been studied and understood before they assumed larger proportions.

Many a man must already have felt that our whole life is merely a continued series of small incidents. When each is cared for in time, life runs along smoothly. When any of these is allowed to accumulate, some momentous problem confronts us. If we give heed to the small demands of nature, and use a little common sense in all our affairs, there is every likelihood that a successful career will be the result. Very often our employer sees us performing some slight task, and his judgment of our ability is formed by our application to details.

Every employer is looking for the man in whom he can place confidence, and no one is more worthy of this confidence than he, whose work is exact.

IV.

PRECISENESS IN SPEECH.

We next find explicit orders given in reference to the dress of the high priest, the sacrifices, and many other incidentals, within the tabernacle. And here again there is no opportunity to make a mistake. Each reference is so clear-cut, that no error could have been possible, save through willful disobedience. To-day, we meet people at every turn who do not appreciate the value of accuracy, and who were not very precise in speech. If they have been to some assembly, and a thousand people were gathered there, they see no harm in doubling and even giving three times that number when speaking of it. So also when talking of a person's wealth, they are so indiscriminate with numbers, that we at once feel their judgment to be either unreliable, or deliberately misleading. This is sure to prejudice us against such an individual. On the other hand, when we meet a person who speaks in a conservative way, and is careful to narrate things exactly as they happen, we feel at once that we are on safe ground in trusting this person. We are instinctively drawn to the man who

is not ashamed to qualify his remarks, when he is not sure. When he states a thing in positive terms, we are inclined to accept his word. This is one of the tests that is invariably used when people apply for positions. Human nature is so varied, that people have but few expedients at hand to estimate a person's value. One's appearance will lend some weight, but his manner of speech is a safer guide. If two persons apply for a position, and one states exactly how many years he was employed in some previous house, tells his exact age, and shows clearly

his purpose, he will undoubtedly be given the preference over and against him whose remarks are rambling and couched in generalities.

After all, there is a line of contact between act and speech. The person exact in the one, will, most probably, be the same in the other. Well may we consider these lessons from the building of the tabernacle: The exterior urges us to be exact in action, while the interior offers us the example of exactness in speech. By practising one, we are, at the same time, helping ourselves to become more perfect in the other.

In the Public Eye

Ezra S. Brudno



EZRA S. BRUDNO.

Ezra S. Brudno, whose book, "The Fugitive," has attracted much attention and has been reviewed at

length, was born in a small city in Lithuania, about twenty-six and a half years ago. The first fourteen years of his life he spent in his native place, under the care and instruction of a private tutor. At an early age he acquired a knowledge of Hebrew, Biblical poetry appealing especially to his tastes. At fourteen, his articles written in Hebrew were published in a St. Petersburg magazine of repute. About this time his father was compelled to leave Russia because of political disfavor, not financial embarrassment. With his family he came to this country and settled in Cleveland, Ohio. There young Brudno began the study of English, and, a few years later, graduated from a Cleveland high school. The years of 1896 and 1897 he passed as a student at Adelbert College. In 1898 he entered the Yale Law School and remained that year and the following year. In 1900, on his return to Cleveland, he continued the study of law. Shortly after his admission to the Ohio bar, he started into practice for himself. Sometime before en-

tering the Yale Law School, he intended to enter the ministry, but this idea he soon abandoned.

Despite insinuations to the contrary, he has not been a vagrant, nor has he led the life of a vagrant, even for the purpose of experiment. His has been the simple life of an earnest student. He prefers to stand off from the crowd, and observe, rather than take an active part, one way or the other. He studies closely and carefully. The gist of matters, not the petty details, interest him. Super-

ficial knowledge of any sort he dislikes. In his conduct he is quiet and modest. He has no longing to impress casual acquaintances with his ability. Brudno is a sincere, whole-souled man of high ideals, well worth having as a friend. The success of "The Fugitive," now in its tenth thousand, from latest press reports, has not changed the even tenor of his life.

A. H. R.

New York.

Gems from the Talmud and Midrash

The Mother's Jewels

Rabbi Meir, the great teacher, sat one Sabbath day in the school of the holy law, and taught the people. The rabbi had two sons, who were youths of great promise and well instructed in the law. On that Sabbath day they both died.

Tenderly their mother bore them to an upper chamber, laid them on her bed, and spread a white sheet over their bodies.

In the evening Rabbi Meir came home. "Where are my sons," asked he, "that I may give them my blessing?"

"They are gone into the school of the law," was his wife's reply.

"I looked round me," said he, "and I did not see them."

She set before him a cup; he praised the Lord for the close of the Sabbath, drank, and then asked again, "Where are my sons, that they also may drink of the wine of blessing?"

"They can not be far off," said his wife, as she placed food before him and begged him to eat.

When he had given thanks after the

meal, she said, "Rabbi, allow me a question."

"Say on, my beloved," answered he.

"Some time ago," said she, "a certain one gave me jewels to keep for him, and now he asks them back. Shall I give him them?"

"My wife should not need to ask such a question," said Rabbi Meir. "Would you hesitate to give any one back his own?"

"O, no," replied she, "but I did not like to give them back without your knowing before hand." Then she led him to the upper chamber, stepped in, and took the covering off the bodies.

"O, my sons," sobbed the father, "my sons! my sons!" The mother turned herself away and wept.

Soon, however, his wife took him by the hand, and said, "Rabbi, have you not taught me that we must not refuse to give back what was intrusted us to keep? See, the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; the name of the Lord be blessed." And Rabbi Meir repeated the words, and said from the depths of his heart, *Amen!*

I.

In schools of wisdom all the day was spent:

His steps at eve the rabbi homeward bent.

With homeward thoughts which dwelt upon the wife

And two fair children who adorned his life.
 She, meeting at the threshold, led him in,
 And, with these words preventing, did begin:
 "Ever rejoicing at your wished return,
 Yet do I most so now, for since the morn
 I have been much perplexed and sorely tried
 Upon one point, which *you* shall now decide.

II.

Some years ago, a friend into my care
 Some jewels gave,—rich, precious gems they were;
 And, having placed them in my charge, this friend
 Did after neither come for them nor send;
 But left them in my keeping for so long
 That now it almost seems to me a wrong
 That he should suddenly arrive to-day
 And take the jewels that he left away.
 What think you? Shall I freely yield them back,
 And with no murmuring?—so henceforth to lack
 Those gems myself, which I had learned to see
 Almost as mine forever—mine in fee?"

III.

"What question *can* be here? Your own true heart
 Must needs advise you of the *only* part:
 That may be claimed again which was but lent,
 And should be yielded with no discontent.
 Nor, surely, can we find herein a wrong,
 That it was left us to enjoy so long."

IV.

"Good is the word!" she answered, "may we now
 And evermore that it is good allow!"
 And, rising, to an inner chamber led:
 And there she showed him, stretched upon one bed,
 Two children pale; and he the jewels knew
 Which God had lent him, and resumed anew.

The Raindrops and the Flowers

BY ELSIE KOHUT.

All morning the heavy black clouds
 had been collecting in the clear sky,
 and with them the frowns had been
 gathering on little Helen's face. She
 sat at the window, with her head rest-
 ing on a small, chubby hand, and
 sadly watching the one blue spot left
 in the heavens. If it should vanish,
 she would have to stay at home all

the long afternoon, without any one
 to play with, and, perhaps, she would
 even have to learn a spelling lesson.
 How she hated spelling, and staying
 at home, when possibly Bella and
 Josephine were out in the fields play-
 ing.

Slowly the one blue spot was van-
 ishing, and with it all of little Helen's

hopes. She closed her eyes sadly and wearily, as the rain came down in torrents, and, for one brief, happy moment, imagined that it was all sunshine without, and that she and Bella were making daisy wreaths. But no—she opened her eyes again, and watched the little drops chase one another down the window-pane. At least *they* were happy, and were playing merrily together. Oh, why *didn't* the rain stop!

Now, it was no longer the rain-drops which were playing with one another, but she and Bella, and the sun was shining, o, so brightly! At first they took hands, and began to skip along the road, merrily keeping time. By and by the sun seemed very hot, so they were content to walk, rather than to jump. But o, how glad little Helen was that there were no big, ugly clouds, and that mother did not have to say, "My little girl will get all wet if she goes out."

By and by the little feet began to ache, and two tired and thirsty little girls sat down on a rock to rest.

"Aren't you glad it stopped raining?" asked Helen, although she was really too tired to talk, and had let the flowers which she had gathered drop from her hands.

"Why, it hasn't rained this week," remarked Bella. "I heard father say this morning that we won't have much of a fruit crop if it doesn't rain soon."

Helen was puzzled. She was as sure that it had been raining that day, as she was that her uncle had given her a life-size doll for her seventh birthday. But, then, she knew it wouldn't be polite to contradict Bella, so she only replied: "I hope we will have at least apples; I'm so *awfully* fond of apples."

"We may not even have water to drink," continued Bella. "Mother says the wells are drying up."

For some reason, unknown to herself, it suddenly occurred to Helen that *she was the cause of it all*—for

now she was fully convinced that Bella had told the truth about the rain, since she seemed to know so much about the fruit and the wells. But she tried to ease her conscience by saying: "If they haven't water, then they could drink soda-water, couldn't they?"

Bella laughed. Helen stood two places above her in spelling, so she was glad of a chance to display her superior knowledge. "Of course, you can't have soda-water if you haven't got water, and, besides, it isn't good when you are thirsty."

Here it suddenly dawned on the two children that they were dreadfully thirsty, so they arose wearily and continued their walk. They felt so hot and tired, however, that they had to rest again before they got to Farmer Jones' farm, two blocks down the road, although their thirst was hardly endurable.

"Let's take some flowers to Millie Jones," suggested Helen, who was a kind and thoughtful little soul. "You know she's so sick."

So they started a third time for the farm, behind which grew many daisies and pink clover, but, when they reached there, a sad sight greeted their eyes. The daisies were all withered, and the dandelions, which are sturdy little flowers, were beginning to droop their golden heads.

"It's because it hasn't rained," remarked Bella, philosophically.

Helen was silent. She felt that it was all *her* fault, as she had wished so much for the rain to stop.

"I shan't hurt their feelings, anyway," she said, as she bent down to pick a few. "I'll take them to Millie just the same, as if they were fresh and pretty."

Finally, the tired and thirsty children did arrive at Jones' farm, and Helen could hardly get out her accustomed "How's Millie?" before she begged for a glass of water.

"Water!" said Mrs. Jones, reproach-

fully; "you ask *me* for water, when it's all *your* fault that Millie can't get well for want of a drink, and I myself half——"

Helen's heart smote her. The dead flowers fell one by one from her hand, and made a noise as they fell. Helen thought it was strange that she could hear each flower distinctly as it fell—

but no, it wasn't the flowers at all, *but the rain-drops*, beating against the window-pane so loudly, that it awakened her.

She smiled to herself, as she watched them, and said: "I'm so glad for the dear little flowers."

New York.

Tommy and the Micmacs

BY JACOB J. LEIBSON.

(Continued.)

As he reached the clump of trees, he thought he heard the well-known bark of his dog, and paused to listen. At first he doubted his ears, but when, after listening for a few seconds, he caught the sound again, he pushed his way into the grove, in the direction from which it came.

Now the barking could be heard more distinctly, and Tommy was greatly alarmed on perceiving that it was more like a howl of fear, than the bark of a pursuing dog. What had happened? he wondered. Had Roxy met an enemy that was too much for him?

He had reached an opening in the grove, where he stood still and listened anxiously to the howling that was approaching faster and faster. Suddenly the figure of Roxy shot by him through the small clearing, and in an instant was lost again in the thicket on the other side. Tommy caught but a momentary glance of the dog, but in that instant he saw enough to convince him that his dog was being pursued by no mean foe. Involuntarily he drew back. As he did so, he heard the crackling of dried limbs beside him, and there rushed into the opening—an Indian boy.

The latter checked himself on seeing Tommy, and for a short space

stood still, regarding him with almost as much astonishment as was depicted on Tommy's face at that moment.

Roxy's howling fell upon his ears again, when the Indian broke the silence, and, to Tommy's great astonishment, addressed him in good English.

"Who are you?"

Tommy continued to stare at the lad, not knowing whether to stay or to run off as fast as he could.

"Where did *you* come from?" continued the Indian. "Is that your dog?"

This time there was something so imperative in his voice that Tommy could not refrain from answering very meekly, "Why, I just come from home—that is, over there," and he vaguely indicated the direction in which his house lay with a wave of his hand. He was now almost entirely overcome by fear, and was mentally berating himself for having entered the grove.

The Indian had stood surveying Tommy from head to foot. Everything about him seemed so strange—the color of his skin, the clothes Tommy wore, and the shoes that covered his feet. He peered carefully into Tommy's face, and then uttered an exclamation low, yet so sudden that

Tommy was startled. "Ah, I see; you have come! The words of the great medicine men have come true. Welcome to the Land of the Micmacs. The Great Chief, the Child of the Moon, awaits you."

Tommy was more and more bewildered. This was mystery, indeed. The more he thought over the Indian's words, the less he seemed to make of them. But there was so decided a change in the tone of the stranger, something so reassuring in his voice, that Tommy felt there was no danger. Yet, he wondered all the more at the sudden change, and waited for the Indian to speak again, in hopes of being able to understand him.

"Come with me to the Great Chief in his wigwam by the sea—there, but a few steps away," and he pointed to the right. By this time Roxy had returned, and was regarding his master and the stranger who had lately pursued him, at a safe distance.

Tommy was considering what the Indian had just said. At first it sounded too absurd to believe that he was near the sea coast, for he knew too well that his home was situated in a valley more than fifty miles from the ocean. Yet his doubts began to leave him, and to give way to a faint suspicion that he had been misinformed, and that the Indian was speaking the truth, for even as he stood there he imagined he could feel soft breezes fan his cheeks, that were not at all unlike those from the sea. He even imagined he could hear the roaring of waves somewhere in the neighborhood. Evidently, not far away, behind the cluster of trees that confronted him, was the broad ocean. He stole a hurried glance behind him. The scenery had changed. Everything was strange to him.

"Come," pleaded the Indian lad, "the Great Chief, the Child of the Moon, will be happy to receive you, for you are the expected omen." He

took Tommy's hand in his and led him forward. So kind was his voice now, so gentle his grasp, that Tommy could not resist. He followed, and Roxy, who seemed to understand the situation, trotted along at his master's side.

They had gone but a few steps, when Tommy perceived that the roaring of the waves grew louder. Roxy, who had never been to the seashore, began to sniff the air and wag his tail excitedly. He wondered at the noise and the strange scent that filled the air, and fearing lest his master be led into some unknown danger, he uttered a series of low growls in warning.

"Why, there's the dog!" said the Indian, looking at Roxy. "We need him; his soul shall travel to the Great Spirit as messenger of the Micmac Chief. How fortunate I was to meet you two to-day!"

Tommy had a vague foreboding of Roxy's finish, but he said nothing and walked on. Soon they emerged from the forest, and there, right before them, was the ocean.

A stretch of low ground, covered with bushes, lay between them and the narrow beach that skirted the water. There they paused. The sun, which was still high in the sky, gilded the water in front of them in spots that danced to and fro and lined the few low-hanging clouds near the horizon with silver. Tommy had never beheld such a sky in all his life. Only in pictures had he seen anything that approached it.

"Ah, that is the work of the great Father Sun," said the Indian, as he watched Tommy's face, whereon was plainly depicted the admiration he felt. "Our Great Father is good and kind. But, alas! the Mother is angered at her son. Night after night he seeks in vain the sweet slumber which she denies him. She has given his soul into the keeping of the demons, who suffer him not to sleep,

and though we have tried in every way to appease her anger, she will grant him no relief. Every night the sacred dance is held, and cries are raised to the Mother Moon, but in vain. They had even sent canoes away off, to where the sun rises from the ocean, to seek him, and to pray him to plead for our Chief. But it is months and months since they have gone. The Father Sun hears not their prayer. I fear they have never reached him, and have been lost and shall never return.

Tommy listened with great interest to what the Indian was saying. It sounded to him like the stories he had read in books. He turned to his companion to ask him to tell more, when he espied a crowd of Indians running toward them from a small group of wigwams on the left. Greatly alarmed at this, he moved closely to his companion, and Roxy, suddenly observing the advancing crowd, ran out in front of his master, and uttered a few sharp barks of defiance, wagging his tail at a great rate, as if he were going to lash them all with it.

At this the crowd set up a great shout, and suddenly halted. Tommy looked uneasily at his companion.

"Don't be afraid," said the latter, observing Tommy's anxiety. "They know who you are now, and no one will think of harming you. Come; they wait for us."

He led the way, and Tommy followed with his dog. Roxy, satisfied that he had stopped them with his barking, boldly accompanied his master. When they reached the crowd, it parted to let them pass, and then every one turned and followed the young Indian and the white boy, on their way to the Great Chief.

Tommy, though he felt secure, could not help feeling uneasy, under the steady glances of the curious mob, many of whom expressed their astonishment and admiration by low exclamations.

Finally they reached the cluster of wigwams, and paused before one that was larger than the rest. At the door, or opening, stood two stout braves, with tomahawk in hand. Tommy's companion stepped up to one and addressed him in a low tone. At this, the brave immediately left his place at the door and entered the wigwam.

(To be continued.)

King Solomon and his Court or the Ninety-Nine Nights and One

BY SULEIMAN EL-MALIK.

(Continued.)

The king waited anxiously for a few moments. "Well," he said, after a short silence, "what then?" The little story-teller looked up. "What then!" he repeated. Why, nothing."

"And is that all?" queried the king in surprise. "What more would His Majesty have? Is not the story complete as I told it?"

"Hm," said King Solomon, not without an air of disappointment in

his voice. "Rather an abrupt ending for a story. Next time please don't leave off so suddenly. It leaves me quite dissatisfied. According to my promise, you have earned your reward; but first I must hear another story from your brother here."

He made a sign to the other who immediately began:

"There was once a man from the country of Elam, who was leisurely

going on the road, seated upon his ass, which carried a fine mantle of divers colors, and the mantle was bound with a cord upon the ass.

"And the man was on his journey, passing through the street of Hasabad, when the sun set in the evening, and he remained there in order to abide during the night, but no one would let him into his house; and at that time there was in Hasabad a wicked and mischievous man, one skilful to do evil, and his name was Hedad.

"And he lifted up his eyes and saw the traveler in the street of the city, and he came to him and said, 'Whence comest thou and whither dost thou go?'

"And the man said to him, 'I am traveling from Hebron to Elam, where I belong, and as I passed the sun set, and no one would suffer me to enter his house, though I had bread and water and also straw and provender for my ass, and am short of nothing.'

"And Hedad answered and said to him, 'All that thou shalt want shall be supplied by me, but in the street thou shalt not abide all night.'

"And Hedad brought him to his house, and he took off the mantle from the ass with the cord, and brought them to his house, and he gave the ass straw and provender, whilst the traveler ate and drank in Hedad's house, and he abided there that night.

"And in the morning the traveler rose up early to continue his journey, when Hedad said to him, 'Wait, comfort thy heart with a morsel of bread and then go,' and the man did so; and he remained with him, and they both ate and drank together during the day, when the man rose up to go.

"And Hedad said to him, 'Behold, now the day is declining; thou hast better remain all night that thy heart may be comforted;' and he pressed him so that he tarried there all night, and on the second day he rose up early to go away, when Hedad pressed

him, saying 'Comfort thy heart with a morsel of bread and then go;' and he remained and ate with him also the second day, and then the man rose up to continue his journey.

"And Hedad said to him, 'Behold, now the day is declining; remain with me to comfort thy heart, and in the morning rise up early and go thy way.'

"And the man would not remain, but rose and saddled his ass, and whilst he was saddling his ass, the wife of Hedad said to her husband, 'Behold, this man has remained with us for two days eating and drinking, and he has given us nothing, and now shall he go away from us without giving anything?' And Hedad said to her, 'Be silent.'

"And the man saddled his ass to go, and he asked Hedad to give him the cord and mantle to tie it upon the ass.

"And Hedad said to him, 'What sayest thou?' And he said to him, 'That thou, my lord, shalt give me the cord and the mantle made with divers colors which thou didst conceal with thee in thy house to take care of it.'

"And Hedad answered the man, saying, 'This is the interpretation of thy dream: the cord which thou didst see, means that thy life will be lengthened out like a cord, and having seen the mantle colored with all sorts of colors, means that thou shalt have a vineyard in which thou wilt plant trees of all fruits.'

"And the traveler answered, saying, 'Not so, my lord, for I was awake when I gave thee the cord and also a mantle woven with different colors, which thou didst take off the ass to put them by for me.' And Hedad answered and said, 'Surely I have told thee the interpretation of thy dream and it is a good dream, and this is the interpretation thereof. Now, the sons of men give me four pieces of silver, which is my charge for interpreting dreams, and of thee only I require three pieces of silver.'

"And the man was provoked at the

words of Hedad, and he cried bitterly, and he brought Hedad to Serek Judge of Hasabad.

"And the man laid his cause before Serek the Judge, when Hedad replied, saying, 'It is not so, but thus the matter stands;' and the judge said to the traveler, 'This man Hedad telleth the truth, for he is famed in the cities for the accurate interpretation of dreams.'

"And the man cried at the word of the judge, and he said, 'Not so, my lord, for it was in the day that I gave him the cord and mantle which was upon the ass, in order to put them by in his house;' and they both disputed before the judge, the one saying thus the matter was, and the other declaring otherwise.

"And Hedad said to the man, 'Give me four pieces of silver that I charge for my interpretations of dreams; I will not make any allowance; and give me the expense of the four meals that thou didst eat in my house.'

"And the man said to Hedad, 'Truly, I will pay thee for what I ate in thy house, only give me the cord and mantle which thou didst conceal in thy house.'

"And Hedad replied before the judge and said to the man, 'Did I not tell thee the interpretation of thy dream? The cord means that thy days shall be prolonged like a cord, and the mantle, that thou wilt have a vineyard in which thou wilt plant all kinds of fruit trees. This is the proper interpretation of thy dream; now give me the four pieces of silver that I require as a compensation, for I will make thee no allowance.'

"And the man cried at the words of Hedad, and they both quarrelled before the judge, and the judge gave orders to his servants, who drove them rashly from the house.

"And they went away, quarrelling, from the judge, when the people of Hasabad heard them, and they gath-

ered about them, and they exclaimed against the stranger, and they drove him rashly from the city.

"And the man continued his journey upon his ass with bitterness of soul, lamenting and weeping.

"And whilst he was going along he wept at what had happened to him in the corrupt city of Hasabad.

"And the cities of Hasabad had four judges, and by their desire the people had beds erected in the streets of the cities, and if a man came to these places they laid hold of him and brought him to one of their beds, and by force made him to lie in them.

"And as he lay down, three men would stand at his head and three at his feet, and measure him by the length of the bed, and if the man was less than the bed, these six men would stretch him at each end, and when he cried out to them they would not answer him.

"And if he was longer than the bed, then they would draw together the two sides of the bed at each end, until the man had reached the gates of death.

"And if he continued to cry out to them, they would answer him, saying, 'Thus shall it be done to a man that cometh into our land.'

"And when men heard all these things that the people of the cities of Hasabad did, they refrained from coming there.

"And when a poor man came to their land, they would give him silver and gold, and cause a proclamation in the whole city not to give him a morsel of bread to eat, and if the stranger should remain there some days, and die from hunger, not having been able to obtain a morsel of bread, then, at his death, all the people of the city would come and take their silver and gold which they had given to him.

"And those that could recognize the silver or gold which they had given him, took it back, and at his death they

also stripped him of his garments, and they would fight about them, and he that prevailed over his neighbor took them.

"They would after that carry him and bury him under some of the shrubs in the deserts; so they did all the days to any one that came to them and died in their land.

"Now in the course of time, a man sent his servant to Hasabad to inquire after the welfare of a friend.

"And Hassan, the servant went to Hasabad, and he met a man of Hasabad fighting with a stranger, and the man of Hasabad stripped the poor man of all his clothes and went away.

"And this poor man cried to Hassan and supplicated his favor on account of what the man of Hasabad had done to him.

"And he said to him, 'Why dost thou act thus to the poor man who came to thy land?'

"And the man of Hasabad answered Hassan, saying, 'Is this man thy brother, or have the people of Hasabad made thee a judge this day, that thou speakest about this man?'

"And Hassan strove with the man of Hasabad on account of the poor man, and when Hassan approached to recover the poor man's clothes from the man of Hasabad, he hastened and with a stone smote Hassan in the forehead.

"And the blood flowed copiously

from Hassan's forehead, and when the man saw the blood he caught hold of Hassan, saying, 'Give me my hire for having rid thee of this bad blood that was in thy forehead, for such is the custom and the law in our land.'

"And Hassan said to him, 'Thou has wounded me, and requirest me to pay thee thy hire?' And Hassan would not hearken to the words of the man of Hasabad.

"And the man laid hold of Hassan and brought him to Serek, the Judge of Hasabad, for judgment.

"And the man spoke to the judge, saying, 'I beseech thee, my lord, thus has this man done, for I smote him with a stone that the blood flowed from his forehead, and he is unwilling to give me my hire.'

"And the judge said to Hassan, 'This man speaketh truth to thee; give him his hire; for this is the custom in our land.' And Hassan heard the words of the judge, and he lifted up a stone and smote the judge, and the stone struck his forehead, and the blood flowed copiously from the forehead of the judge, and Hassan said, 'If this is the custom in your land, give thou unto this man what I should have given him, for this has been thy decision; thou didst decree it.'

"And Hassan left the man of Hasabad with the judge, and he went away."

The Little Leaf

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Once upon a time a little leaf was heard to sigh and cry, as leaves often do when a gentle wind is about. And the twig said: "What is the matter, little leaf?"

"The wind," said the leaf, "just told me that one day it would pull me off and throw me down to the ground to die!" The twig told it to the branch

on which it grew, and the branch told it to the tree. And when the tree heard it, it rustled all over, and sent word back to the leaf:

"Do not be afraid; hold on tightly, and you shall not go till you want to." And so the leaf stopped sighing, and went on rustling and singing. And so it grew all summer long till Octo-

ber. And when the bright days of Autumn came, the little leaf saw all the leaves around becoming very beautiful. Some were yellow, and some were scarlet, and some were striped with both colors. Then it asked the tree what it meant, and the tree said:

"All these leaves are getting ready to fly away, and they have put on these beautiful colors because of joy."

Then the little leaf began to want to go, and grew very beautiful in thinking of it, and when it was very gay in colors, it saw that the branches of the tree had no color in them, and so the leaf said: "O, branch, why are you lead-colored and me golden?"

"We must keep on our work-clothes," said the tree, "for our life is not done yet, but your clothes are for a holiday, because your task is over."

Just then a little puff of wind came and the leaf ~~le~~ go without thinking of it, and the wind took it up and turned it over and over, and then whirled it like a spark of fire in the air, and let it fall gently down under the edge of a fence, among hundreds of leaves, and it fell into a dream, and never waked up to tell what it dreamed about.

—*Selected.*

Little by Little

BY IRENE MILLER.

John, the hero of my story, was 14 years old when his father died and left him with the care of a family on his shoulders—he being the oldest of five. His mother had died when he was but eight years old, and now his father had passed away to the beautiful world above, where care is unknown, and pain is never felt.

He did not begin to feel his great responsibility till the week of solitude and mourning had passed. He was reminded of it by his little sister, Flora, who offered to go out sewing, so as to help him pay the rent, which would soon become due. He refused her well-meant offer, however, for he knew she did not realize the hardships she would have to endure. He told her she would have all she could do to make home as cheerful as possible. He did not say *comfortable*, for there were very few comforts in their dreary rooms.

John knew that the landlord would soon be in for the rent, and where were they to get it? He didn't wait

for work to come to him, but, placing his trust in God, went in search of it. He had walked about a mile, when he came to a drug store, in the window of which hung the sign: "Boy Wanted." John went in and asked the clerk if they wanted a boy. The man said they did, and told John what they would pay a boy. The pay was very poor, and John knew that it would not keep *one* of them, let alone *five*; so he started out, never giving up, for he knew that God, who takes care of the orphans, would provide for him, too. But when night came on, he was as far from getting work as ever, and, as he dragged his tired body home, he felt very sad. His little comforter and helpmate had just put three hungry little ones to bed, and was waiting for him. He told her of his fruitless search, and, for the first time since his great cares were laid upon him, he gave way, and they sobbed out their grief in each other's arms.

He recovered himself and made

Flora go to bed. When Flora went to say good-night, and to tell him that she had prayed for better luck next day, she found him on his knees, saying his prayers. The light of the candle shone on his face, and, as he prayed, he looked just like an angel.

The next day he started on his journey and had the same luck, but he met a little newsboy who told him how to buy papers at newsboys' rates. He bought a few, and was able to sell them. This was a hard task for a boy like John, who had expected to graduate and go to high school, and, besides, his companions were not as good as they might be; they did all they could to make him steal from his customers, and to cheat them.

It took a boy with a strong will to overcome these temptations when you think of the family at home with hardly enough to eat, but God gave him courage, and the thought of the smiling face that greeted him at the door carried him through the day.

He made, on an average, seventy-

five cents a day, and his sister saved some of his earnings.

One day, John came home with a thoughtful face. He had a chance to buy a newstand, and, thought he, if he could only get some money, he would not have to work so hard, and they would be out of need. His thrifty housekeeper asked him how much was needed, and, on naming the sum, he was surprised to find that Flora could supply it. He bought the stand, and, by and by, as he made more money, they took a larger apartment.

John never gave up "trusting in God," and we find him, at the age of twenty-five, editor of a newspaper, owning stands in all the business sections of a large city.

John saw that his brothers and sisters had the education he had missed, and he proved to them that little things go to make great things, and that to be successful you must first have trust in God.

New York.

Bible Commentaries in Anecdotes

RICE OR LIFE.

Micah 6:9; Job 36:13; Jer. 10:24.

Several years ago, there was an earthquake in Japan, near the coast, and an old man, who had been through many earthquakes, looked toward the sea, and saw a wave 30 or 40 feet high rise up in the air and recede from the land. He ran out of the village to the high ground where the rice shocks were, and set them afire. When the people saw the fields burning, they rushed out, and, when some one accused him of being the incendiary, they were about to stone him, for the rice fields were their food, but he said, "Look," and, as they looked back toward the village, they saw it submerged by the waves. If the people had not come out to see their rice fields

burn, they would all have been drowned. The old man was then the hero of the town. God sometimes has to attract our attention by treating us severely, to burn some things in our lives in order to save us from danger, to be severe in order to be gentle, and when we see His purpose in it, we love Him all the better for it.

It was the morning of the first of April, and Harold, the minister's son, a little lad of five years, had been told that he might ask the blessing at the table. The family bowed their heads and waited for the expected blessing. The boy bowed his head reverently, clasped his hands, was solemnly silent for a moment, and then called out jubilantly, "April fool!"

Literary Notes

Collier's Weekly is undoubtedly the best illustrated periodical for news and pictures of the Russo-Japanese war. No other journal has so large and competent a staff of trained writers and photographers at the seat of war. Every issue is replete with most interesting articles and views.

Pearson's Magazine for April contains the first of the Tom Nast memoirs, by Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine, that have been announced for some months. It has, also, another of Dr. Cyrus Townsend Brady's stories of "Indian Fights and Fighters—The Thirty-two Against the Three Thousand;" an interesting article on "The Patriotism of Japan," by Mr. Alexander Hume Ford.

THE talented niece of General Sherman has written a novel for *Lippincott's Magazine*. She is Mrs. Helen Sherman Griffith, and her story is called "Incognito." It appears in the April number complete. "Wee Macgregor" has contributed one of his delicious Scotch tales. It is called "For Granpaw Purdie."

THOMAS NELSON PAGE goes right to the heart of the Negro Problem and uncovers some of its "Difficulties and Fallacies" in his second paper on that subject in the April *McClure's Magazine*. With intimate knowledge and clear insight, he shows where both North and South made mistakes in their treatment of the problem. He describes the changed relations between the two races in the South due to these mistakes, born largely of the ignorance of each section of the conditions and temper of the other. Mr. Page sweeps away both of the vain theories of the doctrinaire and the narrow prejudices of the provincial with one free, strong stroke.

THE *Review of Reviews* for April has several important articles bearing on the war in the far East. Dr. E. J. Dillon, the English correspondent, epitomizes the situation at St. Petersburg, in a characterization of the men now at the fore in the Czar's councils. Dr. G. Frederick Wright summarizes the Russian contributions to Asiatic civilization. In the department of "Leading Articles of the Month," both sides of the present controversy are presented in the form of reviews and abridgments of articles appearing in the leading English and continental periodicals.

IN addition to an elaborate portrayal of current fashions and other matter of special interest to women, *The Delineator* for May contains literary and artistic features of the highest excellence. In fiction, there are two short stories, "His Financée," by Virginia Woodward Cloud, a delightful tale of a girl and her adviceful cousins and awesome mother-in-law, and "The Battle to the Strong," by John H. Whitson, a college story; also a dramatic chapter of the "Evolution of a Club Woman," by Agnes Surbridge. The story of Catherine Sevier, conspicuous in the early history of Tennessee, is the first of a series on "Great Women of Pioneer Times." Among the present-day great, Mme. Sembrich, the famous soprano, is the subject of an interesting article by Gustav Kobbé, the illustrations of which are of special value. In "Around the World in Eighty Pictures," the reader is taken into a field of greatest interest—Japan and Corea. Lillie Hamilton French's remarks on "Mothers and Marriageable Sons" will be greatly enjoyed, and Dr. Murray's instructions in regard to the care of the mouth and

teeth will be found helpful by every one. In addition, there are engaging stories and pastimes for the little ones, and timely information for almost every department of the home.

PUZZLES

PUZZLES FOR APRIL

I.—DIAMOND: 1. A consonant. 2. Regret. 3. A shrub. 4. An organ. 5. Consonant.

II.—BEHEADINGS: 1. Behead to conjecture and get a tree. 2. Behead a vessel and get a grain. 3. Behead to predict and get a poem.

III.—SQUARE: 1. One time. 2. Neighboring. 3. Vehicles. 4. Formerly.

IV.—CURTAILING: 1. Curtail be-times and get a nobleman. 2. Curtail a coin and get misty. 3. Curtail a rabbit and get to study with care.

V.—TRANSPPOSITIONS: 1. Transpose an animal and get balsam. 2. Transpose a cupola and get manner. 3. Transpose a part of the head and get to grasp.

The prize for the March puzzle is awarded to Ida Hyman of New York.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN MARCH NUMBER.

I.—*Word Square.*

V A T
A P E
T E A

2.—*Transpositions.*

C A R—A R C
F A D E—D E A F
G R I P—P R I G

3.—*Diamond.*

F
A R E
F R A M E
E M U
E

4.—*Beheadings.*

F R A N K—R A N K
S A S H—A S H
S P O R T—P O R T

5.—*Curtailings.*

M E N D—M E N
F I R M—F I R
S P A R E—S P A R

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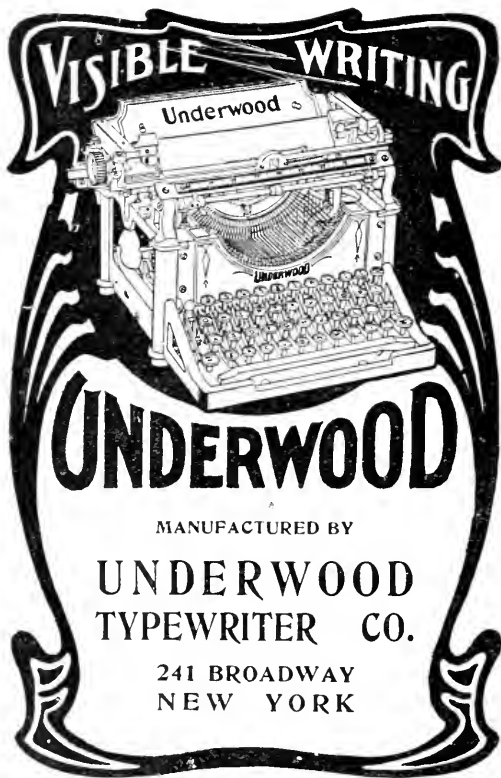
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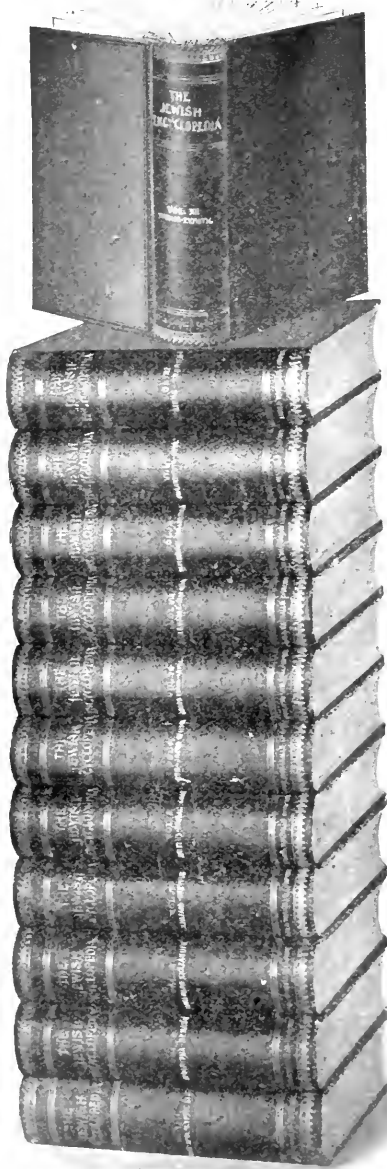
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FORMERLY "HELPFUL THOUGHTS"

An Illustrated Magazine for the Jewish Family and School

GEORGE ALEXANDER KOHUT, Editor

Vol. X

May, 1904

No. 9

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The Jewish Home

VOL. X.

MAY, 1904

No. 9

EDITORIALS

Calendar for the Month.

May 15 (Sunday). *New Moon*, Sivan 1.

May 20 (Friday). *Shabuoth*, (Feast of Weeks), Sivan 6.

May 21 (Saturday). *Second Day of Shabuoth*, Sivan 7.

Pentecost All Nature wears a kinder smile. The earth is covered with a velvety garment of green, and, under the belated kiss of early summer, the buds peep out on the myriad trees, and the gay voices of the birds are heard. Have you ever thought how good it is to enjoy the golden sunshine, the fragrant flowers and the caroling birds? To give thanks to God for His infinite bounties of sky, and sea, and land, of field and orchard, dale and hillside, happiness and rest? O, it is so good to be alive, and to feel the glow of life in our hearts and upon our cheeks; to know that it is right to be cheery and joyous, and that the God of all the earth rejoices in our mirth. Let us take all Nature to our hearts; let us confide in her; let us tell her all we feel and think and yearn for to possess. She is our Foster-Mother, and she will be patient with us; she will

fondle us, and solace us, and love us, and will speak to God of us, to our Father, who is in Heaven.

Confirmation

It was on just such a fine, early summer day that the nation Israel was confirmed. Gathered at the foot of Sinai, the Holy Mountain, amid the quaking of thunder and the flash of fire, with the Eternal wrapped in cloud, our forefathers received the Law of Righteousness. The Ten Commandments was the Nation's Confirmation lesson. And, as it stood, awed and hushed, in the presence of the Invisible God, all Israel cried out, with one accord: *Everything which the Lord commandeth, we will execute and obey.* This promise of Israel was its act of Confirmation.

We, too, are standing, to-day, in the presence of the same God who spoke on Sinai ages ago, and are about to make the same vow of loyalty and allegiance. Not in levity, nor with indifference, but thrilled and awe-inspired by the solemnity of the sacred charge, and mindful of our newly-assumed duties as members of the covenant, shall we exclaim, as did our fathers in the olden days: *Everything which the Lord commandeth, we will execute and obey!*

Thoughts about Pentecost

BY REV. G. LIPKIND.



REV. G. LIPKIND.

With the passing spring, the Festival of Pentecost is again with us—the Festival which, in its joyous and piquant associations, more than any other, adds a poetic touch to the religious life of the Jew. It is well that children, during their tender years, should have the false notion eradicated that religion, and, in particular, the Jewish religion, stands always for severity and an unnatural restraint. Our religion has continued through so many centuries to be the strong force it is to-day, perhaps chiefly because it has always been so perfectly "natural;" because it has insistently recognized a joyous, as well as a sad and serious side to human nature, and because it has tried to teach us of God, not only through the thunders of Sinai's mount, but also through the beautiful things of the world in which God has manifested himself, equally. The Festival of Pentecost has always been regarded and celebrated as a

"nature-festival"—in former days even more so than now. The Jews were not always, as to-day, a commercial people, living in towns. Originally, they were an agricultural people, pure and simple, each tilling his own plot of land, and living a free and joyous life, in the open fields. Subsisting thus, they were more directly conscious of their dependence on the favors of Heaven for the success or failure of their crops and produce; and, when the time duly came round, they knew how to thank God out of His own store that He had provided. To the synagogues, gaily bedecked and belowered for the Festival, they brought baskets of delicate and exquisite floral tributes; the fragrance of the trees was wafted through God's house, and its glorious incense rose as a mute thanksgiving to Heaven.

Ah, would that we could return, for a space, to the simplicity of their unsophisticated lives; would that the every-day tokens of God's grace, as manifested in bud and blossom, could attune *our* hearts and minds with reverent sympathy and communion with their Maker.

"Little flower—but could I understand
What you are, root and all, and all in
all,

I should know what God and man is!"

But, alas! in the changed conditions of modern life, if flowers have lost their subtle meaning for us, we have, perforce, to be taught of God and man and duty through some more direct, some more tangible form of expression. It was thus a wise pre-vision of the Rabbis to link this nature-festival with some concrete and definite episode in Israel's history, one that spoke eloquently of God, and strikingly revealed His presence to the world. So it came about that, as Pentecost fell at a season contemporaneous with the Giving of the Law,

the genius of the Rabbis seized upon this event as a suitable object of commemoration at the same time. Thus, the anniversary of God's Revelation is turned into an occasion for great joyousness; and, indeed, we have reason to rejoice that God has shown us what he is, for has He not, thereby, given us a pattern of what we, too, may aspire to become? Cherished and revered was the law which, in revealing God, gave us the living portraiture of whatever was great and good and holy. "Sweeter than honey and the honeycomb," were the words of the Psalmist, in describing the Law—a description which suggested an old-time custom that used, formerly, to be observed at Pentecost. A verse of Scripture was written in honey, on a newly-baked cake, which was then given to a child to eat. With avidity he swallowed it; nay, like Oliver Twist, he was probably impelled to ask for more and more. Ah! sweet, indeed, was the Law, when we approached it in that childlike, trustful spirit; exquisite was duty, when it became the symbol of God's will, to be performed by us, joyously and unhesitatingly.

That has been the great merit of Israel—of faithful Israel—through the ages: that it has been willing to place its shoulder to the wheel of duty and obligation, where others first counted the cost, and then rejected the life of holiness and self-sacrifice as too burdensome and exacting. There is an old Talmudic legend which tells us how, in the first instance, the Law was offered by God to all the nations of the earth in turn, and was refused by them, severally, on account of the stringency of its enactments. Then it was offered to Israel, and the burden of duty, then joyously assumed, has made him, since, the high priest at the religious altar of the world. His burden was not assumed to be shaken off at the earliest possible mo-

ment: it was a burden of love, the reverent and joyous fulfilment by a son of a parent's wishes and behests for his good.

"He loved the weight he had to bear, Because it needed help of love."

And if to-day the people that submitted to the yoke of God has outlived all the nations that repudiated it, it owes its persistent existence to the nutritious qualities of the doctrine it has imbibed. The very danger it courted in remaining loyal to its tenets, has made it strong, dauntless, invincible, imperishable—a stranger to fear, a courageous upholder of the truth. "Shall one *peril* his life for the Law," say the Rabbis, "the Law shall be turned to *save* his life;" and the maxim is well illustrated by an anecdote that is narrated of R. Akiba, the Jewish saint and martyr. He once, we are told, during his travels, suffered shipwreck, but, escaping with his life, landed safely on shore. "How was it," he was asked, "that thou, of all the others, didst alone survive?" And he answered: "I took hold of a plank of the sinking ship and, as wave after wave came over me, I bent my head so that I was not engulfed." Even thus has it been with Israel. Wave after wave of disaster and persecution has made shipwreck of his life and career; yet, to-day, he holds his head high above water and his hands still clasp the precious plank—the volume of God's Law—that will, one day, land him safely to his desired haven. O, may we, too, be counted among the faithful ones, among those who have helped to conserve their father's heritage: so shall we, too, perchance, share in the immortality of our race; so shall we

"Join that choir invincible

* * * * *

Who, with their mild persistence, urge
man's search
To vaster issues."

New York.



MOSES AND THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Why the Face of Moses Shone

(Exodus xxxiv., 29-35.)

A Jewish Tradition

For forty days and forty nights
The prophet fasted on the heights,
On Sinai's peaks he spake with God,
His being strangely overawed.

"Write down these words, 'tis My
command
That they be written by thy hand;
Fore'er a witness they shall be
Of Israel's gift of Prophecy."

And Moses wrote the Ten Words
down,
O'er every one he placed a crown,
An olden legend tells us why:
"They were to rule the world for aye."

He dipped his pen in starry light—
His sight grew dim, it shone so
bright—

The Letters were of golden hue,
They shimmer still for me and you.

On tablets twain the Prophet wrote
This testament of wondrous note,
This heritage of ages past,
Bequeathed to all the world, to last.

The task was done, and Moses seemed
To wonder why the light yet beamed;
He wished to write one other word,
But, murmuring "Nay," looked heav-
enward.

" 'Tis not for man to know Thy ways;
To probe the stars, to pluck the rays
From planets high, his spirit dares—
For man, O Lord, Thy Image bears.

"He soars upon the wings of thought
To find how all things Thou hast
wrought;
He sets no bounds to his keen quest;
Not knowing all, he doubts the rest.

"Shall I reveal to human mind
What it, unaided, ne'er can find?
Shall I command the heart to hope,
And bid the soul its eyes to ope?"

"Shall I unveil to mortal man
The mysteries which make Thy plan
A blessing for the universe—
And change the boon into a curse?"

"Nay, Lord of Hosts, he shall not see
With mortal eyes Eternity;
But every heart shall feel its glow—
The wistful stream of life must flow;

"And every eye shall steadfast gaze
Above the mist, o'er all the maze
Of many doubts and many ills,
Beyond the Everlasting Hills.

" 'Tis better far the human soul
Shall strive and struggle toward the
goal,
Lest, learning all, man cease to care
How Spirit, freed from flesh, may
fare."

And, saying this, with solemn mien,
His face was wreathed in starry
-shen:

*He wiped his pen upon his brow,
And Light streamed forth, he knew
not how.*

The Mountain flamed, as in a cloud,
Th Eternal passed—and Moses
-bowed:

Then, holding high the Tablets twain,
Transfigured, he came down again.

He wist not that his face did shine
By grace of God in every line;
The people saw, and, moved to fear,
Not even Aaron ventured near.

Then Moses knew that Hand Divine
Had traced o'er him that lustrous
Sign;

He called to them and veiled the light
Which dazzled on their sense and
sight.

They all came nigh, while Moses spake
The *Ten Commands*, which made
them quake,
The Law of Right a world obeys,
When men behold its blinding rays.

And lo! unwritten glory glows
From each pure heart that heaven
knows;

From every pen that's dipped in light
Effulgence gleams to cheer the night.

And every man who mounts the hill,
Where God reveals *to all* His Will,
Shall wear upon his forehead clear
The wondrous Sign which blessed the
Seer.

*The light of Hope which glistened
then,
Unwritten on the Prophet's pen,
And shone o'er him, he knew not how,
Streams out from every God-kissed
brow.*
G. A. K.
New York.

Our Fatherland

Translated from the German by ELLIS S. ANTKE.

Far away, where the cedars tall seem the clouds to kiss,
In the land where the mighty River Jordan flows,
There, where the ashes of our sires rest,
That land made fertile by the Maccabees' blood,
The lovely land on the blue Jordan's bank,
Is our dear beloved fatherland.

But when, by brutal strength, I was torn away,
And to strange shores exiled,
Then sank my soul deep into the grave,
With my face toward the Orient;
With my gaze toward Zion bent,
Toward the dear, beloved fatherland.

And when, after Destiny's mighty arm
Opens to my vision strange lands,
Still my heart for Zion longs,
And, after sunrise, thither flies my moistened gaze,
Toward the dear, beloved fatherland.

For there I want to tarry, tarry patiently,
Until forgiven shall be my father's guilt;
Until the measure of suffering is filled,
And some redeemer my longing heart stills;
And, with mighty arm, my race brings back,—
To our dear, beloved fatherland.

New York.

In Rochester for Pentecost

BY JOSEPH LEISER.



JOSEPH LEISER.

What greater pleasure can boys have than a railroad journey? So thought the Lustig boys, and, many a time, their desire was gratified. There were, of course, many ways of amusing one's self in Canaway, at every season of the year. In winter, skating on the lake and sleigh-rides; in autumn, nutting; and then to hunt sassafras roots and slippery elm bark, in spring, was rare fun. During the long vacation days of July and August, what couldn't one do? Berrying and hiding from gypsies, were only a few of the many amusements, and, of these, the Lustig boys had their share. But there was, none the less,

one supreme joy—a trip to Rochester, the great city, far, far away from Canaway!

Whenever Herman Lustig allowed his boys to accompany him, both Ludwig and Gottlieb remained awake all night, for fear they might miss the eight forty-five, for that would have been worse than a calamity. So many wonderful things were to be seen in Rochester, such as street cars and tall buildings, three and four stories high; immense show-windows, exhibiting innumerable articles of beauty and wonderment. And then the people! Where did so many people come from? Never, not even on circus day, were there so many people on the main street of Canaway, as there were on one side street of Rochester. All the men and women of this world lived in Rochester and walked up and down Main Street, just to see the Lustigs from Canaway!

O, what excitement reigned in the Lustig household on the morning of the journey! With what care their *Shabbes* clothes were put on; what a sumptuous breakfast was served, and then a lunch had to be put up, lest the boys find themselves hungry at the end of the hour's travel. After hearing for the hundredth time the many entreaties of their solicitous mother, not to go too near the street cars, not to cross the street alone, not to get lost, and not to eat too many peanuts, they were permitted to leave the house. How proudly they walked down Bristol Street, and with what a triumphant air they told every boy on the street that they were going to the city!

That was, indeed, a special occasion. Everything seemed to be arranged for them. On came the Elmira express, steaming alongside of the depot just to carry them to Rochester. The passengers alighted and boarded the train quickly to make way for them, and Charlie Gluck, the conductor, called louder than ever, "All aboard!" because the Lustig boys were on the train!

Everybody in Canaway heard the eight-forty-five leave, and every one knew the Lustig boys were on it. Slowly it moved along the park that fronts the Canaway House, then across Main Street, with its swift Panoramic view of lower Main Street, and glimpses of the Lake: faster now around the bend at the town Hall, past the graveyard, the meadows, and McKecknie's Brewery; on faster and faster, like a March wind, it rushes through the fringe of the town, out into the country, fairly flying past houses and barns, through fields, into gullies and cuts, over bridges, into Paddleford and Farmington, Victor, and Fishers, and then, the great throb of joy—the wide expanse of tracks at East Rochester, and the tiers of houses, the great factory buildings and the streets, all leading to the final climax, the roaring entry into the train-shed of the immense depot!

Herman Lustig set the boys jumping round the room, one evening in May, by saying he intended to take them to Rochester the following day to see a confirmation in the Temple. They began to wave their hands and cry aloud in boyish merriment, ere he had an opportunity to explain his purpose.

What cared they for his explanations? The pleasure of seeing the city crowded out every other consideration. "I want to show you how Jewish children are confirmed," he said, despite their hilarity.

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" Ludwig was shouting, and Gottlieb, who echoed his every syllable, was marching noisily behind him.

Lustig permitted them to vent their enthusiasm, and, after they calmed down, told them that the oldest daughter of a former playmate was to be confirmed, and he wanted them to see her, as well as the ceremony. "We are Jewish people, you know. Even if we live in a country town, we mustn't forget that we are Jews."

It was a tedious night for them. The intervening hours between sunset and daylight seemed a century. But when the day dawned, and the young, ruddy sunlight tinted the Bristol hills and sparkled on the Lake, the boys were comfortably seated in the plush seats of the day-coach, and hurried on to the city, flushed with excitement and expectancy. It was an important event, and when they stepped from the car and followed the speedy steps of their father, and heard the hotel criers calling, "Whitcome House," "Osborn House," "Powers Hotel," they considered themselves very important beings. Now, indeed, they were in the city, and everything wonderful stretched before them. But they had no time to lose in sight-seeing.

This was a new experience. They had never been in a Jewish synagogue. They had seen the inside of the churches in Canaway, and once Lustig permitted them to accompany Charlie Ashiey to Sunday School. Now they were to enter what they called "their own church," and they were eager to see it.

A large crowd of fashionably-dressed men and women were hurrying toward the Temple on St. Paul Street, as they came tripping along, holding tight to their father's hand. Every one seemed anxious to enter.

"Come," Lustig said softly, as he caught the organ strains floating down the busy street, "we are just in time."

So crowded were the seats and aisles, that with difficulty Lustig was ushered to his own pew in the gallery.

"Keep your eyes open, boys," he advised them, the instant they had squeezed into the seat, "and you will see some fine boys and girls." But he had hardly finished his sentence, when the organ started a stately march, and every one about them craned his neck to watch the procession. As the soft, solemn tones glided from the organ, the boys, looking over the edge of the gallery, saw a pale man of medium height leading a procession of young girls, all dressed in white, their eyes fastened on the bouquets they held in their hands, march down the central aisle. Slowly, and with measured steps, they advanced. Every one turned his eyes towards them, as they moved, almost imperceptibly. Following them came the boys, less impressed, evidently, by the solemnity of the occasion than the girls—for they looked about, trying to obtain recognition from relatives in the audience.

The girls were now finding their seats on the platform, behind palms and banks of potted flowers, and the boys, too, filling the camp chairs. The tallest boy, in his first long trousers, was stepping alertly on to the platform, and the great organ's tones were receding, when Lustig, his eyes filled with tears, sought the attentive faces of his boys.

"You'll be doing that some day," he whispered, "if you are spared us."

"Are they confirmed now?" Gottlieb ventured to ask, in a whisper.

"Hush," Lustig cautioned them: "we mustn't speak in *schule*, or whisper."

"When are they confirmed?" Ludwig persisted.

"You will see," Lustig returned, sharply. For the congregation had risen at the pronouncing of a Hebrew sentence. The pale, nervous man in

the pulpit was repeating in Hebrew some words the boys could not understand; and, in a full, melodious chant, the choir responded; then, amid the rustling of skirts and the scraping of feet, the congregation reseated itself.

The reading continued. The instant the boys heard the words, they began questioning their father. "Who is that man?" Gottlieb asked quietly.

"Hush!" Lustig began, covering their faces with commanding stare. "You mustn't whisper! The man doesn't like it. He's a Jewish minister, a rabbi, Dr. Hillman, a very learned man. Some day, boys, you will study under him. Now listen!"

The boys found it very difficult to obey their father. There were so many interesting and strange sights to attract them. It was all very strange, and yet, somehow, they did not feel out of place, as they did when they sat, affrighted and shy, in Charlie Ashley's Sunday School. To be sure, they did not know why their father turned the pages of the book an usher brought him; why and what he mumbled aloud, and why, sometimes, he arose and repeated, after the rabbi, strange words. But they sat contentedly, noting everything, looking down on the even rows of men and women, then up to the frescoed ceiling, dotted with golden stars. And when they tired of that, their eyes centered on the platform, where the boys and girls sat quietly reading their ritual. Although it was the first time they had entered a Jewish Temple, it seemed to them that they had been there many a time; at least, so vividly had their father described the synagogue in Schwersenz, that they felt at home here. What astonished them more than the building and the service, were the people. Where did so many Jewish people come from? Were there, all told, as many Jews in the world?

Not until one of the boys arose

from his seat and began speaking, did they annoy their father with another question.

"Is he going to recite a piece?" Ludwig asked, recalling a similar public school experience.

"Watch, now, boys; that's Leopold Garson's son. Some day you will stand up there and speak, too. Every Jewish boy must make a little speech in the Temple; that makes a man of him."

The confirmant's voice cracked, and they did not, at first, understand all he said. Gradually they made it out, especially when, in a strong, clear tone, he thanked his parents for all the care and kindness with which they guarded his young, helpless years—his teachers for the many useful lessons he had received, and how "he hoped to grow up into useful manhood, an honor to his parents, his country and his religion."

The address was brief—but they had never heard any one speak in that way, and felt proud of it. With an approving eye, Ludwig turned to his father and whispered, "I want to do that some day."

"Of course you do—some day when you're *Bar-mitzvah*."

"What's next?" Gottlieb interrupted, impatient of delays.

When their eyes fell on the platform, they saw a little girl standing before the altar, her eyes uplifted, saying: She had "reached an epoch in her young life," and many other fine sentiments; but they were not so interested in her. They never liked girls speaking, anyway. Girls never recited as well as boys, and then she lifted her eyes up and never looked at any one. Boys looked right at people.

The many addresses and prayers began to weary them. They shifted restlessly in their seats and annoyed their father by many needless questions. Lustig, too, showed his impatience by taking out his watch and

saying: "I wonder when Dora speaks."

She was the very last to rise. No sooner had she risen than Lustig, forgetful of his boys, leaned further over, craned his neck, and fastened his eyes on her, so as not to lose an accent.

"Is that our Dora?" Gottlieb ventured to ask.

"Zelig Holtsman's daughter, my class-mate. Listen to her!"

They wondered what made their father blush; why his eyes grew big and tearful, as he hearkened to her trembling tones, and, when she referred to her own father, "called so soon from earth," great tears rolled down Lustig's cheek, and some women, back of them, began to cry aloud.

They could not understand what this meant. But they heard her say: "May He keep His guardian watch over me," and then suddenly stop and burst into tears.

"Poor Dora," Lustig mumbled, deeply moved.

For an instant the boys stared at their father in bewilderment, and then, unable to fathom it, glanced carelessly toward the young girl, who stood there crying piteously.

The rabbi waited patiently, and, when the hush of the sympathetic audience became more evident, he stepped to her side, patted her gently, to encourage her, and then said, thoughtfully, to the audience: "Be patient with her; this is a trying ordeal."

His words either encouraged or nettled her. Raising her head suddenly, she stepped forward, and, as if she had not interrupted herself, said bravely:

"May, from his heavenly height, my father look down upon me, this great day of my young life. May his memory burn ever brighter and brighter, and, on the long way I must go alone, may it be for me a cloud by day, a pillar of fire by night. Thou, Who art the Father of the fatherless,

protect and guard me in all my ways. Bless those who guided me in childhood; and now that I step forth into girlhood, be Thou with me still. Bless my teachers, and all those who have so sincerely directed me; my many friends, and all those who have befriended me; my sisters and brothers, who with me suffered the loss of childhood's stay and staff. Strengthen me to be father and mother to them—so that they may never know the loneliness of a homeless child. Bless this congregation and the dear rabbi who ministers here; the officers and all its members. God bless my native land, and all the people of my country. O, give me the heart to know Thy ways, that in Thee I may find strength and peace, within the gates of life. Amen."

So fervently had she spoken, that the Rabbi clasped her hand and drew her towards him. The boys realized that something very singular had taken place, by reason of the hum and buzz and nodding of heads among the people below and about them; and then the one unflinching evidence that their father had been weeping, that is, the vigorous use of his handkerchief, was proof enough.

Lustig dried his eyes before he faced his sons. "Wasn't that fine, boys?" he said happily. "Poor Dora is an orphan. I feared she would break down. But she outdid them all. She's smart!"

He interrupted himself to nudge the boys. The class had now encircled the rabbi, and were repeating after him the blessing, before the reading of the scroll. By diligent questioning, they learned that the confirmants were reading from the Book of the Law, just as once upon a time Lustig himself had read from it, and were now considered sons of the covenant. Although the ceremony was veiled in mystery and unintelligible, it interested them to hear the boys read Hebrew and pronounce the blessing. No

boys in Canaway were able to do that; and it filled them with pride to realize that, some day, they, too, would stand on that platform, as their father predicted, and pronounce those words.

Eagerly they watched each movement of the rabbi and the confirmants, as he rolled the scroll together and covered it with a silk hood, placed the silver pointer and shield over it, and, turning to the class, said:

"On this day, my children, you testify, before God and man, that you are members of Israel's holy covenant. Do you promise to fulfil, to the best of your ability, all the responsibilities that follow from that declaration?"

The rabbi, as well as the Lustig boys, waited patiently for their answer. In a low, solemn voice the entire class replied: "We confess this before Thee, this day, o God and God of our Fathers, that Thou art the shield of our lives, our preserver and redeemer. From of old Thou hast led our Fathers, and standest, even this day, at our right hand to lead us in the paths of life. Thy covenant is with us, as it was with them. Thy law is the light to guide us, and to do Thy will is our delight. Trusting in Thy infinite mercy, our fathers suffered trials and misfortunes, to be the priestly people, and to teach all men Thy law of justice and righteousness. Fully conscious of our appointment, we promise to fulfil Thy divine purposes, so that we may, with our last breath, confidently exclaim: Hear, o Israel, the Lord our God, the Lord is One."

Without further ceremony, the rabbi laid his hands on each one, pronounced a few words, which the hubbub of the congregation made inaudible, and led them slowly from the platform, amid the admiring awe of the entire audience.

Lustig was too preoccupied in disentangling himself and his boys from the crowd that encumbered the door—

ways to answer immediately their many questions; and then, so many men recognized him, and insisted on shaking his hands, and learning his sons' names.

The immense crowd seemed reluctant to leave the synagogue. For some time people clustered about the building. Every one had some friend to greet, or some proud parent to congratulate. Lured by the unusual scene, many of the city's idlers gathered on the opposite side to watch the vivacious assemblage. Truck-drivers, messenger-boys, merchants, and the busy mercantile population of St. Paul street, stood about, as the people drifted slowly homeward. Here and there, some boys, smartly dressed, darted in and out of the crowd, and, finally, the ranks thinned. The last carriage had driven up to the curbstone, and the only one about the building was the bustling sexton, Alex. Blumendale, who, despite his silk hat and bulky frame, was forcibly closing the huge Temple gates.

The dinner in the palm garden of the Brunswick Hotel did not afford the boys so much amusement, as Lustig had anticipated. The Hungarian band, and the neat tables and white chairs, did not appeal to them as much as it did to Lustig, who had refused several invitations in order to dine there. It was not until they were on their way to Dora's that they again reverted to the confirmation.

"Her papa and I were class-mates," Lustig was explaining, in answer to countless questions. "Selig and I came over together, in one ship, and we both started peddling together."

"Were you confirmed?" Ludwig asked, with much interest.

"Well, we were *Bar-Mitzvah*—that's about the same thing. But we did things differently in the old country. The day after I was *Bar-Mitzvah*, my father said, 'Herman, to-morrow you go to Hecht's and learn

tailoring;' and the day after Selig was *Bar-Mitzvah*, his father took him to Harris Jacobs, and had him learn shoemaking. That was *our* 'Bar-Mitzvah' reception. You, boys, don't know how easy you have it here in America."

"Didn't you keep chickens, and make a circus?" Gottlieb queried.

"Ho, ho," Lustig roared, "we had to earn our living. We had no time to enjoy ourselves, as you boys, in America. It was work or starve. Once in a while we had a little fun. One day, Selig made a wagon from an old box he found in the street, and, when his mother saw it, she made him go to the street fair in Posen and haul home a bushel of potatoes. So, we two chaps, went to Posen, got the potatoes, and started home. When we were on the highway, Selig said: 'Herman, let's go to America now.'

"'To America,' I cried, 'how can we? We haven't any money.'

"'Oh, we have this cart, and some potatoes. If we walk far enough, we will reach America. See, it's way over there,' and he pointed westward.

"'What will you do when you reach the ocean?' I asked him, laughing.

"Well, sir, had I struck the fellow dead, he couldn't have turned paler. He just fell down on the ground, and began to cry. I laughed, and let him cry. 'Ho-ho,' I yelled, 'want to go to America in a cart, eh, and cross the ocean in it and get wet!'

"He didn't cry very long. Of a sudden he jumped to his feet. 'I tell you what we'll do!' he cried, excitedly, 'we will go around the other way, and come in the back door. Will you do that, Herman?'

"Did you go?" they asked, eagerly.

"Yes, yes," Lustig replied, amused at their confusion. We came over together in somebody else's cart, and started peddling, like every poor man did in those days. Selig settled in Rochester, and I went to Canaway.

After awhile he married—well, it's a long story: first he died, then his wife, and now the children—that's why Dora cried—her papa and mamma are dead."

"What do children do, whose parents are dead?" Gottlieb asked, curiously.

"We take care of them," Lustig said, sadly. "We don't want any one to suffer. We want them to grow up to be brave and strong—to be men and women, and do their duty. That's all we Jews want people to do. Suppose," he added, slowly, lowering his voice, "suppose we take Dora home with us."

"Will she make molasses candy for us, like Minnie Ashley?"

"Charlie Ashley has a big sister," Ludwig broke in, gathering his hint from Gottlieb's reflection.

The boys were eager to meet her. All the way to Philip Beer's, where she was "receiving," he continued to talk about her and her father. Either her popularity, or the pathos of her orphanage, made her the most sought on this day. When the Lustigs were ushered into the spacious parlor, they added another group to the great crowd that clustered about her, greeting the young girl, who returned smiling thanks to all their compliments. For a time they stood unnoticed, the boys too embarrassed to move, and Lustig viewing with smiling approval the attention bestowed on her. But the crowd broke, Dora sighted Lustig, and flew towards him, flinging her arms about him, and bursting into tears, while the many friends and visitors bowed their heads in respectful recognition of her feelings.

"Well, you're Selig's daughter, that's why I came," Lustig reminded her, "and, if I can no longer serve him, I can honor you."

His neat speech was the signal to lead the boys into the dining-room,

where, amid a throng of other children, they were served with ice-cream—and such delicious ice-cream it was. No one in Canaway ever tasted ice-cream so sweet and melting. And the bananas and oranges and grapes and cakes! The lady who attended to the ravenous appetites of the young, saw to it that every plate was abundantly supplied; and, finally, when they edged their way into the parlor, they found their father deeply engrossed in conversation with a large, broad-shouldered man, whose iron-gray hair fell in large folds over a wide, expansive brow.

"Are these your sons?" he asked, raising his shaggy brows.

"Pleased to meet you, young gentlemen," he said, formally shaking each one by the hand. "Did your father ever tell you that Levi Lewi-sohn is a Schwersenz? And here, Miss," he added, turning to Dora, who had flitted into the room, "do you know I came all the way from New York to be here on your confirmation? Your father, Lustig here, and myself were *Bar-Mitzvah* about the same time, and then became scattered over the face of the earth. This man, Lustig, do you know, I haven't seen since I left Schwersenz?"

"Do you remember, Herman," he paused to ask, "the time Rabbi Chronik thrashed you, because you didn't learn your *parasha*?"

"Yes, I do!" Lustig answered, emphatically. "But don't you remember when you took Schyah's *tephillin* (phylacteries), and exchanged them for the Schammes's? And when the Schammes discovered another's *tephillin* in his bag, he supposed the rabbi had thoughtlessly misplaced his own, so he put Schyah's into the rabbi's bag, and every boy in *cheder* split his sides laughing."

These recollections amused every one, the men especially, who grouped themselves about Lustig and Lewi-

sohn, but Ludwig and Gottlieb did not appreciate it, and stared curiously at Dora, who, every now and then, sat down beside them to listen to the men.

"Tell me, Herman, do you remember your *Bar-Mitzvah*?"

Without waiting for Lustig to answer, he began chanting his own section, in the peculiar cantillation of Polish Prussia, and then stopped abruptly, as if arrested by some recollection. "Do you know, Herman, I often recall those days. We were quite a crowd: there was Moritz Lazarus, he's a great professor in the old country; then there's Zalinsky, he's an officer in our navy; why, New York's full of Schwersenger boys, all of them wealthy merchants—Adolph Rich, Jacob Harris, Mendel Lesser, Gustave Rothholtz, and the great Rabbi of Temple Emanuel, how far does he come from Schwersenz? All are now in this great country."

"All but papa," Dora added mournfully.

"God's will, my dear girl," Lewisoohn reminded her, sympathetically. "But is your father so far away from us? I see Selig Holtzman in your sweet face. I heard him in that beau-

tiful prayer you delivered this morning. Do you imagine, for one moment, we, Schwersenger boys, would let you suffer, or want for anything? Why, we have all been spanked by one teacher—we never forget our playmates, and then we have Jewish hearts—we remember our dear ones. That's why we were *Bar-Mitzvah*. Once Selig was your father, and now every Schwersenger is. If you want a home——"

"Dora's going home with us," Gottlieb declared, bravely.

Lewisohn turned a fierce look on Lustig, who was roaring over his son's proud vindication. "That Schwersenger rascal always gets the best of me! Once he met me in the old market place, as I was eating an apple. 'Levi,' he said, 'did you ever see me make an apple vanish without touching it with my hands?' 'No,' I, the fool, stammered. 'Show me.'"

"This is what your father did," he said, sternly, looking at the boys. "He took my apple, put it on the ground, lay flat down, gobbled up the apple with his teeth, and ran away. This time, he takes Dora away from me! Well, God bless him, anyhow!"

Kingston, N. Y.

I Will Be Still

I will be still, and leave all to the
Lord,
Within whose shelter I am safe to
wait,
Content to know Him Master of my
fate,
I will be still!

I will be still, though mighty storms
uproot
The tender plants which blossom into
fruit,
I will be still, unmurmuring and
mute,
I will be still!

I will be still, indeed, I will be still,
Though, all around, the trembling
earth doth hold
No firm abiding place; though field
and wold
All totter to decay; yet will I fold
Ineffably, in trust, my quivering
hands,
And patiently give heed to His com-
mands—
I only know, the Lord He under-
stands;
I will be still!

G. A. K.

New York.



MOSES RECEIVING THE LAW.

Jewish Tales

V. The Rabbi's Advice

Rabbi Eleazar sat, one day, busily engaged in his study, to solve some knotty problem of the Talmud, when a lady was announced, who wished to see him very particularly. She was admitted, and related a most woeful tale of her sufferings. There was almost no end to her misfortunes. Fate seemed to conspire with her enemies against her. The burden of life was too heavy to bear, and she wished the Rabbi to come to her relief.

The Rabbi listened patiently to her, and was soon convinced that her lot was not different from that of hundreds of thousands of her people, and that her troubles and sufferings were mild in comparison with the trials of others. They were aggravated by her melancholy temperament, and by the wrong belief that a kind Providence should send us only a life of sunshine and constant happiness, and never the smallest woe.

The Rabbi told her that life is, to a great extent, what we, ourselves, make it; that, excepting calamities, accidents, and unusual occurrences, our lives can be comfortable and happy, despite some unpleasant experiences, which seem rather to enhance its value. That we esteem health much more, if sickness, now and then, overtakes us. We enjoy life much more if, once in a while, privation or hardship steps in and disturbs us. But all the Rabbi's reasoning was in vain. She wanted some good and wholesome advice to alleviate her suffering; her heart longed for some remedy to soften her grief, and for some one to conjure her fate, so as to give her no more anxiety or distress.

"That is almost impossible," retorted the Rabbi. The lady, however, was very obdurate; she was not so easily put off. Yes, she even intimated that

she had surely expected something more from his kindness and wisdom. She believed that he could grant her wish, if he would only exert himself a little more on her behalf.

"Very well," said the Rabbi, who plainly saw that sound reasoning had no effect on her, "there is yet one remedy which you could try. It is a secret I possess, and which I will impart to you. Should you succeed in obtaining what I am about to mention, you would, henceforth, lead a happy life, and never again meet with misfortune."

"That is just what I so long wished for, dear Rabbi," she exclaimed. "I knew that you would give me good counsel. And may I ask what is this great secret?"

"It is very simple," said the Rabbi. "You must try to find some kind-hearted woman, who is herself perfectly happy, and has never suffered sorrow or distress. Then ask her to make for you an underwaist some happy woman shall have measured and cut for you. Or, what is still more effective, if that woman could lend you the garment she herself is wearing, you would have then obtained the very object you seek. You would never experience either grief, trouble, or sorrow, after putting on that garment."

"Many thanks, dear Rabbi," replied the poor woman. "I fancy that such a simple thing will not be so difficult to obtain." And, in this happy mood, she went her way, homeward.

While she was considering to which of her many friends she could apply for the favor, she passed a little hut. She noticed, in front of the entrance, a woman that looked the very picture of health, with rosy cheeks, a cheerful smile, and a benevolent look upon her

face, who was playing, singing, and jesting with her babe. "Ah, that must surely be a happy woman," she thought, "and there is no doubt but what she can help me." Approaching the happy mother, and saluting her politely, she said, "My good woman, could I borrow of you your undervest for a charitable purpose? If I can, God will surely reward you a thousand times for it."

"Very gladly would I let you have it, if I could," was the answer, "but I do not wear such a garment. I did so in former years: but, for a long, long time, I have been obliged to learn to do without it. I am, indeed, too poor to buy such articles, and I find that the less I need, the less I feel the lack of the things that I cannot get."

Sadly disappointed, the lady left the hut, and went to one of her friends, who was considered happy and contented. After explaining the object of her visit and the real purpose of her request, she was greatly amazed at receiving the following answer:

"Certainly, my dear friend. Such an insignificant favor I would never refuse you. But I fear very much that my services would not avail you in the least. For I, too, am, many times, a prey to sorrow and grief."

Not yet satisfied, she went to several other friends, with the same request, but she invariably received a similar answer. And one lady friend in particular, to whom she had confided her visit to the Rabbi and the counsel obtained from him, advised her to discontinue any further effort in that direction. "Surely," she said, "it would take a lifetime to find some one who is *perfectly happy*, without either sorrow, trouble, or pain, were it at all possible to find such a one, which I doubt very much. You had better be reconciled to your lot, submit to the inevitable, and receive with filial love whatsoever comes from the hand of the Creator."

At last the truth dawned upon her mind. She perceived now the wisdom of the Rabbi's advice, which was given to convince her that *no one* is perfectly happy, so long as he sojourns on this side of the grave. And she determined to be no longer dissatisfied with her lot, but to bear the cares and trials of life with good grace and fortitude.

She went to the Rabbi, thanked him kindly for his good and noble advice, and, from that day, she was happy and contented.

You Will Never Be Sorry

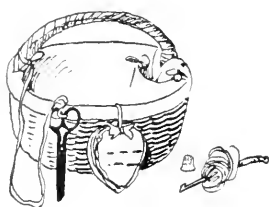
For living a white life.
 For looking before leaping.
 For doing your level best.
 For your faith in humanity.
 For being kind to the poor.
 For being candid and frank.
 For hearing before judgment.
 For harboring clean thoughts.
 For thinking before speaking.
 For discounting the tale-bearer.
 For standing by your principles.
 For being as courteous as a duke.
 For stopping your ears to gossip.

For asking pardon when in error.
 For the influence of high motives.
 For bridding a slanderous tongue.
 For being generous with an enemy.
 For being square in business deals.
 For giving an unfortunate fellow a lift.
 For sympathizing with the oppressed.
 For promptness in keeping your promises.
 For being patient with cranky neighbors.

At Grandma Flora's Country Place

IV. A Rainy Day on the Porch

BY FLORA SPIEGELBERG.



It was a rainy day, so Grandma Flora selected a cozy corner on the porch, partly covered with red and white climbing roses. With her needlework in her hands, surrounded by her grandchildren, she promised them, first, a little talk, and then, as they could not take a walk on account of the rain, to tell them two real, true stories about their mothers, Betty and Rose.

Each little girl had brought her sewing basket. Ethel was crocheting a cover for her doll's carriage; Florence was sewing a dress for her doll; Dorothy was working her A, B, C's on canvas; dear little Willie was drawing cats and dogs on his slate. Every once in a while he would show them to Cousin Ethel and ask if she thought they were good. Ethel answered that she thought they looked more like birds and fish. Then little Willie slyly wiped a crocodile tear from the corner of his eye, and went on drawing.

Their busy little hands, resting from work, Grandma Flora showed them a milkweed with the roots and its pretty blossoms. She explained that it had been, once upon a time, a dear little baby seed. "The hard outside skin or shell of the seed had softened and burst open in the ground. Then the kernel inside sent out tiny roots into the ground and sprouts above the ground. It grew stronger and taller, until it was a big plant like this one. The rain and sunshine were necessary, and helped it grow. But the plants get all their food from the ground, through their roots."

Grandma broke the stalk in two, and, with the aid of the magnifying glass, the children could see the cells in the stalk. They watched the milkish white sap or juice pour out. They examined under the glass the large and small veins in the leaves. They were surprised to learn that all plants have, just like this milkweed, cells and veins, and that the sap or juice goes up and down in them like the blood circulates in our veins.

Grandma Flora had still another



MILKWEED



J. M. H.

surprise for the children. She brought in on a piece of cardboard, and laid on the table, the following dead insects: an ant, a bee, a fly, a spider, a green caterpillar, and a hairy caterpillar.

The children were delighted to examine them under the magnifying glass, and seemed never to tire looking at them again and again.

Ethel found that the bee's, the fly's, and the spider's feet and legs were just covered with tiny hairs. How gauze-like the fly's wings seemed! How big their eyes looked under this wonderful glass!

Florence could not understand how such a small ant could look so large under the glass, especially its eyes. She said that they seemed to wink at her. That made all the children laugh.

Dorothy was almost afraid to look at the big, green caterpillar, with its many legs, but the hairy caterpillar was more dreadful. It just seemed to hump up its hairy back and crawl away. Dear little Willie was afraid to look at the insects under the wonderful glass. He said, "I don't like insects; I like birds' nests better."

As soon as the girls were busily working again, and little Willie was writing his A, B, C's on his slate, Grandma Flora started to tell them a story about Rose, the mother of Florence and Willie. The story was, "How Rose played with matches."

"One morning Rose's cousin Charley, came to the cottage to play with her. Giving them a box full of toys, and telling them to be good children and play together nicely, Rose's mother left them alone in the playroom, while she went to the kitchen to bake a cake for Betty's birthday.

"She returned to the playroom, in a little while, and was surprised and frightened to find it filled with smoke. Charley and Rose were sitting quietly together in a corner, watching the tiny

flames, as they crept along the fringe of the mantelpiece cover. The bureau cover was also on fire. These naughty children had each started a fire.

"After the fires were put out and the smoke let out of the room, the children were asked how the fire happened.

"With big tears in his eyes, Charley said he had only set fire to the long fringe on the mantelpiece cover.

Rose, frightened and crying, said she liked Cousin Charley's little fire so much that she wanted one of her own, so she lit a match, and Charley showed her how to set fire to the bureau cover.

"Rose's mother was very angry, but she quietly explained to the children the great danger of playing with fire.

"Charley was asked to show which finger had lit the match. Then, lighting a match herself, Rose's mother held it under Charley's first finger, until it burned a tiny blister.

"She then asked Rose the same question, lit another match, and burned a blister on *her* first finger.

"The children cried bitterly, for the blisters hurt and lasted several days. Rose's mother felt very sorry, but she had to teach them a lesson that they never would forget.

"Drying their tears, they both begged for forgiveness, and promised never, never again to play with matches. And they really kept their word."

The children had listened with great attention. Willie spoke up like a little man, and said, "I will remember that lesson, and never teach my Cousin Dorothy to play with matches."

Grandma Flora now had to tell a story about Betty, the mother of Ethel and Dorothy. The story was "Betty's first and only falsehood."

"When Betty was a little girl, she returned home from school, one afternoon, quite late. Her mother was anxiously waiting for her at the gar-

den gate. When asked what had kept her so late, she replied that she had missed her lessons and her teacher had kept her in.

"Meeting the teacher, the next afternoon, Betty's mother said she was sorry to hear that her little girl had missed her lessons the day before. The teacher seemed surprised, and said that there was some mistake, for Betty always knew her lessons, and was a very good pupil.

"Betty's mother hurried home, and, taking Betty aside, told her what the teacher had said. She asked her to tell her the truth.

"With big tears in her eyes, Betty told her mother that she had not missed her lessons, nor been kept in school, but, on her way home, had stopped to play ball with her Cousin Rena. Fearing punishment, she had told a falsehood.

"Betty's mother was very angry, and explained to her what a cowardly thing it was to tell a falsehood. She told her that a person would have to tell so many more falsehoods to make the first one believed, and then it still remained a falsehood. How much better it would have been to tell the truth, and then punishment would not have been necessary.

"After being soundly whipped, Betty was put to bed without her supper. A small square of pasteboard was placed across her chest, with a string tied around her neck, and on it was written, in big letters, 'Betty has told her mother a falsehood.'

"When her father came home for supper, he found her still crying piteously. He was so sorry to read those terrible words on that pasteboard, square across her chest.

"Calling her parents to her bedside, Betty begged their pardon, and, after receiving their forgiveness, promised never, never again to tell a falsehood, but always to have the courage to tell the truth.

"Her mother then took the ugly pasteboard square off, and, with tears in her eyes, kissed her daughter good-night, asking God to bless her and keep her truthful.

"It was with a light and happy heart that Betty said her prayers that night, asking God to bless her parents and make her a good girl. She was soon asleep, dreaming of good fairies, that are ever hovering about obedient children."

The children had listened almost breathless to poor little Betty's sufferings. Each child ran up to Grandma Flora, kissed her, and thanked her for such nice stories, promising ever to remember the good advice: never to play with fire, and always to tell the truth.

Then they scampered away to play with their toys.

New York.

"More Worthy"

A Confirmation Story

BY JULIA RICHMAN.



MISS JULIA RICHMAN.

It was the Sunday after Confirmation Day. More than a hundred eager children were assembled in the Sunday School rooms of Temple —, to take part in the closing exercises. You all know what they are: songs, recitations, texts, addresses, and last, but not least, the awarding of prizes.

Some people disapprove of prizes, claiming that, in the struggle to win, envy and jealousy and hard feelings often do so much harm; but is the prize entirely to blame for such feelings? When boys or girls forget to watch their hearts, when they fail to grow sweet and generous, in judging of others' successes, is the prize to blame? However, this is not a sermon, but a story.

The superintendent of the school had just announced the award of prizes. Every one seemed anxious. To each class there was given one book for the pupil whose record for the year was highest, and a Bible for the pupil who had attended services in the Temple most faithfully, and who had committed to memory the greatest number of Bible texts. That was interesting, of course, but it was not that which made the ten boys and girls, who had just been confirmed, seem so anxious. What was still to come? At last, Mr. H., the superintendent, stepped to the edge of the platform, and, after taking up a roll of papers, began to speak:

"Ladies and gentlemen, children: To-day I have a very solemn duty to perform. I say solemn, because much

earnest effort has been exerted in the work to which I shall refer, and because I hope and pray that these efforts may continue long enough to make fine men and women of the boys and girls who achieve that work.

"A year ago, a friend, who desires that her name shall not appear, came to me and said, 'Mr. H., can nothing be done to make our boys and girls feel more deeply the inner meaning and solemnity of the Confirmation? Is there not some way in which we can make them feel that, to be worthy of membership in our glorious temple, they must do something more than attend Sunday School, learn their Confirmation ritual, and take their vows before the holy ark? I want them to show by their conduct that they are growing more worthy in God's eyes. If you can help me to bring this about, I authorize you to offer, in any way you deem best, one hundred dollars' worth of books to the boy or girl who shows himself *most worthy*.'

"The Children were told last October of this offer, and were urged to 'make themselves worthy.' Last week, each one was requested to send me, in writing, the results of his or her efforts.

"Here is the list:

No. 1.

"I gave up riding my wheel because it made Mamma nervous."

No. 2.

"I let my brother have my book when I was anxious to finish reading it."

No. 3.

"I used to exaggerate a great deal, and I have almost cured myself of the habit."

No. 4.

"I have attended divine services every Friday eve and Saturday."

No. 5.

"I have almost cured myself of the habit of answering back."

No. 6.

"I have tried to cure myself of arguing with people older than myself."

No. 7.

"I will not let any one, in my company, speak lightly of sacred things."

No. 8.

"I have studied more conscientiously than ever before, and have tried hard not to say unkind things about people."

No. 9.

"I gave my whole collection of stamps to the children in the hospital."

"There is but one more."

No. 10.

"I have tried very hard, but I have done nothing that I consider of enough value to make me more worthy in God's eyes."

"These papers were submitted to the judges, and, had it not been for the last, there would have been much trouble in selecting the most meritorious. But the last was written by a child, who has always been sweet and pure in heart, charitable in word and deed and thought, obedient to parents and teachers—in short, an exceptional child. The unusual modesty and humility of her confession attracted the attention of all the judges. All admitted that a child who could feel in such a way must have done not only one, but many worthy deeds. One lady on the committee agreed to make inquiries. Quite by accident, she made this discovery: No. 10 is the only daughter of a wealthy man. Her mother, who is kind and wisely indulgent, has given her careful training, and has impressed upon her that even the wealthy must never spend money foolishly. Some weeks ago, the mother brought home the materials for a confirmation dress; exquisite muslin, beautiful lace and ribbon, expensive, of course, but not too expensive for such rich people. The little daughter, womanlike, was

pleased with all the finery, and grateful to her mother for her generosity. Imagine the mother's astonishment when, the next day, her child asked her to return the goods and buy her, instead, a little dotted swiss, made perfectly plain. The mother pressed for her reason, which was given in words like these:

"You know, Mamma, one of the girls in our class, Sarah Davis, belongs to the Mission School, and just comes to us to be confirmed. She is very poor, and the teachers in the Mission School are making her a confirmation dress of dotted swiss. I thought that seeing the other girls in their finer clothes might make her feel sensitive, because she is poor, and, as every one knows papa can afford to give me a handsome dress, it makes no difference what I wear, and she will feel happier because her dress will be like mine. And, besides, I think God prefers simple clothes, as he does simple souls. So, please, Mamma, take this back."

"This the mother did. If any of you wondered, last week, why Lillie Wolf was so plainly attired, know now, that, although her dress was

cheap, her soul was wrapped in such garments that even Solomon in all his glory was not so arrayed.

"Lillie Wolf, come here. The judges have unanimously decided that the prize belongs to you. May God bless you, and let your heart continue to grow in sweetness, purity, modesty, and womanly grace.

"To the rest of you, I say, continue your efforts. Every step in the right direction is a step nearer God. Don't be discouraged. 'Not failure, but low aim, is crime.' You have all succeeded, not in winning the prize, but in making yourselves, in part, at least, more worthy."

My story is ended, except to tell you one thing more. Of the hundred dollars' worth of books, Lillie gave half to the girl from the Mission School, and one volume each to her classmates. Even in the hour of her unexpected triumph, a loving spirit of generous friendship drove from her heart all thought of foolish pride or vanity. In the words of Mr. H., "God bless you, Lillie," and may He bless all others like you, who are striving to become more worthy.

New York.

The Mountain and the Pine Tree

A Parable for Pentecost

High upon the crest of a mighty hill there stood a tapering pine. It was a beautiful tree, and, as its branches were thrilled by the breeze, it seemed to say: "O, look at me, how tall and graceful I am."

And thus it grew more boastful day by day.

The Mountain saw and heard, and its great heart was moved to pity.

"What is thy boast, o tree, that art so fair and tall?" it asked of the wayward pine, one day.

"What is my boast?" came the proud reply, half insolent, half disdainful, "what else but that I am beautiful. I get the greeting of the early dawn, the kiss of the rising sun, and the bright afterglow of its setting. The winds of the heavens caress me all the day, and the moonbeams play with my evergreen branches at night. When I raise myself on tiptoe, I can hear the music of another world, and the rustle of the angels' wings. What canst thou, si-

lent and unmoved, cumbersome and strong, say to this?"

"Nothing, o noble pine," rejoined the wise old mountain, "but seest thou not how thou art rooted in me? It is I that give thee sustenance. What wouldst thou be if I were not here to cause the sap of life to nourish thy veins, and to give thee the strength to be so majestic and stately and tall?"

"I furnish warmth and shade and fuel for a million homes," continued the pine tree, heedless of the mountain's gentle reproach. "Out of my ribs are built the houses of the men of earth; the tables, whereon the great books are written; the implements of every art, the tools of all the handicrafts, are carved out of my very bones. Of me are fashioned hut and palace, shepherd's staff, and bishop's crook, sceptre and chancel and throne, and I have carried on my back to the

grave men of high station and low, in the days when metal was not king, and when coffins were, like cradles, built of wood."

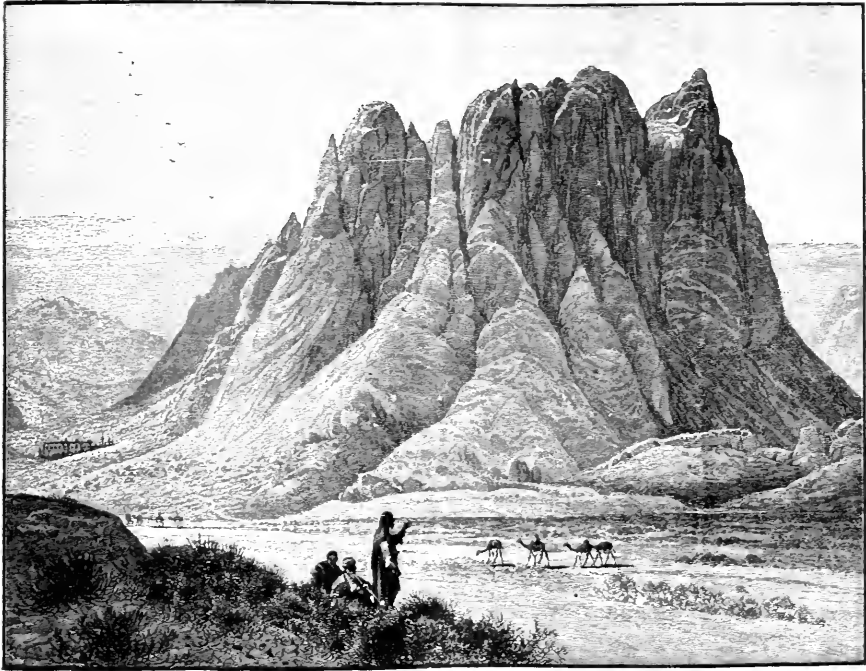
"I was here before thee," said the mountain, peacefully. When God created light, and the firmament was in place, it was I He fashioned next, together with old Mother Earth. The trees and plants and flowers flourished only afterwards. And I have come to stay. I am the fortress of the world. I endure as long as Time. *Out of my very core were heven the tablets of the testimony which the Eternal gave to Moses, and the words wrote upon that stone shall be imperishable.*"

And the pine heard this, and bent its head.

It was as if God Himself had spoken.
G. A. K.



THE PARSHA—TEACHING THE WEEKLY PORTION.



"THE MOUNT" AS IT APPEARS FROM THE WILDERNESS OF SINAI. EXODUS XIX. 1-2.

Sinai

BY ADDIE R. ALTMAN.

When the morning dawned on Sinai
 O'er the hallowed mountain side,
 Gathered all the hosts of Israel
 In their beauty and their pride.
 Then did God bestow the tablets
 On the leader He had named,
 While the thunder and the lightning
 His great Majesty proclaimed.

When the Lord on hoary Sinai
 Gave the Laws that He had made,
 All the people saw, and trembled
 At the wonders were displayed.
 Crushed with awe, they hid their
 faces,
 Blinded by the dazzling sight,
 As arose the mighty thunders
 Following close the flashing light.

Then when Moses had descended
 From the mountain of the Lord,
 When he showed the graven tablets
 Graven with God's holy word,
 All that host was filled with rev'rence,
 Felt the greatness of God's might,
 Knew that He was the Eternal,
 God of wisdom, God of right.

And the people fell and worshiped,
 Worshiped in that solemn hour
 God, Who from the mount had given
 Such great tokens of His power—
 As the hosts around Mount Sinai
 Bent the knee to God above,
 So let us, His little children,
 Ever worship Him in love.
New York.

Bible Lesson for the Month

BY RUDOLPH I. COFFEE.

Superintendent of the Hebrew Orphan Asylum, New York City.

I.

THE BROKEN TABLETS.

Our Biblical portion tells us of the tablets of stone which Moses broke in pieces, and of the second set of tablets which Moses brought down from the mountain, in order to hand over to Israel. From Rabbinic tradition we know that the tablets of stone, and the fragments as well, were deposited in the ark. The shattered tablets convey the valuable lesson that we must not despise things as soon as their utility is gone.

In business, the most successful firm is the one that makes use of things which, to others, are useless. Originally, for example, only the meat of the ox was used. Now, practically every part is utilized, from the horns to the tail. What is not sold as food, is turned into mucilage and other commodities.

Just now, an interesting experiment has terminated successfully. Formerly, it cost the city thousands of dollars, annually, to cart away ashes, and other useless things. Now, these are being used to fill up and develop tracts of land, near us. So we should husband our resources in every possible way. Instead of wasting money for pleasure, we can derive just as much enjoyment, in other ways, without any expense, and, at the same time, obtain intellectual gain.

Very often we treat aged friends as the Israelites, less wise than Moses, would have treated the broken tablets. We cast them aside, and refuse to spend our time in their company. Rather we should remember that words of wisdom fall from *their* lips.

The sight of things, long since out-

grown, will recall to mind instances where we have gone astray, and such a reminder may strengthen us in preventing a similar mishap. May the thought of these broken tablets ever fill us with reverence for the past, and thus keep fast with us the lessons to be learned therefrom. May we also understand that from things apparently valueless, the wise man derives the greatest good.

II.

HEART-STIRRED.

In the construction of the tabernacle the Bible lays stress upon the fact that only such a man busied himself with the work "whose heart *stirred him up* to come unto work." Candidly speaking, this is the only successful way to accomplish a great purpose. The building of the sacred edifice was too important a matter to be placed into the hands of people whose support was only lukewarm. The men who offered their services, put into the work all the strength they possessed. No wonder that the tabernacle became so mighty a force for good in the history of Israel.

If, to-day, we wish the part in life that we play to be an important one, we must pursue the same path and give up to our task the best that we have. We must put our whole heart into our day's work. All great movements have, as leaders, men of influence, who *fight* for the cause they love. There is an ideal that leads them on. They are *stirred*, because of the future vision they behold, and, through this, their personality becomes strong enough to draw others to their way of thinking.

In times such as we live in, when

competition is so keen, there is only room at the top. If we desire *real* success, at the very outset, it is essential that we realize the serious nature of our life's journey. *Our whole heart must be in our work*, and we sanctify our labor thereby. The plain boards erected in the wilderness were made into a house of God, because of the heart-stirred men engaged in the work. Likewise, what to one man is a day's labor, with recompense in dollars and cents, becomes, to another who loves his task, an absolute effort to do his duty, and to benefit the world.

There are some people who imagine that in only such callings as the ministry, law, medicine or some other high profession, can the whole heart be stirred for the work. They forget that there are mechanics whose labor is just as sacred, and who, though perhaps not so conspicuous in the public eye, are just as successful in their chosen spheres. *The whole heart* has been put into their work, and they are very conscientious in all they undertake.

Let our hearts be stirred in our chosen fields. To the most matter-of-fact work let us give our undivided attention. Then, perhaps, our past lives may take on sanctity, and be filled with the spirit of God.

III.

TEMPORARY ABODES.

The closing sentences of Exodus tell of the completing of the tabernacle, erected in the wilderness. As we picture this completed structure, it seems difficult to comprehend that the Israelites could have venerated it so highly. After all, it was a movable edifice, and they must have known that, soon after they entered the Promised Land, some stately temple would be erected as the proper place to glorify God. Nevertheless, despite the temporary aspect of the

tabernacle, we nowhere find that the Israelites disdained it. They accorded the same respect that later they gave to the temple built by Solomon. And this furnishes us with another spiritual lesson, too sadly neglected in our days.

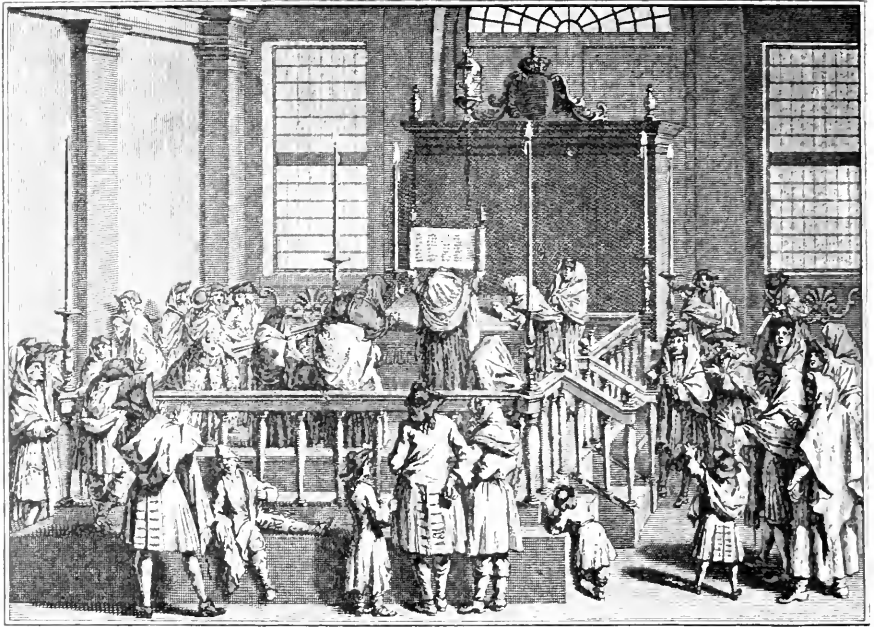
Very often we accept positions without thinking that they will be permanent; therefore—and this is the sad part—we are not overcareful in the way we render our services. People will enter some profession and, because it is not their life work, they perform their labors in a *half-hearted* way. Many take up some temporary occupation merely to tide over a dull season, and remain at the task altogether. More than one graduate lawyer or doctor, while waiting for his practice to increase, has taken up some temporary trade. This, proving successful, would then become the real business of the young man, whose career was mapped out along different lines.

There is no reason to fool ourselves. *Whatever we do, we must do well*. If we are substituting, we must work to the best of our ability, for, even if our work should be but for a short while, we can bring ourselves to the attention of people who, at some future time, may greatly benefit us. We have no respect for the person who has elected some trade, and refuses all offers to enter some other field. The real disgrace is in despising an honorable calling. When in the wilderness, we have no right to seek ideal heights. We must accept what is offered us and, temporary though it be, we must strive to honor the calling, whether or not the calling honor us.

IV.

SALT.

With the book of Leviticus we begin the reading of the numerous sacrifices which were to be offered up

THE READING OF THE LAW.—*Picart.*

in the tabernacle. Running parallel with the description of the sacrifices, we find continual mention of the use of salt. It was to preserve the meat, then just as necessary, as salt is to-day. It is practically one of the most important ingredients of life. Without it, we would be in a sorry plight, indeed.

The idea, here offered us, is a most beautiful one. How much better off would we be if our sacrifices were thus preserved? I refer to our present day sacrifices, the deeds of loving kindness, and the helping hand which is offered to our unfortunate brother. These should be preserved. Our actions should, at all times, be weighted with something more than consideration for the passing moment. We should build more firmly for the future. We should all strive so that through our deeds we shall live and not allow

"out of sight to be out of mind." Take a careless workman. After his employer has lost patience with him, the man is discharged and immediately forgotten. There was nothing permanent in his ability, while another workman can, even in the most modest walk of life, seek another position, and yet leave some impress in his former place. Such a man uplifts the standard of the world. By doing something better than ever before, he has set a higher mark for his successor to reach, and thus *the salt put into his work has its good after-effects.*

In a definite sense, this is a splendid criterion of any man's ability. Is there salt in his work in order to make it permanent? If so, he has filled his place well. We, who desire to do something more than to be members of that great body floating with the tide, must endeavor to estab-

lish our work on solid ground, and not on quicksand. Some of us might achieve success through a strong personality which influences others for good. Others of us may have power to perform our allotted

work so well, that the attention of our employers is drawn toward us. But in whatever way we are strong, let us never forget to *temper our deeds with salt* in order to make them lasting and permanent.

Tommy and the Micmacs

BY JACOB J. LEIBSON.

(Continued.)

By this time, an immense crowd had gathered about Tommy. From all sides, they came flocking to the spot where he stood. The woods, from which he and his Indian guide had just emerged, seemed to be alive with them. The very ocean must have contributed to their numbers, for they came running from the beach as thick and fast, as from other directions. And this multitude swarmed about Tommy, pointing at him with their fingers, indicating him with their eyes, motioning at him with their heads. Yet they all kept at a respectful distance, only a few having the boldness to approach near enough to peer into his face.

Tommy was not frightened in the least. He understood from the very manner of these savages that there was nothing to fear. He was not entirely free from anxiety, however, for he kept continually wondering what they were going to do with him. Escape was out of the question. He had to submit to the will of the mob about him; but what that will was, he hadn't the slightest idea.

Roxy remained quietly at his master's feet, advancing occasionally with a growl, at any one who ventured too close to Tommy to please him. He tried to appear calm, but his pent-up excitement showed itself in the frisky manner in which he kept wagging his tail.

All at once the crowd became hushed, and Tommy, looking about, noticed all eyes were turned toward the entrance of the wigwam, where stood the Great Chief, The Child of The Moon. The very presence of this gigantic Indian was awe-inspiring. Tommy had never beheld so muscular a form. Hercules could scarcely have been more powerfully built, he thought.

He barely had time for these few reflections, when the chief advanced toward him, and addressed him as follows:

"Welcome, o lucky omen! Welcome to the land of the Micmacs! The Child of The Moon welcomes you with open arms."

The chief stood with arms extended. The crowd waited, in profound silence. Tommy stood rooted to the spot. Whether he was too much bewildered to advance into the open arms of the chief, or whether he stood still of his own accord, the chief, after waiting a few seconds, took it upon himself to advance toward Tommy.

This was too much for Roxy, who had been anxiously waiting for this very opportunity. He didn't like the looks of that chief, and, being only a dog, knew no difference between chief and brave, and was entirely unconscious of the dignity that went with the privilege of being The Child of

The Moon. He was aware of but one thing, that Tommy was in danger, and that was sufficient.

The big Indian had not taken more than one step, when Roxy, uttering a sharp bark, sprang upon him. Had the sun tumbled out of the sky, into the sea, at that moment, there could not have been more consternation among the Indians. The chief uttered a yell that filled Tommy with terror. At the same instant, a dozen Indians from the crowd rushed upon Tommy, and bore him to the ground. In a moment they were binding him, hand and foot. In the midst of all the confusion, he could hear Roxy snapping and growling. They were evidently treating him as roughly as his master. Tommy tried to turn, to get a look at his dog, but, in doing so, he experienced a sharp pain in one of his shoulders. A dizziness suddenly came over him. The figures about him began to grow dim, and blend into a sort of haze that gradually faded away. Then he grew sleepy. His eyes closed, and he knew no more.

When he recovered, he was lying on a heap of dried leaves. Near him, seated on the sand, with his legs crossed under him, was the Indian youth, who had brought him hither.

"Ah," said the latter, perceiving that Tommy began to stir about, "you went off quite suddenly. But I'm glad you're over it now, although you're a little too late to take it all in."

With this, he pointed along the beach, and Tommy, following his finger with his eyes, saw away off to the right, black clouds of smoke that rose from a fire, around which the Indians were all crowded.

"You're going next," said Tommy's companion, with a smile. Tommy looked questioningly at him. He hardly dared entertain a certain suspicion that had entered his mind. But his alarm found expression in a cry of fear, when the Indian said: "The

master must follow the beast—so orders The Great Chief."

Tommy groaned. Those clouds of smoke which he could now see, rising lazily from the group on his right, were hovering over the corpse of poor Roxy, who had been sacrificed as a burnt offering, and he, Tommy, was to meet a similar fate.

The Indian youth saw the shudder that came over Tommy, who now struggled to sit up. He gently helped him into a sitting position. Somehow, at that moment, this lad entertained a feeling of kindness toward Tommy, and determined to help him, if he could.

"Listen," he said, laying his hand gently on Tommy's shoulder, "I have something to tell you. There is yet hope for you. I heard the chief say that he would wait three days longer. If, at the end of that time, the boats do not return from the Land of the Rising Sun, with the cure he seeks, you are to be sacrificed, like your dog. But that shall never come to pass. Something tells me that the boats have not been lost, and are, even now, on their way home. Soon they shall be here, and if not, when the third day comes, I shall set you free."

The Indian spoke in a kind tone, but Tommy was not to be comforted. Three days, indeed! He imagined he could not live another day as prisoner, and was only hoping that, when death came, it would not be a hard one. Tommy made no answer. His companion noticed his indifference, and thought it best to remain silent.

Suddenly Tommy's countenance brightened. He gazed out into the ocean for a moment, and then, forgetting that he was bound, tried to raise one of his hands, but finally contented himself with nodding his head in the direction in which he gazed.

"Look!" he cried to his companion.

Directly in front of them, there appeared, looking at first like a few

small clouds, a number of barks on the horizon.

"See there!" continued Tommy in great excitement. The crowd of Indians on their right had evidently sighted the boats too, for they could now be seen running to and fro, along the beach.

"The boats! The boats!" shouted the Indian lad in glee, springing to his feet. "I told you so. Now you shall be free."

He, at once, ran to Tommy, and removed the stout cords that bound his limbs.

(To be concluded.)

How Sol Saw the Circus

BY DUDLEY F. SICHER.

"You up already, Joe?"

"Hello, Sol, you up?"

"Ready?"

"Nop. Ma ain't got m' lunch yet."

"Nor ma neither."

A cock crew defiantly. "Guess it's kinder early."

So for two hours they gaped away at the fantastic pictures on the barn. For the hundredth time since the advance agent of Berson & Lyons had littered the country with gaudy posters, Joe and Sol had spelled out those curiously worded advertisements: "white-robed trick-riders, whirling in dizzy mazes; Lagharior, the clown, to whom the king of Africa, in a burst of glee, had offered his crown and his daughter; lumbering elephants, that would dance jigs to the accompaniment of a kangaroo band."

But before the gorgeous rhetoric of one poster they always quailed: "Admired by the Royalty of Europe--Laughter-loving, light-illuminated lepidoptera, Whirlinda, the Fire-Dancer."

"Wonder what's a *lept'ra*," mused Sol, gulping hard to conceal his efforts at pronunciation.

"O, that's 'nother name for a m'r-maid."

"Dew tell. Whar dew larn that?"

"Somewhar in th' jogephy, I guess," answered Joe, prize-boy at school. But just then the breakfast-bell rang, and ten minutes later they were racing toward Sandy Corners, seven miles to the east.

The road began to glare white and hot between the stretches of cool-waving meadows, and, since it was still rather early, they sat down on a rail-fence to rest.

"Ever ben to a circus, Sol"—Joe wasn't above taking a mean advantage.

No answer. Last year when a circus had performed in the county for the first time in a decade, Sol had been a-bed with the measles.

"Ever ben to a circus?" Joe repeated, slyly.

"O, thar's a bumble-bee," came the evasive response. Now, Sol wasn't particularly brave, and ever since a hornet had made merry with the tip of his nose, three summers past, hornets and such-like were not altogether pleasant to look upon. But this was a matter of honor. To capture that bee meant admiration from the coward, Joe.

Never did knight of chivalry, with spear raised and crest waving, crash more boldly into the lists under his fair lady's eyes than did Sol, straw-bonnet in hand, maddened with shame, press hotly in pursuit. And the tantalizing bee buzzed deftly round and round, sailing gently away through the air, while Sol chased, flushed, but undaunted,

"Forgetful of his glory and his name, Forgetful of his princedom and its cares."

As he was frantically waving his

arms, he suddenly bethought himself of the admission fee—a brand-new quarter, clenched in his fist—and, fearful of losing it, he transferred it for safe-keeping to his teeth.

Few, perhaps, know that among certain villains of the bee-tribe, vengeance assumes forms more terrible than mere physical torture. This particular bee had a plan of campaign quite diabolical. Away she buzzed towards Randall Creek, circling lower and lower, till Sol almost clapped her to the ground, and again darting far out of reach. Just as the combatants reached the brook, back charged the bee, buzz, buzz. "Ouch!" cried Sol under the sting. Down slipped the coin from between his teeth, down, down—into the water.

There it lay, imbedded in the dank slime—flashing bright and tempting, but far out of reach. Dive in, clothes and all? A sharp gust rippled through the sedge-grass, and Sol felt himself already dripping and shivering. Joe, too, trudged up just in time to say that crowds, bound for the circus, were beginning to rumble across the bridge. What was there to do? No stick could touch the bottom; near the bridge the brook ran ten feet deep.

"Guess I'll go home," Sol drawled sadly.

On a sudden, however, a vague plan popped into his befuddled brain. Yes, Papa Husted had once sneaked into a circus, and Papa Husted was Sol's model of valor and virtue. "Come 'long, Joe; don't yer keer." And Joe followed, half-wondering, half-afraid.

Three miles they walked in silence. But, near the cross-roads, where the tents loomed fearfully high, both spied, at the same moment, a shining spot in the dust. "It's a nickel," gasped the duo, sprawling and knocking heads in their excitement.

"Guess 'tain't enough to get yer in," "know," exclaimed the victor. "Guess I'll keer 't."

"Don't keer," blurted Sol; "I'm goin' tew sneak in"—and he thrust his hands into his pockets defiantly.

"Whew!" Joe surveyed him almost jealously. "Guess I'll go tew the m'nagerie with this nickel."

He was gone, and Sol, glancing up at the mystic canvas, flapping and creaking, almost cried for helplessness. Surely the world was in arms against him; but he must not yield. This, he reflected, was a matter of honor; *he must dare*. But how force an entrance? Thus wondering he watched Joe timidly hand over that nickel at the menagerie tent, where a fierce-whiskered giant was crying the wonders of the animals. Sol had a vague notion that once inside this smaller tent, he could drift, unseen, with the crowd into the monster tent. Besides—o, joy—he spied a rip in the canvas, and before fear could stifle his desire, he was worming his way through all the babel of squeaks, snorts, whinnies, and roars. Almost immediately he caught sight of Joe, turning his frightened eyes now to the blinking jumbo, now to the troupe of spangled trainers standing close by. So he started to walk towards Joe, slowly, to be sure, and with affected indifference, when suddenly he felt himself wriggling in the air, doomed, so he thought, to land in some lion's gaping throat.

"So you'se the guy wot gave the monkey pizened peanuts yisterday. Clear out, or I'll swat yi wan." And, as Sol landed quite ungently on the turf outside the door, he thought he smelt the lion's panting breath and heard the smacking of his chops. But Shummas Schmulh's voice reassured him: "So ye've ben tryin' to pizen thet man, hev ye?" he snarled, not quite comprehending the tent-hand's mumbled curses. "I allus knew the Epsteins wuz a shiftless lot. Better run along and get some vartue spanked into yew." And the Shummas shrank back from the boy-criminal, squatted

somewhat dazed upon the ground, his crime-hardened fists rubbing two very wet eyes.

But it was still a question of honor: he would stay. Luck was against him, but he would fight it down. Besides, the colossal band (consisting of three very schreechy instrument) was striking up, and he could hear the clatter of hoofs, the buzzes of the spectators, the cheers of Joe, and last, but not least, the chuckling laugh of the clown, Laghario, in his initial performance with Whirlinda.

"Aint you'se gone yit?" The same tent-hand scowled over him. "There"—as a slap, recalling all the stars he had ever seen, stung Sol's cheek.

When Sol, sobbing and catching his breath for anger, next realized his whereabouts, he was already three miles on the road towards home. Clearly the world was against him, and, in the bitterness of his soul, Sol's pride had softened into tears. He thought of drowning himself in the creek (for he was just passing that fateful stream), and he wondered if ma and pa would cry, and if Shammus Schmuhl would attend the funeral. "Folks'll 'preciate me when I'm gone," he thought, and with that he burst into tears. But with tears came relief. No, he'll not die; not a bit of it. He would live; he would brave adversity like a hero. And, then and there, he resolved to punch Joe's face at the first meeting, and to *kill* him, if he mentioned the circus.

Still absorbed in these reflections, Sol reached the farm, and finding Papa Epstein in the kitchen, forgetful of his honor, sobbed out the whole sad story. Of course, Papa Epstein almost choked over a very generous mouthful of milk, and even after the first storm of guffaws had died away, he could only chuckle: "Guess I shan't need yew to-day, Sol. Yew ken go fishin'."

Five minutes later Sol went whistling past the kitchen down the lane. All day long, in the dark coolness of the brook—Randall's Creek at that—he fished, and *luck was with him*. Ten times he landed a fat pickerel, without a snipin' any, either.

Meanwhile Joe was bobbing gleefully up and down in his seat at the circus. He even lingered to see the animals fed, and made friends with a vender, who filched his pocket-knife in return for twelve glasses of the pinkest lemonade. He tarried to watch the tents lowered, the stakes pulled up, and the caravan of magic creatures rumble off towards Frankville. Only after the last wagon had melted away in the dusk, did he realize the hour, and it was with a sickly sense of misgiving deep down in his stomach that he started on a run for home.

That evening Mother Epstein baked Sol's favorite tarts, and papa narrated, much to his son's delight, his own boyhood pranks. Thus it happened that Sol skipped gaily up to bed, when the clock struck nine.

How good was life! Sol's heart thumped fast for sheer happiness. Outside, the sky was spangled with pretty, blue-glancing stars, and a fat, good-natured moon. That moon reminded Sol of the big, grimace-covered face of Laghario, the circus clown; and the fields, quivering so white in the shifting beams, called up the picture of those great, fluttering tents. Yes, the world *was* kind. Thus it happened that he slipped into the cool sheets, tired and very happy.

But what was that noise drifting up through the quiet air? Half asleep, Sol started up and listened. "Whack-ow, whick-ow." Being of a mathematical turn of mind, and rather interested, Sol counted. "Three, seven, fifteen, *twenty-five*. Surely, the world *was* good! Fully convinced of the justice of Providence, he turned over

to dream of pickerel, tarts, and papa's stories.

But, across the road, Joe was sobbing himself to fitful sleep. What, with pink lemonade, and a very affecting reception, in which the whole family, but especially Papa Mendel, had conjointly figured, he dreamt only of the cracking of driver's goads and the one scrawny elephant that danced to the tune of Laghario's whack, whack, whack.

Next morning both boys, flushed

and sheepish, met on the road, just where that odd circus-sign shone in a maze of light.

"Hello, Joe! how d'ye feel?"

"O. K. How was *circus*?"

"I'll tell ye, how, by giminy," said Sol, hitting him square between the eyes; "I'll make ye see another circus, double quick!"

And he did.

"Surely the world was kind, very kind," thought Sol again to himself.

New Haven, Conn.

The Angel of the Ghetto

BY MINA ENGEL LEVI.

Leah Frankle was the daughter of wealthy parents.

Her charitable deeds were known to all, although she was very modest and retiring.

She was not a pretty girl, being smaller than the average woman; her blue eyes had a greenish color, and her complexion was neither dark nor fair. Her crowning glory was her hair, which grew becomingly around her face, being of a rich, dark brown color, very thick, and fine as silk.

Every one loved Leah for her sweet, kind ways. She was rarely cross and, among the poor, there was not a child who would have done the slightest thing to incur her displeasure.

One mother living in Hester Street had a very untruthful child. She punished him in various ways, but he went on from bad to worse; and the good woman, Mrs. Block, was distracted. She heard of Leah's good influence and sent her an earnest request to call. Leah went.

The child went to her at once, and put his little hand in hers.

"Now, Mrs. Block, what do you wish?" asked Leah, sweetly.

"I want some advice, dear Miss

Frankle. Louis is very untruthful, and I don't know what to do. It nearly breaks my heart for my only child to tell lies."

Louis began to cry, "What for did you tell her; I didn't want her to know. She's such a sweet lady."

"I love truthful children and I shall love you, too, if you keep a promise to tell the truth."

"Oh, I will, I will," he cried, "I'll be so glad; if you'll love me, I'll do anything you want."

A few minutes later, the child was sitting with his arm around her neck.

The conversation turned into other channels, and Mrs. Block said: "There is an old man in this street. He kept a clothing store. The poor old fellow was robbed and almost killed last night."

"Where is he now?"

"In an old garret near here."

"Will you take me there?"

"I cannot; it is time for Louis' supper; see, he is already asleep."

"So he is, the dear little fellow; I think he will keep his promise."

"I'll be very happy if he does."

Leah said good-bye and stepped into the street. Half a dozen children ran up to her.

"Oh, Miss Frankle, can we do anything? You look so worried."

"Yes. I suppose you know of the poor old man who was robbed and nearly killed."

"Yes, yes," they all cried, "Old man Slevsky."

"Will you take me to him?"

"I will," said a small urchin, pushing towards her.

He and Leah started out and soon reached the tumble-down place where the old man lived.

She shrank from entering such a dark hole, but the child boldly climbed the rickety stairs, so she followed.

By the time they reached the top she was accustomed to the darkness. Her small guide turned to the left and opened the door of a stuffy room.

There was no light except that which came from one small window.

The room seemed at first to be empty, but a groan directed Leah to a far corner, where, on a cot, the old man lay.

She knelt beside him and took his withered old hand. He gave a start, and opened his eyes.

The pale light shone on her face, and he said, "It's an angel."

"No, not an angel, only a woman come to help you."

"It's Miss Frankle," said the child,

anxious that the good woman's name should be known.

But the eyes had closed, and he seemed to be sinking.

"Run and get some water quickly," she cried. "Oh fly, or he may be dead before I can send him to the hospital."

The child ran off.

"An angel," murmured the old man. "This is not a nice place for an angel; it's so dark."

"Never mind, we'll have you where it is never dark, soon, and you'll get well again."

"Can angels make me well?"

"Yes," she answered soothingly, turning to find the child holding a pail of water.

"I couldn't come any faster," he cried, breathless with fear that he was too late.

"Will it do any good?"

As she answered she put the pail to the old man's lips, and he drank greedily.

"He seemed to revive, but only for a few moments. His voice became so low they could scarcely hear what he was saying."

They bent closer and made out the words: "Shema Yisroel Adonoi Elo-heno Adonoi Elhad."

Ever after, Leah Frankle was called the angel of the ghetto.

New York.

Self-Control

Did you ever stop to consider what a great number of unfortunate things happen in this world because of a quick temper? Almost every day of our lives we regret something we have done improperly, and the cause can usually be traced back to our having acted on the spur of the moment. I know a boy who is very fond of teasing others, but he never likes anybody to tease him. When, however,

he is teased, he gets very much excited, and speaks in a way he would be very much ashamed of, were he cool and not in a passion. The boy is certainly wrong to do unto others what he is not willing to have done unto him. It makes me feel bad to see him excited, because then he usually forgets to be a gentleman, when, at other times, he always is.

Do you ever disturb your play-

mates, when they are quietly sitting in a corner, at a game, or having a conversation? If so, never do it again. You know very well that some one is certain to lose his temper, and jump up in an excited way. No one can tell what will happen then, because when a person is excited, he is liable to do almost anything. If ever you irritate any one, and he says something afterwards that is not polite, or acts improperly, I honestly think that you are to blame more than he is, because you, really, were the one who started the trouble.

Keep cool; do not get excited. If a book is snatched out of your hands, you are doing the very worst thing if you jump up and try to pull it away. The book might become torn, and thus two persons are brought into strife. Rather lose your book than your temper. Keep your peace of mind, and look for another book, or report the matter to the proper person, and, most likely, it will never happen again. If any one speaks in a rough way to you, do not answer back in the same manner, and thereby lower your dignity. If others cannot behave as ladies and gentlemen, you must show that you can. But, above everything, keep your temper down.

Then there is another matter about which you should think very careful-

ly. Very often people will try to tease you, or do something else to get you excited, just to test your conduct. To get us excited is about the easiest and quickest way to have us do some wrong. A wise man, some time ago, said that it takes two people to make a quarrel, and this sentence, properly understood, is the best motto I can offer you to protect yourself whenever any one attempts to injure you. One person cannot make a quarrel; therefore, when any one tries to excite you, or provoke a fight, the safest thing for you to do is to refuse to be drawn into any combat. *Do not fight.* Answer rough words with soft speech. When insulted, do not hit back, because two wrongs have never made a right. Be generous, even noble, to those who do not act courteously toward you. Show them the beauty of higher conduct, and the result will be that people will love you, because of your sweet disposition.

Think of Moses: His failure to control his temper cost him, perhaps, the greatest ambition of his life—to enter the Promised Land. I trust and pray that not one of us will be forced to suffer because of quick temper. Everyone of us must learn to control ourselves, and thus not only benefit ourselves, but also all our friends.

New York.

R. I. C.

It's so easy to murmur, "I'll do it to-morrow"—it's so near, yet so far away; but postponement is often prophetic of sorrow—then why not do it to-day? "To-morrow" is misty, is vague and uncertain, though the present is mirthful and gay; no human eye pierces the morrow's black curtain—so take hold and do it to-day! The future is made of our coming to-morrows—have faith in it, therefore, I say; but if you would make it secure against sorrows—then do your whole duty to-day.

When God formed the rose He said, "Thou shalt flourish and spread thy perfume. When He commanded the sun to emerge from chaos, He added, "Thou shalt enlighten and warm the world." When He gave life to the lark, He enjoined upon it to soar and sing in the air. Finally, He created man, and told him to love. And seeing the sun shine, perceiving the rose scattering its odors, hearing the lark warble in the air, how could man help loving?

Bible Commentaries in Anecdotes

EAGLE OR CHICKEN.

Isa. 40:31; Psa. 103:5.

A friend of mine told me this little story. He said a friend of his was telling him an experience with his boys he should never forget. His friend bought a young eagle, and his boys were greatly delighted over it. They put him in the chicken house and kept him locked up with the chickens. The boys said, "Papa, that eagle is associating with the chickens all right; we think we might let him out." The father said, "Boys, that eagle will leave you, as sure as you let him out." The boys said, "Papa, he thinks he is a chicken." He does not know the difference." And so they opened the door and let him out. They fed him some corn, and he went to the little water trough and drank water like a chicken. One of the little boys went running to his father and said, "Papa, come out here and see that eagle. He is out in the yard, eating and playing and drinking just like a chicken. The father said, "You go put that eagle up." The boys replied, "Papa, he thinks he is a chicken, and we think he will stay all the time." Soon they went out into the yard, and, sure enough, there was the eagle. He was walking around just as big as any rooster in the yard. It was a cloudy day. After awhile there came a stream of light and fell down on the chicken yard. As soon as the light struck the earth, the eagle raised his head, fixed his eye upon the stream of light, and lifted his wings, and, with one shriek, he went up through space to an eagle's native air.

CHARACTER.

Prov. 12:21.

A writer tells of going with a party into a coal mine. "On one side of

the gang-way grew a plant, which was perfectly white. The visitors were astonished that there, where the coal dust was continually flying, this little plant should be so pure and white. A miner took a handful of coal-dust and threw it upon the plant, but none adhered. The visitors repeated the experiment, but the coal dust would not cling. There was a wonderful enamel on the folds of the white plant, to which the finest speck could not adhere.

Living there, amid clouds of black dust, nothing could stain its snowy whiteness.

PARDON TOO LATE.

Neh. 9:17; Psa. 86:5.

The governor of one of our great states sat in his office, considering the case of a long term prisoner, who had petitioned for pardon. At last he decided to grant the petition, and called his stenographer to write the pardon. Just five minutes before the governor reached his decision, the petitioner died, and was beyond the reach of pardon.

Though the prisoner had met all the conditions, the governor reached his decision too late, and the petitioner died in prison. Not so the great Judge of all the earth. There are no delays in God's acts of pardon, when once the simple conditions of repentance and faith have been met by the prisoner in the bondage of sin.

LESSONS OF A LONG LIFE.

Eccles., 11:8.

When very old, Victor Hugo wrote: "I feel in myself the future life. You say the soul is nothing but the result of bodily powers; why, then, is my soul the more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head, but eternal spring is in my heart. For half a cen-

ture I have been writing my thoughts in prose, verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, song—I have tried all. But I feel that I have not said a thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say, like so many others: 'I have finished my day's work,' but I cannot say, 'I have finished my life.' My day's work will begin the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley. It is a thoroughfare. It closes in the twilight to open in the dawn. I improve every hour, because I love this world as my fatherland. My work is only beginning. The thirst for the infinite proves infinity."

WISE FAITH.

Psa. 14:1.

At a dinner party given by a rich banker, at which Alexander Dumas was present, the company discussed the existence of God, and a certain general was very scornful on the subject, wondering how people could trouble to discuss such trifles. "For my part," he added, "I can't conceive of the existence of this mysterious being whom they call 'the good God.'"

"General," replied Dumas, "I have two hunting dogs, two monkeys, and a parrot at home, which are of your opinion exactly."

MADE RICH BY A WHIPPING.

Gen. 50:20.

Judicious application of the birch has wrought wonders in many boys, but a British journal records a single whipping that made its victim a millionaire.

Twenty years ago, a man named Mago was a poor English collector of insects in Guatemala, and the British Vice-Consul at San Jose. One day, Commandante Gonzalez ordered Mago to appear before him. Mago sent word that he would come in a short time. This incensed the command-

ante, and he sent a file of soldiers after the insect collector, and ordered seventy-five lashes to be laid upon his bare back. When it was finished, Gonzales shouted:

"Give him twenty-five more for luck!"

When Mago recovered, he made a formal complaint to the British government. The result was that Guatemala was ordered to punish Gonzalez,

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and to pay Mago five hundred dollars for every lash he had received.

Guatemala punished Gonzalez, but tried hard to avoid paying fifty thousand dollars to Mago. The British government, however, was inexorable, and the poor collector was made a rich man, in one day.

Mago's fortune is now estimated at five million dollars, all due to one hundred lashes on his back.

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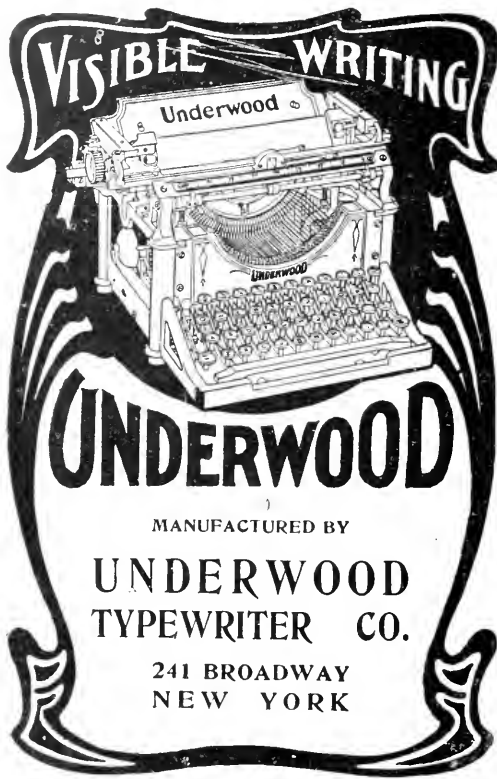
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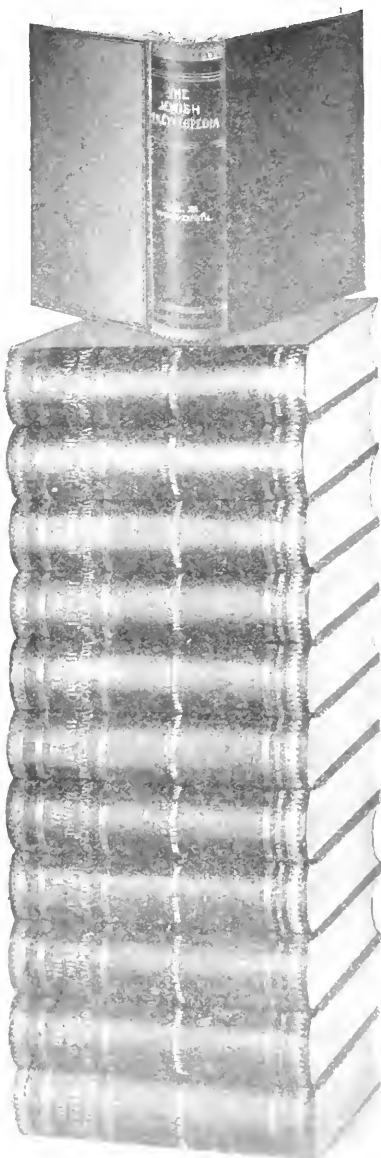
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FORMERLY "HELPFUL THOUGHTS"

An Illustrated Magazine for the Jewish Family and School

GEORGE ALEXANDER KOHUT, Editor

Vol. X

June, 1904

No. 10

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The Jewish Home

VOL. X.

JUNE, 1904

NO. 10

EDITORIALS

Calendar for the Months of June, July and August.

June 13 (Monday), *New Moon Tammuz*.

June 14 (Tuesday), *Tammuz 1*.

June 30 (Thursday), *Fest of Tammuz*.

July 13 (Wednesday), *New Moon, Ab 1*.

July 21 (Thursday), *Tisha B'Ab, Ab 7*.

August 11 (Thursday), *New Moon Ellul*.

August 12 (Friday), *Ellul 1*.

Vacation Time and its Duties We need not announce that vacation is here. It is in the very air, in the restlessness of the small boy, and in his inability or unwillingness to do any more work. He can hardly wait two weeks before school closes, to run riot, and the chances are he does. We do not begrudge him this great yearning for freedom, for who does not remember the time of his boyhood, when the days dragged and the Fourth of July seemed never to come? But all things come to those who wait. And the small boy and his patient little sister are home, at last, for good.

Well, then, what are they going to do with all their time? All play and no work, just because there are no lessons to be studied for to-morrow, and because mother or the maid does not rouse us out of bed before we're half through sleeping?

Are we to go on, day after day, joying and romping and rollicking?

Shall we have a long holiday, from July to September, and let the dust grow thick upon the shelves where we have stored our books?

It is a troublesome question, this, and we don't like to ask it. The readers of THE JEWISH HOME may not like to be asked any questions about what they are going to do during the summer, and how they will use their time. But it would surely be wrong of us not to say a word with reference to it. It would be neglecting a solemn duty not to warn them that time is precious and must be seized by the forelock, even in the "good old summer-time." Vacations are good, very good, if they do not last too long. A strong, healthy body depends upon rest and recreation, and a tired, fagged-out, overworked brain must needs have relaxation for a certain time, just as badly as the parched earth needs rain in mid-summer to refresh it. But a field lying fallow, unkempt by the plow, and neglected altogether by the husbandman, is likely to become crusty and hard and useless for years to come. All life has gone *out* of it, because no life has been put *into* it. Don't make the mistake of supposing that only frolic and fun are life. There is life in the multiplication table, in the French verbs and in the Latin declensions, and there's life even in a page of Hebrew grammar, though we *do* prefer playing the piano. Now, do try not to forget what you have learned with so much labor and care during the nine months of school-time. Don't

let the field lie fallow. For a half hour, or an hour a day, when you are alone, and not likely to be disturbed, take your books and review what you have learned. Remember that the famous saw of Poor Richard, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," can also read: "*All play and*

no work makes Jack a much duller boy."

Be happy, be jolly, be full of fun; but, please, be serious, too, and read and study and meditate just a little half hour each day. Then you will come back to school, fresh and full of wisdom.

Jewish Life in Palestine

BY MARTIN MEYER.

VIII. A Festival at Jerusalem

Passover had passed by with its gentle sun and early flowers, with its happy days of spring and freedom. The sun grew warmer each day, and the sky more and more cloudless. The rains ceased, and the primitive roads became more and more dusty, well-nigh intolerable. The fields assumed a more variegated appearance, and the waving wheat and barley seemed to supplicate the farmer to put his sickle to the standing grain. The tourist had disappeared out of Jerusalem, and the country had settled itself down to the humdrum activities of its simple life. The great flood of begging letters which had been sent out by the *schnorrers* before Passover had netted them a goodly return, so that the squalid want of the ghetto had been temporarily relieved. A great calm reigned over Jerusalem Jewry, for, in that period between Passover and Pentecost, there are no festivities of any character.

There is one exception to this rule, the day called *Lag B'omer*, the thirty-third day, counting from the second day of Passover. The rigid rule is relaxed for that day, and the pent-up feelings of the preceding weeks of inactivity and sober deportment are let loose for twenty-four hours, during which the city is alive with feasting and gayeties of all sorts and kinds.



VISITORS AT THE FETE.

The buzz of excitement was in the air, and could be plainly felt as one strolled along the streets, or out into the surrounding country, and noted the multitude of preparations which were being made, by Jew and Gentile alike, for the morrow.

Out in the *Wady-el-Joz* (Vale of Nuts), the uppermost portion of the

Valley of Kidron, about the tomb of Simon the Just, the great fête was to be held on the day following. There any number of booths had been erected beneath the gnarled and spreading branches of the olives, where sweets and other tidbits of native life were to be for sale; swings were erected, in which the children were to disport themselves for one *metlik* apiece. Jugglers and fakirs of all kinds and descriptions were pouring in from Jaffa and the other market towns of the land. Innumerable were the families who planned to make the excursion out into the country, beneath the trees, enjoying the fresh air, the excitement, and the crowds.

The evening before, I witnessed the quaint ceremonies at the Sephardic synagogue. A large number of lights were to be lighted in honor of the saints and martyrs of Israel. It was considered a great "mitzvah" to be the privileged one to kindle one of these lamps, and the bidding for the privilege was lively. In good auctioneer-like fashion, the *shammes* (sexton) of the little place—which was crowded to suffocation for the occasion—asked for bids for lighting the lamp of "Señor David ha-melech." For a few moments there was dead silence, until one, more daring than the rest, started the bidding. Then pandemonium held sway, for all wished to share in the fun of the night. Finally, the honor went to a wealthy visitor from Constantinople, who paid one hundred francs. He was then presented with a lighted taper, and, after muttering a short benediction, kindled the first lamp. And this process continued till all of the numerous lamps had been disposed of. None others brought as large a price as the first, but a neat sum was realized for the congregation. I noted that the wealthy Stambouli bought in several of the honors, and then graciously permitted one of his friends to have the

privilege of lighting the lamp. After this fun-producing, as well as revenue-producing, ceremony was finished there was a general distribution of



MARKET DAY.

candies and nuts, which were supposed to have many special virtues, such as bringing good luck to tradesmen, children to childless parents, and husbands to the young ladies.

Early the next morning all the pious of Jerusalem went, in pilgrim procession, to the Tomb of Simon the Just, which lies outside the city to the north. There prayers were said, tapers lit in his memory, and this continued, in never-ending relays, until sunset.

But the crowds which gathered in the valley outside the tomb, composed of Jews, Moslems and Christians, merry-makers all of them, had little of the religious temperament about them. Hawkers wandered about selling their tinsel wares: tiny donkeys carried screaming parties of lusty youngsters about beneath the shade of

the trees; the fakirs were having a harvest of pennies; sherbet was disposed of in enormous quantities, for it is as popular as is ice-cream in our land; friends met and enjoyed themselves in the tents provided by the better-off for their reception and entertainment. It was a scene full of gay color, and abounding with good spirit and fellowship. And large as the crowd was, and composite as was its nature, there was little, if any, disorder. An occasional altercation between a cabman and his lord, or a dispute between a hawker and some clever housewife who refused to be mulcted, lent variety to the occasion. There was none of the usual disturbance seen in a European crowd.

The day passed all too soon. The children wished, no doubt, that it had lasted indefinitely, for it is one of the few bright spots in their lives. They

look forward to it with the greatest anticipations. As the sun began to decline and tinge the dusty green of the olive leaves with its golden rays, the crowd began to disperse. Great streams of people flooded the roads, the highways, and the byways; the carriages were taxed to their utmost capacity, and many a weary father struggled homewards with his sleeping babe on his arm. Songs filled the air, and mingled in deafening roar with the cries of the cabbies, the murmur of conversation, and the loud interchange of greetings. In an hour all that remained to tell of the day and its joys were the money-laden fakirs, who were packing their goods to move on to the next market or pilgrimage, ready, like the Arabs of the desert, to fold their tents and silently steal away.

Albany, N. Y.

The Ninth of Ab

BY REV. G. LIPKIND.

"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, may my right hand forget its cunning."

The people of Israel never were ashamed of their defeats. Rather they used them as a spur and incentive to future victory. Other peoples cast their defeats behind them and erected stately monuments to their triumphs. Israel washed off with his tears the mire that clung round his triumphal arches, and the white marble shone forth again in its pristine brilliancy. Never could the glory of the temple at Jerusalem be forgotten. Only a wreck of that glory now remains, but that western wall, which is its sole surviving indication, has been washed smooth with the kisses and tears of generations of men.

Perfect in beauty, Zion! How in thee

Do love and grace unite.

The soul of thy companions tenderly

Turn unto thee; thy joy was their delight;

And, weeping, they lament thy ruin now

In distant exile, for thy sacred height

They long, and towards thy gates in prayer they bow.

Thus, Jehudah Halevi apostrophises his beloved, stretching forth his hands in ardent and rapturous longing, kissing, like the rabbi of old, the very stones of his fatherland, and rolling his body in its dust. But the sadness that suffused his soul was not the sadness of despair; we despair over that which is lost forever, but for that which will be regained, for that with which we will one day be reunited the tears of joy struggle for the mastery with the tears of sadness. In glowing colors the prophets have pictured the day of the rehabilitation of Israel on his fathers' land. "Lift up

thine eyes," exclaims one, addressing the sacred city, "and behold all thy children are gathered together, and are come unto thee again." To his prophetic eye the waste places are suddenly reclaimed, the joyous water courses resume their flow, the desert is turned into "a garden of the Lord," the pine and fir and cedar raise their mighty arms to the sky, as though in supplication, the gardens blush with roses, and mother earth resounds with a glorious harmony that sends its music to the heavens. The temple is rebuilt; its spires and turrets can be seen from the distant mountains, where the nations vie with one another in their reverence and homage for the newly rebuilt fane. "Come," they say, "let us go up to the Mount of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob, that He may teach us of His ways, and that we may walk in His paths. For out of Zion the Law shall go forth, and the Word of God from Jerusalem."

Even so has the lamentation over our past defeat become tintured with rose-colored hopes of future glory. There is a curious blend of joy and sadness in the celebration of the ninth of Ab. Even the *kinoth* (elegies) which it is customary to read on this

fast day reflect the same spirit, being replete with anecdote and witty allusion that relieve the wailing solemnity of the theme. True to nature, which abhors monotony almost as much as it does a vacuum, tears and laughter, hope and despair, contend in the poet's breast for supremacy and expression.

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not.
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught.
Our sweetest songs are those
That tell of saddest thought.

And have not some of our saddest songs become, similarly, the source of sweetest nourishment? "By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept: aye, we wept when we remembered thee, O Zion." Ah! sweet were those tears that, being shed, nourished that beautiful memory; divine are those tears that pour from the overflowing soul, which lives over again in memory of the years of sweet companionship, of pleasant discourse, of joyous communion with those whom we have loved, and hope, one day, to behold yet again!

New York.

Just to be tender, just to be true,
Just to be glad the whole day
through,
Just to be merciful, just to be mild,
Just to be trustful as a child:
Just to be gentle, kind and sweet,
Just to be helpful with willing feet,
Just to be cheery when things go
wrong,
Just to drive sadness away with song;
Whether the hour is dark or bright,
Just to be loyal to God and right,
Just to believe that God knows best
Just in His promises ever to rest—
Just to let love be our daily key,
This is God's will for you and me.

A clergyman, on being invited to address some school children, chose for his subject the sin of forming bad habits. In conclusion, wishing to impress on his juvenile audience the necessity of casting aside such things, just to be glad the whole day through, he said:

"Well, we must treat these bad habits just as we treat other things, for which we have no more use. For instance, tell me, children, what do we do with our old clothes?"

Instantly a bright little girl of eight summers had her hand up, and a shrill little voice replied:

"Please, sir, we let down the tucks."

A Country "Cheder"

BY JOSEPH LEISER.

Ludwig and Gottlieb Lustig were very much puzzled over the astonishing information their father imparted, one June evening, when he announced, with his usual persuading cheerfulness, that he had arranged to have them taught Hebrew. The boys were sorely perplexed. For, of all the things he had told them—and he had narrated sundry romantic episodes of his early days in Schwarsenz—he had never told them what manner of thing, human or divine, *Hebreze* was.

They were, therefore, a trifle anxious; and, if the truth must be told, they did not know exactly what to make of the news. It presented to their young minds so many mysteries. This is certain, not one of the Gentile children had ever referred to it, and they were more in doubt about it than ever.

"What is *Hebreze*, papa?" Ludwig finally asked, suppressing his bewilderment sufficiently to make an intelligent inquiry.

"My son," Herman Lustig replied, with more than usual severity, "we are Jews, and Hebrew is our language. Every Jewish boy ought to know a little Hebrew, in order to understand his religion. And, just as luck would have it, a Hebrew teacher has come to live here."

"What's his name?" they asked with lively interest.

"Professor Hyman Goldstein, D.D., professor of music and languages."

But all this was too intricate, and they stared at their father with baffled amazement, dumbfounded by the long-sounding words. They soon learned that on that very afternoon

the newcomer had stumbled into Lustig's store, made his peace with the proprietor, and ended his visit by agreeing to instruct the boys in Hebrew. So far as they were concerned this was sufficient to fill them with either expectancy or dismay, but that the forlorn professor came to Canaway with his large family because he did not have enough money to take him elsewhere, and that he and his family were allowed the use of an abandoned house on a back street, where he proposed to support them by the precarious method of teaching music and languages to unappreciative townfolk,—these grim facts and the pitiful struggles of this unfortunate man Lustig did not relate to his sons. They would not have realized their pathos. The professor himself interested them more than his untoward circumstances. After answering their many inquiries, Lustig ventured to describe his appearance.

"Oh, I know him," Ludwig interrupted with animation. "He wears a stovepipe, and all of us boys threw stones at him."

"You mustn't throw stones at him," Lustig warned them. "He is a learned man; you must respect a learned man."

"The boys chased him all the way down Coy street," Ludwig continued excitedly.

"And everyone yelled after him," Gottlieb broke in. "Say, Mister, where did you get that hat?" Yes, they did, papa. I heard them."

His high silk hat was indeed very conspicuous, and the urchins of Canaway could not help noticing it. In

fact, it was the third of the kind to appear in town. One was worn by the manager of Barnum's circus, another by a country physician of Reed's Corners, a third by Professor Hyman Goldstein, D.D., professor of music and languages.

"Why does he wear that long coat?" Lustig asked, after he had exhausted all available information bearing on the significance of the hat.

"His Prince Albert, you mean," Lustig observed. "Oh, that's fashionable. All professors wear long coats to make them look smart."

"He's got such big whiskers," Gottlieb cried out, "and he looks so funny!"

Lustig tried to contain himself in defending the unusual appearance of the professor, which does not argue that the professor was uncanny or unsightly, but that the innocent people of Canaway had never rested their eyes on one so distinguished as a professor of music and languages. After skillfully defending his client, Lustig finally succeeded in awakening within his sons a proper regard for the man, as well as a desire to receive instruction from him. Such glowing accounts did Lustig give of his accomplishments that the prospective lessons on the following afternoon promised to be the great event of their lives.

Early next morning both boys were on the street, telling all their playmates what they had in store.

"We are going to take Hebrew lessons of Professor Hyman Goldstein, dee dee," they said proudly. "Only smart people study Hebrew."

"Hum! that's nothing," Charley Ashley returned contemptuously. "My sister, she's in the Normal at Geneseo. She takes botany and hygiene, and she's awfully smart."

"Well, Hebrew is the Jewish language; we are going to study religion," Ludwig replied promptly.

Charlie was unimpressed. "That's nothing," he said blandly. "I study catechism in church. Reverend Lee, he teaches that, and he's smart."

But they did not know what all this meant; and thus, having driven themselves into unknown realms, they abruptly changed the subject by referring to things of greater moment.

"Say, Ludie," Charlie drawled, "have you seen my dove eggs?"

The three repaired instantly to the dovecote Charlie had built in his back yard of dry goods boxes furnished him by Mr. Lustig, and immediately forgot every other matter while inspecting the wonderfully-made little white eggs. For some time they glowed over them, and then, having commented on them to the full extent of their knowledge, the three sauntered down Bristol street to see what the Mutschler boys were doing.

It was cherry season, and the Mutschler boys were found picking Mrs. Blodgett's sour cherries, an employment in which the three new arrivals soon busied themselves with such diligence that the dove eggs and Hebrew lessons were momentarily overlooked. But this is certain: every boy who lived on Bristol street knew before he ate his dinner that Ludwig and Gottlieb Lustig were going to take Hebrew lessons of the stranger on Coy street; and, furthermore, that the undersized individual, who shot out of space and landed on Coy street, was none other than a wonderfully learned man, who taught music and languages and many other equally mysterious things.

Their guileless advertising explained many an incident the professor experienced during his brief, but bustling, career in Canaway. It accounted in particular for the escort of youngsters that surrounded the rural *Beth-Ha-midrash* on this afternoon when Ludwig and Gottlieb, attired in the new sailor suits their

father brought from Rochester, wandered over to Coy street on the most solemn and awe-inspiring journey of their young lives. Every boy on Bristol and the adjoining streets accompanied them. Each one was anxious to see a Hebrew teacher. Had they other motives, these were not patent. Even so, they intended to introduce themselves by the only method country lads have of introducing themselves to a stranger; that is, to play him some deviltry. A mutual acquaintanceship is thus compacted that continues throughout a lifetime. In this instance, however, the Canaway boys were moved by higher impulses. They were at least as eager to see as the Lustigs were what species of man or beast a Hebrew teacher was.

And, if the truth must be told, the meeting was as great an event for the professor's family as it was for the boys. For when Ludwig and Gottlieb, with heavy steps and slow, walked into the yard, they found the professor's family awaiting them. The professor himself, in a solemn black, but shabby, Prince Albert received them graciously, as befits a Hebrew teacher, at the front door, and then introduced them instantly to his shrivelled wife, who cast servile, but sad, smiles on them and let them march timorously down the narrow, uncarpeted hallway, passing en route a retinue of girls and boys, each of whom was scantily clad, emaciated, thin and hungry.

Their coming seemed to have been formally planned. And how could they help finding the house? Every boy in Canaway knew this old green brick house. Tradition has it that it was built in the days of Noah. But ever since the discovery of America it has been uninhabited because, so the boys said, the house was haunted. If the house was not haunted every window pane thereof was broken, every blind off its hook, and every brick

loose in the chimney. But when this rejected dwelling was invested with scholastic dignity and converted into a studio, as well as a school of languages, all Canaway must needs celebrate its re-dedication. It was an epoch in the town's history. When, in addition, the old green brick house was decorated with a rain-washed sign bearing the singular legend, "Prof. Hyman Goldstein, D.D., professor of music and languages," the Canaway boys must needs use the sign as a target. What else were they good for?

Long after the Lustig boys had lost themselves in the cavernous interior, the cavalcade of youngsters had not departed. Some hung around the building; others threw themselves on the uncut grass of the front yard; others began that tedious practice of throwing stones at the sign; and then, every little while, the more impatient ones cried out: "Ludie, oh, Ludie, come on! We're goin' swimmin'!"

'Tis well that the timorous Lustigs heard merely the faint echoes of their comrades. It speaks well for their self-control that they fastened their eyes on the astonishing presence of their teacher, who had escorted them to a front room, which was to be their seat of learning. And it revealed a fine sense of propriety that they looked steadily at him, instead of the boxes and bags of unpacked furniture; and the open bags and boxes of peanuts, oranges and other Italian commodities, strewn carelessly over the uncarpeted floor. Fright, more than curiosity, may have forced them to attend to their new instructor. He had planted himself squarely before them; and, ere they had found a comfortable position on the hard wooden kitchen chairs he began lecturing about the majesty of all languages, with particular reference to Hebrew.

He was a rapid speaker, making use of words they had never heard.

But suddenly he interrupted himself. Staring closely at their affrighted faces, he asked curiously: "Boys, are you twins?"

"No," Ludwig answered shyly. "We are Jews."

"Yah, yah, I know!" the professor snapped irritably. "Are you twins?"

"I am the youngest," Gottlieb ventured.

"You are a *chocham*!" the professor exclaimed, putting his head. "Now, my dear boys, we begin the study of our mother-tongue. Hebrew is the guardian mistress of our Holy Scriptures. The angels discourse in it. The cherubim whisper their divine syllables in it. Ah, my boys, when your tongues are touched by fire, the exclamations of your soul are pronounced in Hebrew. We now begin the study of the reverential language, as we begin the communal speech of all subordinate languages; as we begin French, Latin, Greek, as we begin violin or piano instruction, we begin with an alphabet, known among the Hebrew lexicographers as the *aleph-beth*."

"The A, B, C?" Gottlieb stammered suddenly, encouraged by his former success. "We study it in school."

"Good!" the professor cried hopefully, patting him again on the head. "You are a wise lad. Study, my boy, and learn. Some day you will be a seigneur."

Ludwig turned a bewildered eye on his younger brother, who seemed to have won the professor's favor so suddenly and with such astounding ease, and thereafter deferred all questions to him.

"Well, now," began the professor, "say after me: *Aleph a, a*."

They imitated his intonation.

"*Aleph, a; aleph, beth, gimmel; Gimmel, daleth, hey*," sang the professor of music and languages.

Their imitations were exact, and both received instant approval.

"Ah!" he exclaimed gleefully, "now both of you are instructorable."

Whirling around, he snatched an open primer from a box and handed it to Gottlieb. Both laid hold of the covers and held it firmly as the professor, pointing to each letter, pronounced it and had them repeat it after him in his sing-song style. With singular adaptability they mastered the pronunciation, and had learned the name and form of the camel-shaped *lamed*, when, with terrific violence, a broadshot of pebbles hit the closed shutters.

The professor jumped to the window.

"Such loafers!" he fumed savagely. "Wait. I will reprimand them for their torments. I will communicate them to the police. Such imbecilities!"

But the Lustigs smothered their snickers and were soon moving along the bottom of the page, where the lonesome *shin* and *sin* are located, when the drawling tones of Charlie Ashley glided through the window:

"Ludie! Oh, Ludie! Come on! We're goin' swimmin'!"

"Ach!" the professor ejaculated, scowling; "that's the *goy*! Does the *goy* cogitate on the holy language? No, the *goy* never touches his heart-strings with divine speech. Pay no interest in them. When we have completed our instruction, I will give you a momentum."

The boys looked eagerly at an open bag of peanuts and the oranges. The professor noted the direction of their gaze and smiled.

"Yes, yes, that, too," he said hurriedly, pointing to the fruit; "but something better than all things material. Indulge me, I will read you some poetry. Youths, do you know I am a poet? Furthermore, have you ever lisped poetry?"

He turned to Gottlieb, who had heretofore answered all questions

promptly and with eminent satisfaction. But the unhappy boy knew not whereof the professor spoke, and hung his head in dejection.

"Ah! poetry is the chant of celestials," the professor explained, with melting sympathy; and, overcome by anticipated joy, he suddenly darted from the room, and as suddenly returned, his face wreathed in smiles and his eyes a-glitter. Holding a mass of wrapping paper in his trembling hands, he began swaying his body, and as he swayed intoned musically, as if he were rendering an anthem, these limpid lines:

"The night is dark, and not a star
Shines in all the empty space;
I am a stranger and alone—
A dethroned prince of a homeless
race."

"Isn't that fine?" he said enthusiastically, kissing the tips of his fingers. But the boys stared at him vaguely, very much amazed to see tears streaming down his face, as he continued to mumble the remaining verses.

"Listen to this!" he said after a pause. And, having selected his recitation, he tossed his head back, as if he were about to sing. He did chant them, and this is how they sounded to the mystified Lustigs:

"Count not my tears, O Lord, my God,
With tears I pray to thee;
My tears have knit a ladder
Whereon I climb to Thee."

Such copious tears filled his eyes at the conclusion of these verses, that he was unable to continue either reciting the concluding stanzas, of which there were many, or his instruction. The tears welled from his eyes, flowing down the grooves of his face and melting in the thick meshes of his beard.

"Are they not divine, boys?" he said tearfully, kissing the tips of his fin-

gers. "Ah," he sighed languidly, "a sweet singer of Israel left perishing in a foreign land! Shield of David, redeem me! Harken to this, youths!"

Tears were gathering in their eyes, but the professor did not see them. Shuffling the scrappy pieces of wrapping paper hurriedly, he selected the desired poem, and then started to read slowly:

"How burdened are we sons of men
Where'er our steps are led;
There is no grave for that poor soul
Who daily begs his bread.

"The sheep or cattle in the fields,
The dogs of a city's street,
They find their food—a whitened
bone—
Beneath their idle feet.

"But man, God's child, he hungry
goes,
And starves for a crust of bread;
And I, a homeless wanderer,
Am hungrier than the dead."

The boys were weeping, because the professor was in tears.

"Boys, boys," he cried sorrowfully, "you will never comprehend my position. Never, never! God spare you that catastrophe. But my poor children, how they must suffer on my account!"

He was indeed overcome. Burying his head in his hands, he wept a sad, disconsolate wail, heartrending and grewsome. His sobbing affected Ludwig and Gottlieb, and so loud did they cry that their laments attracted the professor's attention. Realizing the danger of provoking needless tears, he composed himself, brushed his tears aside, and, resting his hands gently on their heads, spoke softly to them.

"Gentle, my lads," he said mildly. "Methought in America all Jews were hard-hearted and stiff-necked. In

country towns, alas! methought the Jew turned *goy*. No, no! The Jewish heart, that is ever moved by distress. God made it so. See, even you, princes of fortune, you feel for your teacher. I espy that in you. So now let us continue our tutorization." He pointed to the open primer, and began singing: "*Aleph a, a; aleph, beth, gimmel; gimmel, daleth, hey; vov, zay-in.*" So the lesson continued to the end of the hour.

Not one of their companions was awaiting them when they emerged from the house, vigorously munching an immense juicy orange. Devouring this succulent fruit, they sauntered down Coy street, into Bristol street, towards their home beyond the Sucker Brook.

When Lustig returned, at supper-time, he called the boys from the back yard, where they were building a cave.

"Well, boys, how did it go? What did you do?" he asked eagerly.

"He threw kisses at us, and we cried," Gottlieb said immediately.

"Didn't you learn your *aleph, beth*?"

"*Aleph, a, a; aleph, beth, gimmel; gimmel daleth, hey,*" they sang together, intoning the professor's melodious chant.

"Is that as far as you got?"

"No, no, we know all of it," Ludwig said proudly, and thereupon both convinced their father that the hour under the professor's instruction was profitably spent by reciting fluently the entire Hebrew alphabet.

"Ah!" said Lustig proudly, "that's fine. I give each one of you five cents."

"Give it to the professor," Ludwig said promptly. "He's poor."

"Mine, too, papa," Gottlieb echoed warmly. "He's hungry. He said he was. He said dogs ate bones and he couldn't—yes, he did; and he likes me."

Recounting the incidents of their lesson was the chief diversion of the

evening, and Lustig listened intently to all they had to say on this and on many subsequent evenings of the summer vacation. For they continued their lessons regularly and faithfully during June and July, and the first week in August, when the long-expected Barnum's circus came to town.

A circus is the annual carnival of a country town. Ere sunrise the youth thereof are astir. For in Canaway, as in every country town, all creation hangs on a circus. Many a boy remains awake all night in order to be up in time to see the circus train come in and unload. Of such importance is a circus to Canaway. But with the advent of Barnum's circus the brilliant career of the professor came to an untimely end.

In defence of the circus let it be known that on this account the worthy professor did not leave Canaway. But on circus day he became convinced that Canaway did not appreciate his valued citizenship, and that the series of torments to which he had been subjected by the younger generation of townsfolk, became intolerable.

Ludwig and Gottlieb were unaware of the many pranks played on the professor by the ingenious youth of Bristol street. They were obviously too young either to engage in their many midnight prowls or to play "hunt the grey." The big boys, those who wore long pants, could endure the strain of that game; and then only the older boys were sufficiently tactful to attach a tick-tack to some one's window. On Saturday night, however, they were permitted to go down town after dark.

So it came to pass the Lustigs never heard of the many times the professor reported his annoyances to the town constable (there were no policemen in Canaway; policemen were invented for cities); or the many times the professor had harangued the youngsters on his front lawn long after

the town clock had tolled the curfew. Had they engaged in any of these dare-deviltries they would have understood what Charlie Ashley meant, or the Mutschler boys, or Will Andrews, when they asked the Lustigs where the professor kept his "stove-pipe." The Lustigs did not know in what section of his study or boudoir the professor concealed his headgear. Nor did they realize what the boys hinted at when they asked them if they had ever heard the professor lecture. These veiled references escaped them, although they had been lectured at, because with familiarity came indifference. Many a time their teacher reproved them for carelessness. But never had they heard him lecture the village boys. It was not their fortune to hear him shriek: "Wait! I communicate your imbecilities to the police—loafers!"

The Lustigs never formed the chorus of youngsters who verbally repeated his threat, and then added with rural disdain: "Ah, come off!"

"Insolences!" the professor would yell back, "know you not I am a teacher? Have you no respect for learning, you ignoramuses? Am I so distinguished that you maltreat my repose, and annihilate the tranquility of my family!"

Professor Hyman Goldstein, D.D., Professor of Music and Languages, was not the first nor the last to hear the derisive laughter of the Gentiles. But the town boys were not maliciously inclined. They were playful, and the impressive professor afforded them one of a very few sources of amusement.

Wherever he went he was certain to create a following. And since domestic exigencies compelled him to move about frequently with his baskets of fruit, he was constantly driven into desperate straits.

On circus day the battle ended. Within a few months he had succeed-

ed in making himself the best-known character in Canaway. His whiskers and his stovepipe signalled him out on the street; his retorts to the boys were quoted in all wards of the town; and then his poems in the village paper popularized him with the literary people and the lawyers. Canaway had never had a real poet, nor had Canaway ever bought fruit and garden truck from one who wore a stovepipe. Whatever moved them to patronize him, he did a thrifty vegetable business for a time, but it did not last long; the boys drove him away.

But on circus day the professor was keenly alive to the profitable advantage of a fruit stand. With a discerning eye he had pitched his tent near the depot. Over some clothes-poles he spread a bed-sheet, beneath which, on the dry goods boxes Lustig gave him, he had piled mountains of oranges and peanuts; while in an immense washbowl he had poured gallons of diluted lemonade. Appointing his oldest son and daughter to stand guard behind the counter, he stationed himself without the shadow of his tent, calling aloud to every one: "Lemonade! lemonade! Peanuts and oranges!"

It may have been his attire, it certainly was the hat that attracted the rustics. They had never seen one so arrayed. It seemed to them a part of the circus attraction to see a small, coatless man, wearing a high silk hat that slightly sheltered a strong, but sad face, look intently at each passer-by and chanting persuadingly in tones that remotely resembled a melody: "Peanuts and oranges! Lemonade and candies!"

"Lemonade, ladies! Lemonade and candy!" he sang softly.

The throng on the street thickened. From the surrounding towns and the rural districts streamed multitudes of farmers. Main street was packed

with people patiently awaiting the circus parade.

The town boys, who had been at the circus grounds since dawn and had witnessed the bustling confusion of pitching the tents, were now migrating back to town to watch the procession from the reviewing curbstones of Main street. But the more restless ones circulated among the crowd, and finally a detachment of Canaway's choice spirits, the Bristol street crowd discovered the professor's tent.

"Hello, Professor Deedee!" they yelled familiarly. For of late the constant mention by the Lustig boys of his academic titles provided them with the needed nickname all town boys invent to honor their favorites.

Their greeting was righteously ignored.

"Peanuts and lemonade! Oranges and candies," sang the professor.

"Peanuts and lemonade!" the boys shouted, imitating the melody.

"Lemonade! Lemonade!" sang the professor unheedingly.

"Lemonade, made in the shade by an old maid!" one urchin shouted, while his companions took up the strain instantly, adding thereto and improvising it so that the professor heard an immense throng of lusty throats cry aloud: "Lemonade, lemonade, made with a spade, in the shade, by an old maid!"

His patience was tried. The idle throng, amused at the altercation, began to enclose them. When the Lustigs, who, like all other town boys, felt the superiority of the local resident, found themselves at the end of their wanderings at the railroad station they overheard the familiar intonations of the professor exclaiming excitedly: "Imbeciles, begone with you! Loafers, vagabonds! hie away! You are injecting my business. Begone with you, hoodlums!"

Angered by their persistent disobedience, he darted toward the bolder

with a threatening gesture, and he instantly retaliated by encroaching nearer to his tent, shaking the unsteady tent poles and pretending to grab some of the fruit. The sales stopped, now that the crowd was more interested in the scrimmage than the wares.

Ludwig and Gottlieb looked on in terror, blanched by the fearful possibilities of the reckless situation. The agonizing appeal of their teacher aroused their sympathy and moved them to tears.

"Pity me, my good friends," he cried to the heartless, gawking crowd. "I am a poor man. Don't you see you are taking my bread from my mouth?"

The crowd was unmoved, however, by the appeal, and some country bully, inflamed, perhaps, by hard cider or mischief, pushed one of the crowd against the stand, upsetting the fruit and lemonade and wrecking the tent. Oranges rolled over the ground, while the fluid made its own rivulets, wetting the cindery ground and forming muddy pools.

The catastrophe paralyzed the professor. For an instant he stood motionless and speechless, and then, winding his arms about his son and daughter, who crept out of the tent, he burst into tears, subduing his own cries in order to soothe them.

His piteous wail softened the heart of the mob. Many a gawk who had stared open-mouthed and dully at him now set about to pick up the fruit and restore the tent. But all the while a terrible silence fell over them and few dared to move, and none ventured to pilfer the fruit. The crowd merely stood and gawked, when finally a broad-shouldered, red-faced man pushed his way through the crowd and, shaking his fist at them, said in his country drawl: "See here! The feller that's done this thing's goin' to pay fer it. And I know who it is. And any feller that moves from this

crowd before he settles up, that feller's goin' to wrastle me!"

He threw off his coat and flung it to his wife, who was holding a baby in her arms and was trying to restrain him.

Ludwig and Gottlieb did not await the outcome. They ran to their father's store, crying dolefully, attracting every one's attention and causing every one to ask what had happened.

Lustig's Rochester Clothing House was crowded when they trotted in crying and rubbing the tears from their eyes.

"What's this?" Lustig demanded sharply, leaving his customer.

"The boys wanted to kill our Hebrew teacher," Ludwig blubbered.

But the professor was fully repaid, and all damage repaired. When the gorgeous band-wagon that heads the parade loomed into view on lower Main street he had had his tent restored, his oranges repiled, and the lemonade freshly made, floating in another immense vessel, plying, too, a thrifty trade. His sympathizers grew apace,

and his fruit was sold out again and again.

But the accident did not alter his intentions. "I leave this hamlet," he confided to the boys the following day. I have just received an appointment to become head rabbi of the Rhine Street Abavas Israel of Rochester, and I must obey the summary. This is my vocation, and now at last fortune destines me to better ends. I need it; God knows I need it!"

He sighed and blew his nose vigorously on his immense bandana handkerchief, and then took each one by the hand.

"Harken, lads. I am proud to have met you country youths. Ludwig and Gottlieb Lustig, always be proud of your Jewish heritage, and some day, perhaps, you will read my poems—some day the sweet singer of David will be famous, and you will reminiscence your teacher, *nicht wahr?*"

Then he blessed them, gave each an orange and a bag of peanuts and sent them on their way.

Kingston, N. Y.

When George Stephenson was running a stationary engine in the mines in the north of England, on one holiday all the miners and engineers went off, drank their beer, danced through the day, and came home more tired than when they went. They returned to their work the next day, just the same people they were the day before. But that holiday made another man of George Stephenson. Instead of going on the excursion he said, "I desire to know something about this engine I am running. He spent his holiday taking it all apart and examining every valve. O, that day did much for George Stephenson; it also did very much for the world, for the desire to know more of a steam engine led to

the locomotive. He who has charge of machinery of any kind, if he would be successful in life, let him arouse a desire to know more of machinery, to understand the relationship of wheel to wheel, and of power and effect.

McClure's Magazine for June, beautifully illustrated as usual, is replete with high-grade summer fiction, together with a number of live, vital articles. Among these are: Ida M. Tarbell's "History of the Standard Oil Company;" "The Perils of Icebergs," by P. T. McGrath; "The Folly of Lamar," by H. C. Rowland; "For the Under Dog," by R. H. Allen, etc.

Yiddish Literature and Jewish Art



Zionism has given a new impetus to Jewish art and literature. In Germany, notably in Berlin, a publishing house, calling itself "Der Deutsche Kunstverlag," has been particularly active in turning out a number of finely illustrated books, calendars, portfolios, artistic postal cards and posters, and all this activity is no doubt due to the revival of interest in Jewish literature. Zionism claims the credit for this newly-aroused enterprise, and rightly, too. Before the Zionist movement was well under way there was a noticeable dearth of popular Jewish literature. Of course, many good books were printed, but they were all of a scholarly nature, far too technical and special for the

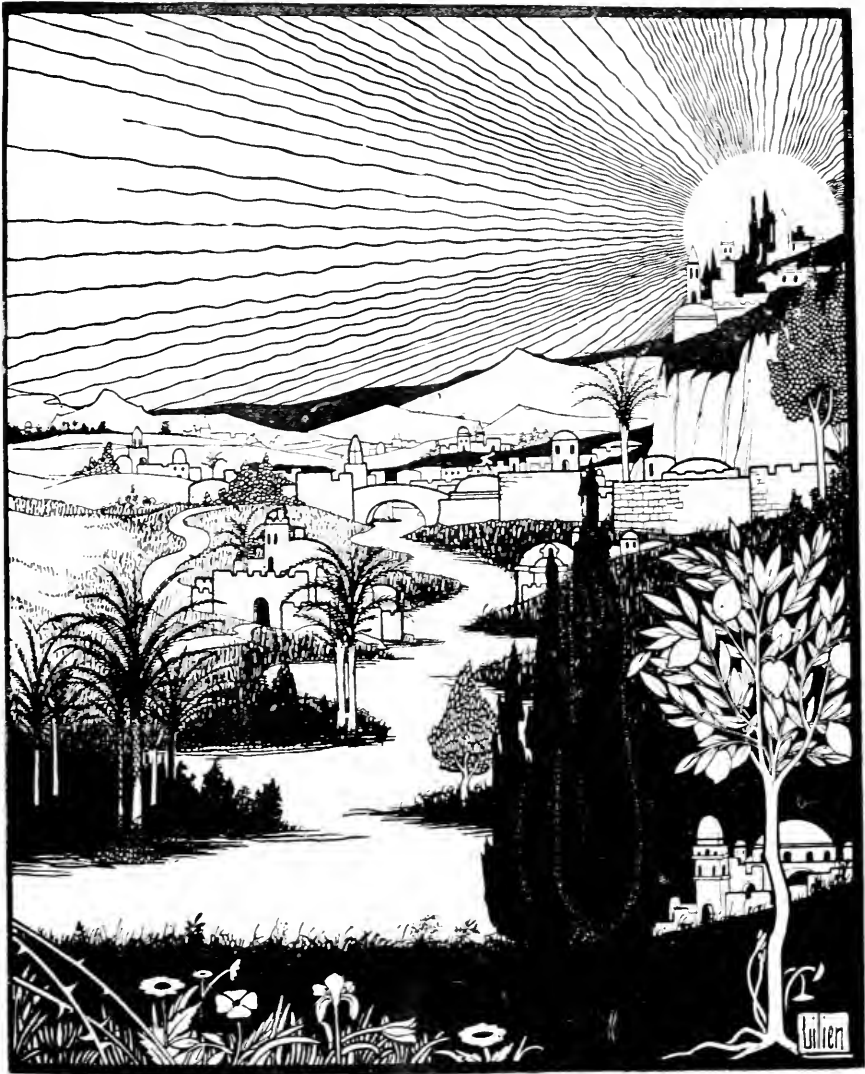
lay reader, and designed for the use of students and bookworms.

The passion for Zion has been productive of much unlooked-for good in many ways. It has helped to rouse the Jew to his racial responsibilities; it has strengthened his race pride, touched his emotions and intensified his spiritual nature. It has brought to light poets who sang sweet, vibrating songs, and prose writers who told their day-dreams to an eager and expectant public. It has created a form of art which may be called specifically Jewish, in so far as it depicts the hopes, struggles, ideals and longings of the Jewish spirit. Zionism gave birth to Lilien, just as surely as the East Side New York sweatshop



evolved Morris Rosenfeld. The one, a master of the brush, and the other a king of the lyre. And it was a most happy thought to have the one illustrate the matchless lyrics of the other. Lilien's art is so vivid, so touching, so plintively national, that even one who is *not* a Zionist can scarcely help feeling the fascination of

the old poetic ideal, the old love of Zion, which had inspired Jehudah ha-Levi and the other minstrels of Andalusian Spain. The accompanying illustration is but one of a large number setting forth this idea, and it depicts effectively, in the outstretched hands of the old Hebrew pilgrim towards Jerusalem, the sublime, exalted yearn-



ing which has filled the Jewish soul since the Temple was laid waste and the high places made desolate. Nor is the other picture less realistic: the footsore pilgrim, arrived at the goal, sitting contentedly beneath his vine and fig tree, with none to make him afraid.

The International Publishing Com-

pany of New York has done well in presenting the melodious verses of Morris Rosenfeld in their original dialect, with some of the fine sketches of M. Lilien. It is a splendid volume, perhaps the most attractive ever gotten up in Yiddish, and reflects honor upon the gifted author, artist and publisher.

G. A. K.

Bible Lesson for the Month

BY RUDOLPH I. COFFEE.

Superintendent of the Hebrew Orphan Asylum, New York City.

I.

"PERPETUAL FIRE."

In the tabernacle of old there was to be a perpetual fire burning on the altar, a practice that is maintained even to-day, for a small lamp is always found over the altar and above the ark in every synagogue. It is the symbol of Judaism living on continually, and the soft light, burning evenly, is the silent witness of the martyrs and heroes in Israel, who have stood up in every century to defend their own faith. The chief point is not the number of men who have died or were willing to die on behalf of our religion, but that at all times and in all places Jews have been found who considered the perpetuation of their laws more important than their own individual lives. They may have realized that a religion cannot live if, in various ages, its representative men are not ready to sacrifice all that is demanded of them. And the chief reason why Judaism to-day lives is due to the fact that at no time in our history have all the people fallen away from the true standard.

The lesson is a simple one. It teaches that the accomplishment of a purpose is only brought about through continual struggle. The student who would be an orator cannot be successful if he practices at intervals or when he pleases. He must go through the exercises *daily*. The person who expects to acquire good habits, but is willing to break his good resolution as often as caprice urges him, is very much mistaken if he hopes to obtain

good results. There must be a Perpetual Fire burning in a spiritual sense. Fire or enthusiasm must be kept at a high pitch each day. Our zeal for the work we are undertaking should be renewed each morning as we approach our task. If there be no other way, this must be brought about through artificial means. I know a student who made it a habit to leave the car a block before reaching college each morning. As he walked the remaining distance, looking at the library building, he recited a short prayer thanking God that he had been permitted to attend another day of instruction, and praying for the proper stimulus, so as to make the best use of his time. If we expect any success in life—and surely we all do—there must be a perpetual fire kindled in our souls. Through this we shall be urged on to achieve our highest results.

II.

PIOUS RESIGNATION.

One of the awful tragedies mentioned in the Bible is the sudden deaths of Nadab and Abihu, the two sons of Aaron, because they offered "strange fire before the Lord." What this strange fire was we do not know, since the Bible passes it over as quickly as possible, as though unwilling to dwell upon these sad details. Directly thereafter Moses was commanded by God to tell Aaron not to mourn, but to continue to officiate as high priest. It seems very hard for Aaron to do this, in view of so terrible a calamity. The Bible in-

forms us that when Moses told his brother to trust in Heaven, "Aaron held his peace." We can even see him bowing his head in humble submission before the will of his Creator.

In this busy world of ours, where we strive with might and main and are continuously making additions to our storehouse of knowledge, the power of man becomes greater each day. The limits of human capacity seem boundless, and there is no telling in what new field the genius of man may next gain dominion. Under such conditions there is a grave likelihood that we may overstep the bounds and imagine that even the eternal things are under the rule of man.

It becomes imperative to believe with confidence that a just God rules this universe. Before Him man is but a servant. Time and again our plans may be set to naught by plans of our Heavenly Father. Man proposes and maps out his own life career, but God can dispose of his expectations, perhaps in a most unexpected way.

In such times, when the hand of God lies heavy upon us, there is no more beautiful picture than the one so admirably portrayed by Aaron. Those who have "walked through the valley of the shadow of death" assure us that the consolation of friends is not a complete one. Men who have suffered business reverses are not put in a better frame of mind by imagining they might have been successful if they had used less honorable means. We all have sorrows, and we are destined to meet trouble. In such emergencies the most helpful resource is a confident reliance on God. We need to be assured that what God has done He, in His infinite mercy, does for the best. We must truly believe that when we are wiser, and are able to see things from a broader view, we shall understand the reasons for

events which are now hidden from us.

Aside from all these things, pious resignation does one thing more: It bids us cease worrying over the whys and wherefores by assuring us that every sorrow has its solace. Why bother ourselves how this or that happened? Rather let us remove all care from our lives and strive to improve ourselves for the future.

III.

APPRECIATING THE PAST.

Chapter xiii of Leviticus begins with the subject of leprosy, and states some very clear and common-sense rules in the handling of this loathsome disease. Four thousand years later the medical world still finds itself baffled in the successful treatment of leprosy, and, therefore, it is all the more wonderful that the Mosaic legislation could discuss the subject with so much forethought and wisdom. The amount of knowledge Moses possessed about leprosy is merely a type of the wisdom of the ancients. To-day we are making such wonderful discoveries that we are quite content to turn our backs on the past, as though it could give us no word of counsel.

Were we to look at this problem intelligently the error of such an attitude would be apparent at once. First of all the only way to obtain complete information on a subject is *to study from the beginning*, and learn the chain of events by which we have obtained our present knowledge. The student of education, for example, can never become a specialist by giving his time to present-day educational problems. The very first course that he must pursue is to study the history of education, in order to learn the thoughts of the people in ancient times and through the mediæval period. Thereby he becomes acquainted with the ideas which possessed the

minds of the educators in all times; and then he will be able to talk intelligently about the present.

But there is another reason for thinking of the past: this is found in the real contribution that former people have made to knowledge. One has but to think of the Hanging Garden of Babylon, of the Pyramids of Egypt and the other wonders of old in order to find out what wisdom has perished from this earth.

Wendell Phillips, in one of his best orations, "The Lost Arts," sums up admirably the large number of things known in past times which we cannot do to-day. And for us Jews, surely the Bible itself is the grandest proof of ancient wisdom. It is poor policy, indeed, to despise or turn our backs on the past. The jurist will find many sound principles used to-day which can be traced back to the Bible. Henry George always acknowledged his obligation to the Biblical laws of political economy, as expressed in the Holy Writ. We, too, can find much in the teachings of our religion to pattern after and to accept for guidance, even now.

IV.

FALSE PRIDE.

The Bible cites a number of instances, for example, the leper cured of his disease, where specified thanksgiving offerings were to be brought before the Lord. If the man was too poor, he was granted the alternative of being permitted to offer a more modest sacrifice, such as would be within his means. It is just these side touches which give greatness to the Bible, for nowhere do we better discover than here how keenly appreciative Moses was of the weakness of human nature.

Would that we to-day had similar

laws which allowed us the privilege of living within our means. Unfortunately this cannot be, since higher, unwritten laws seem to demand that man appear *what he is not*. There is a custom throughout our land of offering presents on various occasions. A certain unwillingness to live within our means often prompts us to purchase costly tokens, so as "to be in style." Many a family lives beyond its means, and thus not only lives a falsehood, but suffers great inconvenience as well. How much better is the Bible example, which so orders matters that a man does not have to spend what he cannot afford, nor make false pretensions to what he is not. It urges a man to be exactly what he is. While there is nothing mentioned to prevent a man from bettering his station, the plainly expressed thought is *to live your natural life and fill your position in a truthful way. Do not permit a false pride to turn your thoughts from your natural sphere and location.*

There is no reason why the lawyer or physician should be more highly respected than the civil engineer or master artisan. The carpenter who sets the boards right in laying the keel of a huge ocean steamer, and the bricklayer who is preparing the foundation of a massive structure, are just as necessary to society, as the lawyer pleading his case before the bar. No young man should be allowed to turn towards a profession when he feels a natural inclination for manual training. Honest pride bids us seek the field of activity where we are best qualified, because in such a sphere we can make a greater contribution to mankind.

Instead of seeking a position which we cannot fill, let us find some task well within our means and fill that to the very best of our ability.

The Reward of Charity

A Talmudic Tradition

In *Baba Bathra*, on the Talmud page,
The tale is told of Benjamin, the Sage,
The almoner, who kept the revenues,
Collected in the Temple, for the use
Of those he loved far better than the
priests,

Whose tithe-receipts were ample for
their feasts.

And wisely, too, these poor-pence he
bestowed,

Regardless of the reading of the code,
Which bade him scan with diligent
concern

The status of each applicant in turn,
E'er vigilant to succor all distress.

The meagre funds soon every day
grew less,

Until he found, when'er the week ex-
pired,

That he's expended more than he
acquired.

And oftener than not he borrowed
more

From out his own resources for the
poor.

It chanced, one day, when want and
famine spread

Throughout the land,—inspiring all
with dread—

A woman came to Benjamin the Good,
Imploring him, in mercy's name, for
food.

He lifted up a pale and anxious face,
And said to her, with melancholy
grace:

"I swear, my daughter, by God's holy
shrine,

Our funds are spent, or else they
would be thine!"

"O Rabbi," came the quivering reply,
"Then, with my seven children, I must
die!"

The Rabbi felt no human need was
worse

And gave her all he carried in his
purse.

In course of time he sickened and he
knew

His days on earth remaining were but
few.

For Death was there, impatient by his
side.

The one great power no human yet
defied.

But lo! the Hosts and Archangels
began

To intercede for this God-fearing
man:

"Thou'st said, O Lord," in chorus they
appealed,

"That he, who but one single soul did
shield,

Is counted as though he had saved the
world.

Shall Benjamin the Righteous now be
hurled

So early to his doom? Who freely
gave

His meagre hoard to rescue from the
grave

Eight human souls?" Thus spake the
angels, and

Their shimmering wings the Council
Chamber spanned;

They waited breathless for the man-
date—Word

Of Him Who rules the earth. At
last they heard

The high behest reverberate and
soar:

*"That man shall live yet twenty-two
years more!"*

" " "

And hence the name of Benjamin is
wrote.

With that of other righteous men of
note.

Eternally in old Rabbinic Script,

As though he were some great
Apocalypt.

G. A. K.

At Grandma Flora's Country Place

V. The Sewing Bee

BY FLORA SPIEGELBERG.

The girls were delighted and proud to belong to a Sewing Bee, and each one called herself a "busy bee."

Under the guidance of Grandma Flora, they were busy embroidering their mothers' birthday presents, which they had carefully hidden away in the corner of their sewing baskets. Little Willie kept them amused and laughing by drawing their pictures on paper and then coloring them with his crayons.

How lovely and cool it was under the big oak tree! No wonder so many birds made their nests in its boughs! How sweetly they sang and hopped from branch to branch! Little Willie found some crumbs in his pocket and threw them on the grass near him. The birds seemed quite tame, and soon carried off the crumbs.

When the children planted the seeds in their gardens Grandma Flora told them it would take two or three weeks for the seeds to take root and send up their first tiny sprouts. The children grew impatient and, thinking that their good Grandma might be mistaken, decided to watch the little seeds themselves. Each one confided now his little secret to Grandma Flora, telling her what he had done on the sly.

Dear little Willie said he was afraid his seeds might be thirsty, so very early one morning he gave them just a little water from his watering can. Every night, when he said his prayers, he begged God to take good care of his seeds and let them grow.

Dorothy said she just wanted to see if her seeds were still asleep, so she only dug up a few and looked at them. As they appeared the same,

only a little softer, she carefully put them back in the same place in the ground and covered them up again.

Ethel and Florence told with great joy that they had gone out together to look at their gardens, and, seeing a little crack in the ground above where they had planted their seeds, they thought the poor little seeds could not break through the ground. They picked off several grains of earth and peeped in at the seeds. They were surprised to see that many had already tiny little sprouts, but, fearing the birds might carry them off, they carefully put the little grains of earth back on the seeds.

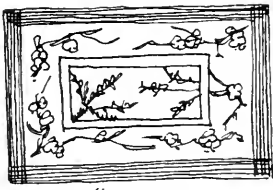
Grandma laughed heartily at the children, and forgave them for doing such naughty things behind her back, telling them to have just a little more patience, and in a few days they would all see the tiny sprouts above the ground.

All begged Grandma Flora for a true story about their mothers, Betty and Rose. She told them the pretty story about "Birdie's Funeral."

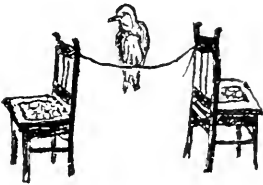
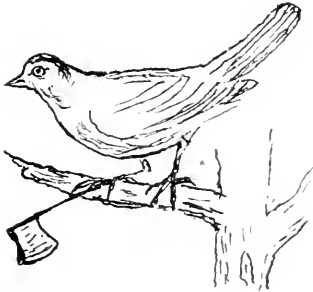
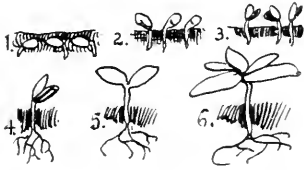
"Betty and Rose were very fond of all insects, birds and animals. While walking in the garden one summer morning they found a dead robin under the apple tree.

"Taking an empty cigar box for a coffin, they filled it with fresh, fragrant rose leaves. They wrapped a large green leaf around the little robin for his shroud and laid him gently upon the soft bed of rose leaves. On the cover of the box they pasted a card on which was written 'Poor little Dicky.'

"The children had invited all their little friends in the afternoon to birdie's



Tidy.



funeral. Cousin Jerome was to be the grave-digger, so he walked in front with his little shovel. Next came Cousin Charley with a book in his hands, a black silk handkerchief folded about his neck, for he was the parson. Then came little Rose, walking slowly with bowed head, carrying the birdie's coffin. Following her came all the little boys and girls, walking two by two in and out under the shady trees, among beds of sweet-scented flowers, singing gay songs about the summer-time, the birds and the flowers, until they reached birdie's grave under the cherry tree.

"While Cousin Jerome was quietly digging the grave, Cousin Charley made a short prayer, asking punishment for all naughty boys and sly cats that kill innocent little birds.

"After each little friend had thrown blossoms on the coffin, Cousin Jerome filled the grave gently with earth. He made a neat little mound and placed a small white pebble as headstone, to mark Dicky's grave.

"Then all the children scampered away merrily, feeling they had done their duty to their little feathered pet by preventing it from being eaten by some stray cat."

All the children, clapping their hands, cried: "Oh, what a lovely story, dear Grandma! Do tell us another."

"I will tell you the story about Rose and her canary bird," said Grandma.

"When Rose, your mother, dear Florence and Willie, was a little girl she had a canary bird called Ernie. His feathers were a pretty bright yellow, and he sang very sweetly. She kept him in a cage in her bedroom window. Every morning he woke her up at sunrise with a pretty song.

"Rose had a great deal of patience. She loved Ernie very dearly and taught him many tricks. She would wrap him up in a silk handkerchief,



put him in her doll's carriage, and he would lie perfectly still while she wheeled him all through the house. Standing on one foot, he would hold for a few seconds a tiny paper hatchet in the claws of the other foot. He would stand beside her plate at the table and eat the crumbs from her spoon. She would put him in her hand and tell him to make believe he was dead. He would really close his eyes and lie motionless for a few seconds. His most wonderful trick was when Rose would draw a cord tightly between two chairs, he would really walk across on this cord from chair to chair, sometimes stopping and holding on with one foot, as much as to say: 'Am I not smart?'

"One morning when Ernie was flying around the parlor, Rose's uncle, an elderly gentleman with a bald head, came into the room. He kissed Rose and took her on his lap. Ernie was jealous and shrieked loudly. He flew on Uncle Dick's bald head, and before Rose could take him off, scratched him badly.

"Rose felt ashamed and sorry, and begged Uncle Dick to excuse her naughty Ernie."

The children were delighted with this story and would gladly have listened to more, but Grandma kissed each little head, telling them she must keep the others for another warm day.

New York.

NOTICE

This Magazine does NOT appear in July or August. The next number will be issued in September.

Noted American Jews

VII. Louis Stern

BY EUGENE H. LEHMAN.

Some self-styled economists hold that the value of an article lies entirely in the cost of production; that goods are worth only the labor that is necessary to manufacture them. Accordingly, the laboring man doing all the work should receive all the income. The capitalist is, according to this reasoning, a useless and expensive burden. Such economists do not grasp the fact that muscle is inferior to mind; that the physical powers are the slaves of the mental powers. Workingmen no more constitute a factory than the pigments of paint give life to a Raphael. Much less, then, does a dictionary account of the offices of honor and responsibility a man has held tell what this man is. What we wish to grasp is the master mind, the controlling spirit that regulates this factory.

Mr. Stern is rich, but not therefor deserving of particular mention. He is a director of half a dozen banks, a member of as many exclusive clubs, and has held political offices of national prominence; yet these are only attendant circumstances. They are merely the badges showing that others have appreciated his merits. But let us, neglecting these symbols of honor, appraise him according to our own standard of value.

The qualities in the man come to us at once—qualities that arrest the attention and demand study. First of all, Mr. Stern's life has been one brimful of hard work. Born in Germany on Feb. 22, 1847, Louis Stern, as a boy, landed in this country some years later, with prospects no brighter than those of ordinary youth. He immediately entered the public schools at Albany, New York, and later contin-

ued his studies at the Academy in the same city. Having completed his education he, together with his brothers, launched the dry goods establishment which has now grown to be one of the largest in the world.

Such commercial success is not the offspring of inaction, of waiting Micawber-like for something to turn up. It is the legitimate child of a sincere determination to work, to *make* things turn up. Here we grasp the spirit of the man. Had he aimed at wealth alone, it is likely he would not have acquired it, but, having striven to perform some labor that the world demanded, he and riches were compelled to meet.

The second quality that we note in Mr. Stern is simplicity, a detestation of ostentation. In a recent book a noted Harvard professor has, with no disparaging intention, classed in a manner the Hebrew with the Negro. A similarity may in truth be said to exist thus far—that certain members of each race have an inherent love of display. The Negro with a little learning burns to make use of a mountainous vocabulary; the Hebrew with a little wealth often attempts to make an exhibition of multitudinous millions.

It is the constitutional hatred of such display that beams out through Mr. Stern's personality. His is a mind too shrewd to believe that the worth of a person lies in the glitter he casts about him. So beautiful is the naked truth to Mr. Stern that it requires no variegated artificial covering to make it acceptable. That modesty, that unaffected simplicity, that love for the pristine Roman virtues strong as Cato's, is one of the

main qualities that has brought him to the forefront of American citizens.

We cannot help but note in the two characteristics so far described, that the results intended by Mr. Stern have not of necessity been the results produced. In the first he aimed at work and acquired wealth; in the second, he aimed at simplicity and non-prominence. Many young men fall into the serious error of believing that they can secure the wealth and prominence by avoiding the work and simplicity.

Had Mr. Stern shirked work or loved display, the Republican Club of the City of New York would not have honored him by electing him to their head. He would not rank among his friends the Governor of New York, nor the President of the United States. He would not have represented our nation as Commissioner to the Paris Exposition in 1900, nor have been the Republican candidate for the Presidency of the Borough of Manhattan in 1897, nor a member of the New York State Commission to the St. Louis Exposition now being held. The Library Square Realty Company, the Hebrew Orphan Asylum, the Albany Society of New York, would all have a different man to fill their presidential chair.

Such are a few of the political and commercial rewards that have come to him as a return for his merits. But there remains a third quality, one that helps to round out a true man, culture. Mr. Stern has often said that the ideal life must be that of a college professor, daily coming in contact with fresh, active young minds, then retreating to his own library to ponder upon the phenomena of the universe. Such a life, indeed, would be very congenial to one of Mr. Stern's temperament. Strange such an assertion may seem when applied to a successful man of the world, but it helps to show that the philosophers are right when they say that the great-

est thing in the world is mind, and that when man has once eaten of the fruit of the tree of knowledge he is loathe to taste any other fruit.

The world is to-day filled with three classes of people, (1) the uncultured, (2) those who pretend culture, (3) the cultured. The second is the most numerous class. How delightful it is to escape from the commonplace conversation of this group to the naive or soul-refreshing words of the other two.

A feeling akin to this one perceives on entering Mr. Stern's residence. The works of art, all chosen by himself, reveal a sense of real taste and true appreciation. Selected not according to fashion, but according to refined dictates, they appeal to one, after a glance into many other residences, as an oasis in a desert. It would be a gross error to omit here mention of Mrs. Stern, formerly Miss L. Strupp, to whom Mr. Stern was married on July 30, 1879. The works of art are no more attractive to the guest than is Mrs. Stern's tactful hospitality.

This side of Mr. Stern's character also manifests itself in that he is a member of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the American Museum of Art, the American Museum of Natural History and the Geographical Society.

We can often catch the drift and essence of another person's life better than that of our own. Others, too, are real creatures facing the same austere problems that present themselves to us. If they have solved these problems successfully, it becomes us to inquire into their methods of solution. Industry, simplicity, culture, form a part of the method employed by Mr. Louis Stern. Other qualities have assisted, but without these three his success would have been limited. The offices and honors tell us what the man has done; these qualities, what the man is.

Tommy and the Micmacs

BY JACOB J. LEIBSON.

(Concluded.)



JACOB J. LEIBSON.

For a short space Tommy stood still. Now that he had secured the liberty he desired, he did not know whether to turn about and run home or to stay and watch the boats which were now fast approaching the shore. Returning from the land of the rising sun, they would no doubt be of great interest, and his curiosity was aroused.

The Indians on land were growing more and more excited as they ran up and down, some of them even rush-

ing out into the surf waist deep, gesticulating and shouting to the figures in the boats, which had now become distinguishable.

There were in all half a dozen barks. Although built like the ordinary Indian canoes, one of which Tommy had seen at a fair, these were much larger in size, bore themselves better upon the water, and each contained several dozens of men. They reminded him of the pictures of the vikings' boats, and in nearly every respect resembled the latter, except that these had no figure-heads whatever.

The crowd seemed to have forgotten Tommy completely. Their entire attention had become engrossed by the arrival of the boats. Even the fire which they had built, and which was still sending up clouds of smoke that lazily rose in the air, was now entirely neglected. Everybody's face was turned seaward. Everybody ran toward the waves, and many into the surf.

The boats had neared the shore and stopped. They were now seized by hundreds of willing hands, while their occupants got out and waded to the shore. Tommy watched them with no little interest as they came on toward the beach where he stood. As he gazed at the approaching figures, he noticed that some of them were being led ashore, one behind the other, and when they approached nearer he saw that not only were they chained together, but that they were white men like himself. From all six of the boats a similar procession of prisoners—for such they appeared to be—were led to the beach.

The crowd received these with no

less interest than they displayed on first beholding Tommy, and it was only at an order from the Child of the Moon himself, who now appeared upon the scene, that they withdrew to a distance from the white men, leaving them in the possession of their captors. One of these, who was among the first to land, and whose appearance well bespoke his rank, advanced at a signal from the Great Chief.

Bowing low, he stood with folded arms, awaiting the pleasure of his chief.

"By the will of the Great Spirit," began the latter, "you have returned. Tell me, Child of the Ocean, have you visited the land of the rising sun?"

"The Child of the Ocean has heard the Great Chief," the other made answer. "He has returned from a most wonderful voyage. Away off beyond the waves, from where the sun rises each day, we have found, not a realm bathed in everlasting light as we expected, but a land much like our own, crowded with people like these few whom we brought with us, whose skins are white instead of red."

"And were there many of these creatures there?" questioned the Great Chief.

"O, Your Majesty, in a country far greater than ours, which they call by the queer name of 'Europe,' they live crowded together in villages where stone wigwams are more numerous than the trees."

The surprise expressed upon the face of the Great Chief was no greater than that of the mob. A murmur went through the crowd, all of whom now looked with greater interest at the captives.

"How, then," began the Chief after a few moments' silence, "do these people live? Do they not hunt? Or is it possible that they do not eat?"

"Your highness," began the other, "hunting is impossible, for most of the ground is covered with stone like the wigwams in which they dwell. Yet I do not know how they manage to exist, for food they must have. The few whom we brought with us very nearly ate up all our provisions on our return, till starvation almost threatened us."

The Chief regarded the white men for a moment, then turning to address their captor again, he noticed a few of the braves wading to shore from the boats with something that seemed very heavy on their shoulders.

"What is that?" he asked, pointing to the boats.

"That, Your Highness, is the cure which we went in search of."

He motioned to one of the Indians, who advanced and set on the ground before the Great Chief a small barrel. It must have been heavy, for it made the sand fly as it came down on the beach.

At this point Tommy suddenly lost all interest in what was going on near the Great Chief, for as he looked towards the white captives he beheld, standing in line with the others, no less a person than Christopher Columbus. He kept gazing at him to make sure that his eyes were not deceiving him. Yes, it was no other than Christopher Columbus, as real as if he had just walked out of the book in which he had seen his picture.

Tommy ran toward the captives, and in a moment stood before Columbus. "How—how—did you get here?" he stammered.

Columbus looked at Tommy and shrugged his shoulders.

"It didn't take much effort to get here," he replied. "I was captured like the rest by these red devils, who suddenly swooped down on us." After a pause, he continued, "I wonder

what they are going to do with us now?"

"They'll be kind, I'm sure," said Tommy, making an attempt at consolation.

Columbus did not answer, but continued to gaze at the mob. Tommy, for the first time since he had seen him, took his eyes from Columbus and looked around at the Indians.

The scene had changed almost entirely. The mob was seated in a circle, in the centre of which was the Child of the Moon. A number of kegs and flasks stood near him, and from one of the latter he was drinking his cure.

After he had taken a long draught, he removed the flask from his lips and with a wild gesture and shout invited the mob to join him. At first only a few of the bolder ones accepted the invitation. Then they, too, set up an hilarious shouting and offered their flasks to their neighbors. A few moments later, everybody seemed to have begotten an insatiable thirst, which they were trying to quench from the flasks, always refilling them from the kegs which stood in the centre.

A light breeze sprang up that blew from the direction of the Indian mob. It fanned Tommy's cheek and blew right under his nose. Tommy sniffed it. There was a peculiar scent to that breeze. He sniffed again. This time he was sure. It was the smell of whiskey. He turned to Columbus. The latter was smiling.

"See," said Columbus, pointing to the crowd, who were now as noisy as they could be, "in a few minutes they will be overpowered by sleep, and then—" he almost laughed out loud—"then"—he paused and nodded significantly at the boats, which were rocking to and fro on the waves.

"What will you do?" asked Tommy.

"There are enough of us here to man those boats," answered Columbus, pointing to his fellow prisoners, "and by going back in the direction from which we came, I don't see why we can't reach Europe."

The noise of the shouting had almost ceased, and Tommy, looking at the crowd, saw that nearly half of them were lying on their backs on the sand, wrapped in deep slumber.

"That isn't all," continued Columbus, turning to Tommy, after he had spoken a few hurried words to the men near him. "I have an idea." He emphasized his statement by clapping his hands together. "After I get to Europe, I'll become famous—*famous*."

"How?" said Tommy.

"How! Why, I think I can remember how to get here again, and I'll get up an expedition, come here, and *discover a new world*."

Without another word, he started for the boats with the rest of the captives. The Indians had all succumbed to sleep by this time, and were snoring most obstreperously. Tommy could see them lying in a circle, just as they had been sitting, with the Child of the Moon in the centre. Several of the kegs had rolled away from the circle, while here and there were scattered numerous empty flasks.

When Tommy took his eyes from the sleeping group, Columbus and his companion were already seated in the boats, which had begun to move out on the ocean. Tommy watched the figures grow smaller and smaller. Columbus, who sat in the stern of one of the boats, waved his hand until Tommy couldn't make out his figure any longer. The boats became mere specks—then floated off into a mist, which seemed to swallow them up.

Tommy sat staring ahead of him, his eyes trying to pierce the mist which had enveloped the boats, when he was recalled to himself by the sound of the snoring. He looked around to see the circle of sleepers. To his bewilderment, they were gone, while the snoring continued to grow louder and louder than ever. What could this mean? Was he bewitched?

The noise grew still louder. Now it no longer seemed human. Men could never snore like that, he thought. Something pulled at the leg of his trousers. He turned to see what it was, when he rolled over on the ground and jumped up with a peculiar sensation.

On looking around, the scene had changed. It was almost dark. The beach, the ocean, the Indians, were no longer to be seen. Nothing remained to remind him of his experiences of but a moment ago, except the noise which he could now hear distinctly, for some one nearby was sawing wood. A low whine made him look down, and there to his great joy, was "Roxy" pulling at his trousers.

"Roxy," exclaimed Tommy, overjoyed at the return of his pet, "where have you been?" and he held out his hand to the dog, who licked it affectionately.

The noise of sawing wood continued, and Tommy caught a glimpse of a man with bended back near a log cabin, in among the trees of the groves before him.

The sun had already set, and the shadows of the tall trees were beginning to blend with the oncoming darkness.

"Come," said Tommy to his dog, as he stretched himself and began to move away from the grove. Roxy started off like a shot, only too glad to bring his master home.

"Funny," said Tommy to himself, "about those Indians and Christopher Columbus," as he paused at a stile in a meadow on his way home. "I wonder whether it's true about Columbus knowing of America before he sailed from Spain?"

He was interrupted in his speculations by Roxy, who came running back, barking impatiently at his tardy master. Tommy, realizing now that it would be dark by the time he reached home, started off on a trot. "It may be true," he thought to himself, "and then again, it may not. Anyhow, I'm going to ask teacher."

Then he increased his speed in his effort to keep up with Roxy, who had just cleared a stone fence, two meadows in the lead.

THE END.

MAY AND JUNE

BY HORACE A. BERNSTEIN.

MAY.

Mild blows the south wind; from the
apple-trees,
All veiled in white, slow drift the
petals down.
Youth, blossom-crowned and scap-
tered, reigns supreme.

JUNE.

Joy brims the mortal cup, and Nature's
voice
Utters the sweet perfection of the
world.
Now from base, earthly cares released,
our souls
Enter the realms serene of purest
peace.



A German View

"Wohin des Weges, ihr Kinder?"

"Gen Osten—das heil'ge Russland
schiekt uns!"

"Und Ihr Vaeter?"

"Gen Westen—das heilige Russland
verjagt uns!"

—*Ulk*, No. 14.

"Whither are you going, you children?"

"To the East—Holy Russia sends us."

"And whither you, you fathers?"

"Westward—Holy Russia expels us."

A Sacrifice

BY SULAMITH SILVERMAN.

A sudden hush had settled upon the assembly—a hush that comes after the announcement of some great decision. It lasts but for a single moment, then comes the noisy clatter of tongues, the soft, sneering tone of the cynic, the loud, angry voice of the man who believes some injustice has been done; the mocking laugh of the man who is "glad of it;" the suave, sarcastically polite tone of the "I told you so" man. All of these and many more voices mingled in that loud uproar. The room had become quiet once again, as the judge rose to speak:

"We have carefully examined this case and, though a like crime is committed daily, the offender being a mere child, we have given it our special attention, in the hope of clearing him of this charge. But we find that is impossible. His seeming innocence is but a guise under which is hidden a nature deep and profound in sin. No older criminal could have shown greater depths than he. If we don't take serious measures with this case we will be doing an injustice to the community. The boy must die. To show you the fairness of our decree, we will give him a hearing before the court. Marshal, summon the boy."

As he finished there was a loud applause, interrupted by a long, ringing laugh, which seemed to come from the gallery. The audience turned around, ready for sport, and, seeing a veiled figure in black leaning way out of her seat shiking with laughter, might have been disposed to riot had not attention at that moment been drawn to a tall, slim boy approaching the platform, closely guarded on both sides.

"Leave go of me. I will walk without your help. Thanks for your kindness in wishing to aid me."

The tone of the lad, as he said these words, was calm and even slightly sarcastic. Again that laugh rang out, and the judge sternly said to an attendant:

"Find out that person and bring her to me for causing disturbance in court."

All eyes were intently bent on the boy as he stood proudly by the chair of the judge, looking around him with almost an impertinent stare. Then, having seen all he wished to see, he dropped his eyes to the floor and began tapping his foot impatiently.

"Here, young man."

He looked up quickly. "I'm here, sir, at your command." The brow of the judge darkened at these words.

"If you want a hearing, boy, you must take care of that tongue of yours and answer only questions addressed to you, or we will execute you without a hearing, as you deserve."

"Whether I have a hearing or not, Your Honor, the result will be the same. I have told you all I know of the matter, which can be summed up in three words: 'I AM INNOCENT!' You didn't believe me then, and you won't now. Proceed with your case, lawyer."

The words passed unnoticed by the judge, who simply waved his hand, at which a small, nervous-looking man arose and, turning to the prisoner, said:

"To all my questions answer only what is necessary. You are the son of the late Jew, Hayyim Luria?"

"I am."

"Your father has often railed against the sacred order of St. Mary's, and has taught you to do the same."

"My father, God bless his memory! taught me my duty to my Heavenly Father," answered the boy reverently.

"Your father was killed by a secret band of men, and you, believing they were Christians, vowed revenge."

"I did."

"You were walking in the garden of St. Mary's at a late hour last night?"

"I was."

"In revenge you stole the holy sacrament from our silver chalice last night?"

"I did not."

"You mean to say that you did *not* steal the sacrament, boy, son of a Jew?" exclaimed the irate judge as he jumped up from his seat.

"I mean to say just what I said. I'm not in the habit of doing otherwise," calmly answered the boy.

"Your fate is sealed. You have brought it on your own head. All evidence is against you. Had you confessed your guilt, and repenting, become a Christian, you would have been saved; but yonder in the guillotine. Do your work, marshal."

The judge had resumed his old tone, and even had a gleam of pity in his eyes as the guards once more sprang to the side of the boy, prepared to lead him away to death.

"One moment, kind audience, lawyers and judge. This is the last speech I will ever make. I will not suffer the blood of an innocent boy to be on your head!"

The guards attempted to bind him, thinking that he was going to escape, but he pushed them aside, laughing:

"I have the strength of a Nazirite to-day, so attempt no violence," he cried. "Judge, all the harm I wish you is that you go to Heaven with as clear a conscience as I do. Farewell."

Snatching a sword from his waistcoat, he plunged it in his own breast before they knew what he was doing. At that moment a frenzied cry arose:

"Stop him! I stole the sacraments. O Judge!"

A figure in black came running to the platform, but it was too late: the boy was dead.

What New York does for the Children

BY SIGMUND NEWMAN.

In speaking of our beloved city, New York, too much in its praise cannot be said of it. Surely, it is a very paradise for the poor and oppressed, where flow the rivers of Freedom, Happiness and Prosperity, all coming from the common source of education.

This city has helped to develop and to cultivate the numerous physical, intellectual and moral faculties through the medium of its many schools, which are graded into primary, grammar, high-schools and colleges.

After passing through the primary department, where the ordinary elementary branches are taught, the pupil enters the grammar course, where, in addition to the ordinary branches,

music, German, drawing, manual training and athletics are taught.

At this point the education of some pupils ceases, while others continue through the high-schools and colleges, where the course of instruction occupies from five to eight years, and embraces generally the ancient and modern languages, higher mathematics and philosophy.

But it must not be imagined that the only benefit derived from New York City is the education of its boys and girls. No, that would be a great mistake. This city also believes in the doctrine of organizing societies for children's benefit, and truly, it has accomplished this noble purpose.

At present New York has initiated for the benefit of its girls and boys fraternities and other associations. The object of one of these is the prevention of cruelty to children, and our city now abounds in various associations and societies. The organizations are all making their utmost efforts to afford pleasure to its children.

Within its limits are also found institutions which amply provide for the moral, physical and intellectual development of those girls and boys whom God has deprived of their natural protectors.

Viewed as a whole, New York's social doctrines have dealt principally with everything that enters into the life of the child, whether industrial, moral, or spiritual.

What more can we, children of New York, expect from the city which has cared for us, educated us, and even fed and clothed us from our very infancy? New York, we cannot thank you too well! We can only say that your aim has been accomplished. We earnestly hope in future years to become loyal Americans and faithful citizens.

Similarly we, in our turn, shall strive to make this, our beloved city, the pride, not only of our own country, but of the whole world.

"New York, New York, our city loved,

To thee in praise we sing.

Let every loyal heart and voice

Its loving tribute bring."

Hebrew Orphan Asylum, New York City.

Bible Commentaries in Anecdotes

THE UNFINISHED CORNICE.

Ps. xxiv: 1.

People who pass the Rothschild mansion in the fashionable quarter of London often notice that the end of one of the cornices is unfinished. One asks, why? The explanation is a very simple, yet suggestive, one when it is known. Lord Rothschild is an orthodox Jew, and every pious Jew's house, tradition says, must have some part unfinished, to bear testimony to the world that its occupant is only, like Abraham, a pilgrim and a stranger upon the earth. The incomplete cornice upon the mansion seems to say to all who hurry by in the streets bent on amassing worldly wealth, or going along with the madding crowd in the paths of folly: "This is not Lord Rothschild's home, he is travelling to eternity!" We, too, should remember that we are travellers. Dean Stanley left as an inscription to be placed on

his tomb these words: "The inn of a traveller on his way to Jerusalem!"

AT THE KING'S TABLE.

Isa. lv: 1, 2; Prov. ix: 1-6.

A few years ago a Georgian decided to make a trip, by way of steamer, from Savannah to Boston. He knew nothing about steamship travel. So the day before he was to start he got him a good-size shoe box and filled it full of cheese and crackers—enough to last him to Boston. With his box of cheese and crackers he got aboard. When everybody else went to supper he got out his shoe box and went on deck and helped himself. And this he did every meal. Finally, his appetite became more of a question. Hence, the captain was approached by him, one day, as he was going to dinner, and asked: "Captain, what would you charge, please sir, to let me go down there and get one square meal?" "Why, my fellow," said the jolly captain, "have

you not had anything to eat since you left Savannah?" "Yes," said he, "a bit of cheese and crackers; but I'll vow, Captain, if I don't get something else, I'll eat the shoe box." "Why," said the Captain, "your ticket calls for meals and passage. Go down and help yourself."

LAUNCHED, BUT WHITHER BOUND?

Job xiv : 10.

A peculiar incident occurred at West Farmington, Ohio, recently. The commencement exercises of the high school and a funeral were held in the church the same afternoon, the funeral at 1 o'clock and the graduating exercises at 2:30. The class had decorated the church for the event previous to the arrival of the funeral party, so the exercises could commence immediately after the services. The class motto was not covered up. Upon the arrival of the casket it was placed directly under the motto: "Launched, But Whither Bound?" The effect was startling.

THE WEALTH OF INFLUENCE.

Prov. vi:20.

In a Bible class recently a teacher was talking of the various translations of the Bible and their different excellences. He spoke of Jerome's Vulgate, of Luther's German Bible, of King James' Version and of the Revised Version, and how it was made. The class was much interested, and one of the young men that evening was talking to a friend about it.

"I think I prefer the King James' Version for my part," he said, "though, of course, the Revised is more scholarly."

His friend smiled. "I prefer my mother's translation of the Bible myself to any other version," he said.

"Your mother's?" cried the first young man, thinking his companion had suddenly gone crazy. "What do you mean, Fred?"

"I mean that my mother has translated the Bible into the language of daily life for me ever since I was old enough to understand it," said Fred. "She translates it straight, too, and gives it full meaning. There has never been any obscurity about her version. Her everyday life is a translation of God's word that a child can read, and no version could be better. Whatever printed version of the Bible I may study, my mother's is always the one that clears up my difficulties."

THE POLYGLOT BIBLE.

Psa. xix : 7-11.

After Cardinal Cisneros (Ximenes) had been deprived of power, rank and perquisites by the Emperor, he retired to the seclusion of Alcalá, and there spent his remaining fifteen years preparing, at a cost of \$240,000, a polyglot Bible in six volumes, folio, assisted by the greatest scholars of the day. The book contains the Hebrew, Greek, Chaldaic and Vulgate texts, in parallel columns, with copious notes, prepared by the ablest theologians and linguists. The typographical work is superb, and has never been surpassed. The initial letter of every paragraph is beautifully illuminated by hand. There are said to have been only 100 copies published, and the librarian at the archbishop's palace at Toledo says that only two are known to exist at the present day: one copy belongs to the Catholic primate of Spain, and the other is in the library at the Escorial. Another copy is now in the library of the Jewish Theological Seminary in New York.

Twenty-two men were engaged upon the work. The editorial work was

finished in 1517, but the printing was not done until 1522. Cardinal Cisneros died Nov. 6, 1517, and was buried in the chapel of the University of Alcalá, under a semi-Moorish, semi-Gothic tomb of great magnificence and artistic taste; but his most enduring monument is the Complutensian polyglot Bible, the greatest work of its kind.

LEADING MEN.

Neh. vi. 9; Jer. xxvi. 13.

In Napoleon's army one of his bravest men was Marshal Lannes. One

day he ordered the men to capture the city of Ratisbon. As the men reached the top of the wall, however, many were shot down. Again and again they made the attempt, with similar results. Then another command was given, but this time they refused to go. Lannes, brave soldier that he was, then leaped off his horse and, putting his foot on the round of the ladder, turned and faced his men. "Follow me," said he, "and I'll show you that a Marshal of France is not afraid of Austrian bullets." Up! up! followed by every soldier. They leaped upon the enemy and captured the city.

Literary Notes

No journal furnishes such excellent illustrations of the Russo-Japanese war as does *Collier's Weekly*. Having a large, carefully selected staff of correspondents, artists and photographers on the scene, it is enabled and it does furnish the best news and pictures. Many other illustrated articles add to the excellence of each issue.

College?" Lieut. Joseph A. Baer, U. S. A., gives his observations as a cavalry officer of those unique troopers, the Cossacks. Librarian Elmendorf, of Buffalo, defines "The Work of a Modern Public Library." Professor E. R. A. Seligman contributes a paper on the special franchise tax in New York.

An extraordinarily interesting feature of the June *Woman's Home Companion* is "A Bird's-eye View of the Panama Canal." Besides articles on "Commencement Merrymaking at Girls' Colleges," "The Wonders of Modern Travel" and "The Marvelous Miniature Trees of Japan," the number is full of short stories. To these is added a unique feature, a love-story told in photographs.

Of special interest to Jewish readers is the June *Lippincott's Magazine*. Besides a clever story by Mrs. I. Zangwill, there is another delightful sketch by Miss Martha Wolfenstein, the author of "Idyls of the Gass." She gives a picture of the Jews in an old German village that is full of knowledge and sympathy and humor. The novel in this number is entitled "Kitty of the Roses," and is by Ralph H. Barbour. There are many other attractive articles.

All the more important articles in the *Review of Reviews* for June are the contributions of experts. An admirable summary of "What Stanley Lived to See Accomplished in Africa" is furnished by Mr. Cyrus C. Adams. President Charles F. Thwing writes suggestively on "Sending a Son to

There is a great deal of pleasant reading in the June *Delincator*. There are a great many very pretty ideas in dresses for children, which will be welcomed by mothers. In the literary part of the magazine, the first place is

given to a graceful Japanese tale, "The Giver of Honour," by Mrs. Hugh Frazer, which is refreshing in its sweetness and purity. Other items of fiction are two college tales, "At the Window of Paradise," by R. H. Barbour, and "Bailey's Sister," by Allan P. Ames. A contribution of great interest is the Chinese and Indian photographs in the "Around the World" series. There are many other stories and articles for both little ones and grown folks, and practical papers on domestic topics.

Pearson's Magazine for June has five short stories: "The Fire Within," by Samuel Merwin; "Pat Weldon, Reformer," by Edwin J. Webster; "How M. Bluford Painted For His Right Hand—One of the Chronicles of Don Q.," by K. and Hesketh Prichard; "On the Trail of the Bomb Man," by A. W. Rolker, and "The Last Rose of Summer," by Dorothea Deakin. Special articles: "Thomas Nast," "A Picture of the Times When History Was Warm in the Making," "The Civil War," by Albert Bigelow Paine; "Carpenter and His Brunettes," "Indian Fights and Fighters," by Cyrus Townsend Brady, which is of special interest owing to prominence given to "The little Jew," who was in Carpenter's little force of fighters.

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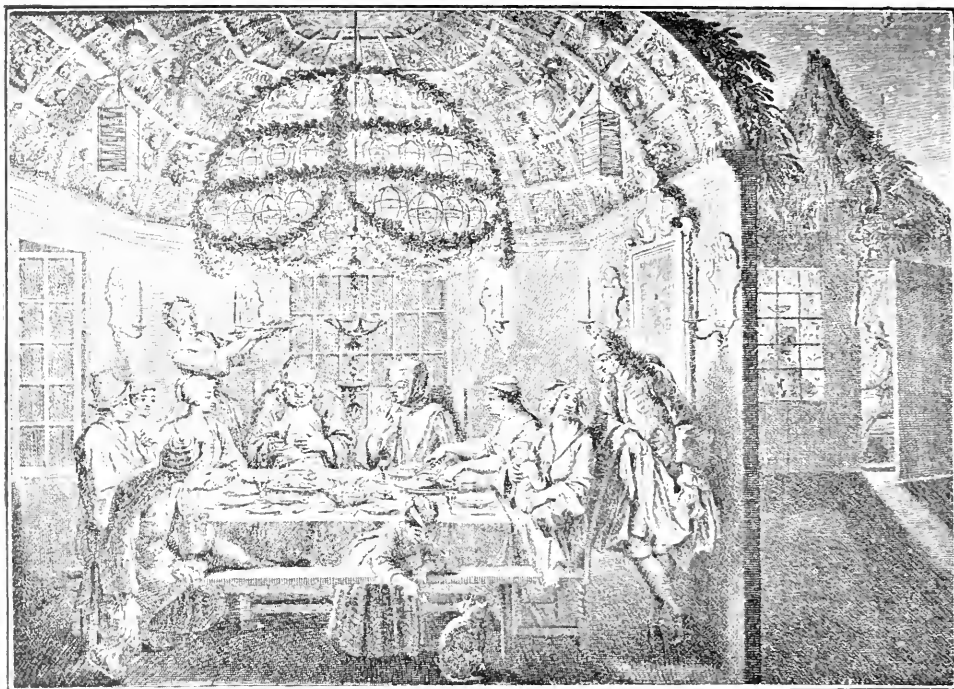
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